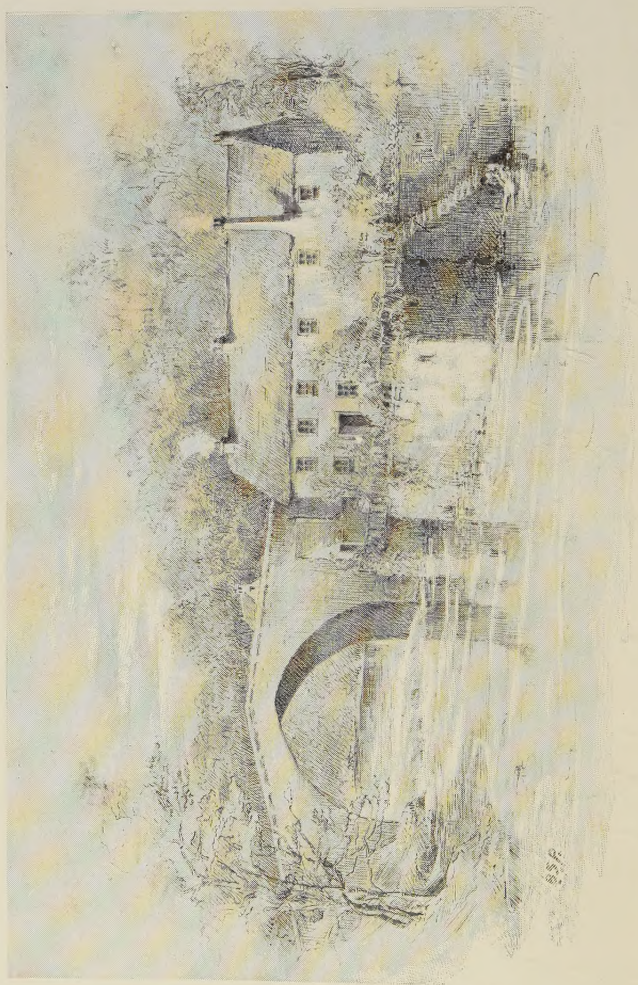




~~Wm. M. M.~~
from
his effective date Jan 19th 1901

JOHN ERSKINE
BOOKSELLER
BRIDGE OF ALLAN

By Allan Water



By Allan Water

The True Story of an Old House

By

Katherine Steuart

"I have heard something more in the stream, as it ran,
Than water breaking on stones."—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Edinburgh

Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street

1901



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To

PROFESSOR MASSON

THIS STORY OF OLD DAYS AND OF AN OLD HOUSE

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

KATHERINE STEUART

Prefatory Note

BY

DAVID MASSON, LL.D.,

EMERITUS PROFESSOR, EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

THE plan of this work—that of telling the fortunes and descents of two families generation after generation, and of intertwining with these the events of the national history, the evolution of politics, and the gradual changes of social manners and habits—seems to me quite original. I know of no precedent for it. The width, and range, and exactness, and particularity of the knowledge of Scottish history displayed in the story strike me as extraordinary, and no less extraordinary, I think, is the imaginative skill with which the chain of the family biographies is connected at all points with the medium of historical matter and personages through which it is kept moving. . . . Here and there the interest is in the form of a kind of optical fascination, which is a rare thing to be able to say of any piece of narrative or description.



Preface

THIS story of an old house is a part of a longer narrative ; and is, as it professes to be, an account of the lives of real persons. The aid of fancy has certainly been called in ; as when, in order to avoid the continual use of the words *no doubt*, or *in all probability*, it is said, for example, that on the day after the battle, Archibald Ogilvy visited the field of Sheriffmuir, I at the present day possessing no special knowledge of Archibald's doings on that eventful Monday. The Intelligent Reader will, I am sure, understand that I only judge that this particular man would do what every person in the neighbourhood must have done, after an event so stirring had taken place.

As the story was written without any thought of publication, I greatly regret that although all quotations are given in inverted commas, I cannot in every case, remember the name of the authority to whom I am indebted.

Thanks are due, in particular, to the Minister of Tulliallan, who most kindly allowed me to read the old Records of the parish. In Logie, I met with equal kindness and courtesy from the late Mr Troupe, who besides giving himself much trouble in order to help me, lent me one, or perhaps two, books on the local history of Dunblane and Logie, from which I drew the stories of the Travelling Tailor (of whom, however, I had also heard in Brigend), as well as a number of details con-

cerning the battle of Sheriffmuir and the '45. I must also thank Mr Beveridge for much information gathered from his delightful volumes on Culross and Tulliallan; and although unfortunately I cannot now thank him, I would remember with gratitude the very great kindness of the late Rev. John Macgregor, to whom I owe my knowledge of the old Covenanted traditions of Tulliallan forest, still remembered by old people in the neighbourhood. To a most interesting article in the *Scottish Review* for 1895, called "Rural Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," by Mr H. Grey Graham, I am also indebted for any notion I may now possess regarding agriculture and farm life in the olden times in Scotland. Passages taken from "Rural Scotland" are, for the most part, marked by points of quotation, but this has not been possible in pages 35 to 38 owing to the manner in which an interesting account of mills and farming in the old days is interwoven with my own story. Finally, I would thank my dear old friend Barbara Peddie for her frontispiece sketch—the picture of the old house by the Allan Water.

I am still haunted by the fear that I may unwittingly omit others to whom I owe a debt of gratitude—if so, I can only beg any writer who may discern in the pages of my story, any quotations drawn from any book of his, to receive now my most hearty thanks and apologies.

K. S.

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Part First

Introductory

I HAVE sometimes thought that if old houses could tell the story of all that has passed within their four walls, they would not fail to find eager and attentive listeners. One such old house I know and love, which seems actually to whisper and murmur of the past, so constantly, day and night, are all its rooms filled with the sound of running water. Its very structure tells of other times. Yard-thick walls bear testimony to its own great age, whilst woodwork of solid oak found buried in the Carse clay carries the mind back to the days when ancient forests covered the whole land. An outside wall carefully rounded reminds us of the daily passage to their byres, of cows dead a hundred and fifty years, whose sides must not be grazed by any sharp angle of mason-work. Then again, the old house has confessed that hard drinking lairds once planned a Jacobite plot beneath its thatch; for when the old straw was pulled down, a rusty dagger was drawn forth. History tells of the frustration of this proposed rising by soldiers who came riding over the Carse from Stirling Castle; but we do not need any history to explain to us that weapons were hastily thrust into hiding, afterwards to be withdrawn, all except this little old dirk, which somehow went amissing.

All this is the poetry of the thing. The plain prose, not very prosaic either, is that when men and women of one blood have lived on in the same house for nigh on three

hundred years, a good many old stories are handed down. Parish registers have preserved names forgotten even in the old familiar dwelling—names echoed back by mossy tombstones diligently sought for in country churchyards. Kirk Session Records have supplied the setting of eventful lives; have chronicled at times the very words, and even hinted at the very tones of the bygone inhabitants of the house by the Allan. And then, there are other means, most delightful in themselves, by which the past can be made to live again before our eyes. Such means, for instance, as the skilful unearthing of distant kindred, hitherto undreamed of; such means as the eager searching of the most out-of-the-way books and of the yellow old newspapers of long ago; all these have I tried, and now I take it upon me to spell out the story of the changehouse beside the river.

Formerly, and indeed until pretty recent times, Brigend was much more interesting than it is now. It used to be a long, two-storeyed house with a thatched roof and white-washed harled walls, the latter very much covered up with apple trees. A peculiar feature of the dwelling was that it had two doors; one to the south which opened into a three-cornered garden standing high above the rocks of the Allan, through which one might step at once into the road; and another upstairs, to which access might be had from the same road, by means of an outside stone stair. To the left of anyone standing in the garden was the beautiful dangerous old bridge, steep almost as the roof of a house, and so narrow that two coaches could not pass upon it. Modern civilization demanded that the bridge should be widened and levelled; this rendered necessary the raising of the road round at the back (now the front), of Brigend, which in self-defence, as it were, was obliged to heighten itself by putting on an additional storey. The pointed brig, the thatch, the apple trees, the harled whitewash, the outside

stair went the way of all pretty old things, and yet to those who really know Brigend, there is still a certain pleasure in going downstairs from the modern top storey with its large windows into the quaint, original, old house below. There the rooms are all full of the music of the Allan; the hills and the view of Stirling Castle are just the same; the corner parlour could tell something of the frustrated Jacobite plot, and across the passage lies the Lads' room, named after two boys who used to sleep there about a hundred and forty years ago.

It was to this beautiful old house that about the year 1632, one James Steuart came south from Scone in the near neighbourhood of Perth. He was then a very young man; and that he possessed a constitution of iron, we may infer from the fact that he lived on in Brigend till the beginning of the eighteenth century, and died at about the age of a hundred years. Of iron temperament he certainly was, a man of extraordinary strength of will and force of character; proud, resolute, domineering and arrogant, as all those Steuarts were. Their farm-town, situated on the left bank of the Tay, where Woody Island cleaves the beautiful river in twain was called Rome from some neighbouring Roman remains, and the rustic wit of the countryside had bestowed upon the family the nick-name of the Paips of Rome. What the older generations had been in Scone, James Steuart was in Brigend. He was known far and near simply as the Paip, whilst the low waterfall under the steep brig, which filled his home with music, received the name of the Paip's Linn. In those days the flat fields of the Corn-toune Carse, on the verge of which the old house stands, were tilled by the younger sons and descendants of many of the noblest families in Scotland, and amongst all those proud men of gentle birth and breeding, none esteemed himself more highly than James Steuart, the changekeeper.

"Pride of birth," I have been told within the walls of Brigend, "was the ruling passion of the Paips of Rome." It was perhaps not wonderful, for the eyes of the portioners who lived in Rome daily rested as they went about their toil on the charred remains of "the Abbay fair and magnifick of Scone," in which their royal ancestors had been crowned for centuries. All the pride, all the romance, all the sentiment of his race, James Steuart brought with him to his new home, chosen, I have little doubt, by reason of the glorious associations of the surrounding country. Across the Carse lay Stirling Castle, the favourite seat of his ancestors the kings of Scotland, whilst all the fertile land which stretched on both sides of the winding Forth had once been theirs. In such a neighbourhood there was little fear that the changekeeper should forget that James II. was his great-great-great-great-grandfather, from whom he was descended by his son, the Duke of Albany, and his grandson, Alexander Steuart of Scone, a man cruelly injured by an unkind fate, who died and was buried with great splendour in Scone Abbey in 1534. Then came the changekeeper's great-grandfather, John Steuart, portioner of Scone, whose name occurs in the Great Seal Register; then his grandfather, Alexander Steuart, also portioner of Scone, to be followed in turn by his father John Steuart, the same whose second marriage is thus chronicled in the half-burnt early register of Scone. . . . "9 Maie, 1632. Johne Steuart was mariet in our kirk of Scone with Issobelle Adame, both in this congregation." I have sometimes wondered if this late union of his father with a young wife had anything to do with James Steuart's leaving Scone; it is at least a curious fact that in after years he, it would appear, adopted Issobelle Adame's three children, and brought them up with his own sons and daughters. At all events, James did come south, whilst his elder brother, Alexander, stayed on at

Rome and was succeeded there by several generations of Paips.

Misfortune had for generations dogged the footsteps of those ancestors of James Steuart, and to this may be attributed the antagonistic manner in which he and his descendants were wont to take life and their fellow-men. James I. and James II. met with violent deaths, as did the Duke of Albany who was accidentally killed in Paris. Alexander Steuart of Scone, who had copied from his father the French spelling of the family name, was a man of great intellect, an intimate friend of his cousin James IV., and for long one of the Privy Councillors of Scotland. After Flodden he aspired to the Regency, but under circumstances of great bitterness he was supplanted by his younger half-brother, whereupon he retired, a sour and melancholy man, to Scone which he passionately loved. "The injured brother of Albany" Dr Magnus the English Ambassador called him in one of his dispatches to London. The sons and daughters of this unhappy man came strongly under the influence of Patrick Hamilton the Martyr, their own first cousin; and at an early date, when there was everything to lose, and nothing to gain from a change of faith, warmly embraced Protestantism. The Reformation indeed brought fresh misfortunes upon the already embittered Steuarts, one of the sons was deprived of his estate of Pitcairn, which was bestowed upon his kinsman Oliver Sinclair, the spy and informer, and in 1559, in spite of all the efforts of their friend John Knox, and of their cousin Regent Murray, their beloved Abbey, the scene of all the past grandeur of their race was almost entirely destroyed by a mob from Perth and Dundee. From this time of stress and storm dates the ardent attachment of the family to Evangelical truth; and yet, as years wore on their religious fervour underwent a certain change, due perhaps to their aristocratic leanings, due also in some

measure to the marriages of two of the daughters of Alexander Steuart. Of these, one became the wife of Lord Drummond the great Protestant leader, whilst the other married Dean John Winrame, formerly sub-prior of St Andrews and afterwards one of Knox's superintendents. These men were of the party who favoured the introduction of Episcopacy into Scotland, and so it came about that in Covenanting times James Steuart cannot be said to have conformed to the will of his kinsman the king, but rather that the king conformed to his. Had he so chosen, no man would have dangled more cheerfully from a hempen tow in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh than the changekeeper of Brigend; in the long dispute which embittered his life, it was he who remained true to the traditions of the Paips, whilst for the most part, his unnatural children forsook them.

About the year 1634, the changekeeper married Isobel Nesbitt of the parish of Lecropt, and in course of time a large family of sons and daughters filled the house by the Allan, along with whom, I believe, James Steuart brought up his orphaned half-brothers Robert and John, and their sister Beatrix from Scone.

William, his eldest son, turned out exactly to the mind of his father the Paip; proved himself a Christian gentleman by following the religious opinions of the Steuarts of Rome, which happily were also those of the king's majesty, and eventually married Margaret Ogilvy, the daughter of a near neighbour, Archibald Ogilvy, a younger son of the first Earl of Airlie, and portioner of Corntoune. He settled in a neighbourhood intensely Episcopalian and Jacobite, at Burn of Cambus, away beyond Doune, where he held his own amongst the highest gentry of the countryside, as we learn from the fact that the sponsors of his daughter Elizabeth, baptised 15th March 1679, were Mr James Edmonstone of Newtoun and David Mushet of Galgarth.

The two daughters of James Steuart and Isobel Nesbitt also married early playmates. Isobel became the wife of William Ferguson of Cornthouse, and Jean, the wife of William's brother, Alexander. Both couples went but a short way from home, settling be-south Forth in the adjoining parish of Gargunnock. How they pleased their father, I cannot tell, but I well know that there were terrible scenes in the changehouse before the exodus took place of the three adopted children, and the three remaining sons, James, Walter and Alexander, perhaps not long after the execution of Mr Guthrie, the minister of Stirling. These were not the days in which any men and women could differ languidly, much less men and women so perfervid and tempestuous as the Steuarts, and yet the violent separation must have caused much suffering on both sides, for the Paips had this in common with their ancestor, the Poet-King, from whom they derived their intellect and poetic temperament, that their sternness was all for outsiders, and "with good-will they would have lived at peace with their awne."

The five young men and Beatrix left with anger in their hearts; and the old folk stayed on alone in Brigend. With the strong, practical common-sense of the Paips, so oddly at variance with the imaginative romance which ran through them all, the young Covenanters chose their new place of abode. They became portioners of a farm-town in some clearing of Tulliallan forest, where they enjoyed the double protection of Bishop Leighton's mild rule and of their landlord, the king's friend, the Earl of Kincardine, who, although nominally a Conformist, enjoyed an occasional conventicle as much as any one. Mr Williamson, the minister, Episcopalian though he might be, was an excellent man, and it is amusing to read between the lines of the Kirk Session Records of the parish, for the good man told no tales of his people, and "seriouslie rebuked" as Sabbath-

breaking, the absence of such of his congregation as strayed into the forest to attend the preaching and the great Communion seasons of Mr Welsh and Mr Blackader. But, as the long agony of the persecution wore on, things became very terrible, even in Tulliallan, and when Mr Robert Langlands, the minister with the "tongue of honey," as old Patrick Walker calls him, came lurking about the forest raising recruits for Argyll, the Steuarts, now desperate, resolved to take up arms. Mr Langlands' pupil, the Hon. John Erskine, afterwards the landlord and friend of the Steuarts, was, at the same time, engaged further up the Forth on the same errand; sleeping in caves and hiding in barns. Argyll was long of coming, and who shall imagine the misery of those days of waiting; days so full of dread and anguish, that the voice of one crying along the Alloa road on a bright May morning seemed no new thing, but rather a part of the general blackness—"Argyll is broken and taken! Argyll is broken and taken!"

Then followed years of utter misery, during which men were hunted and shot down on the hills like partridges, and men and women were hanged by the dozen in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, or were tortured before the Privy Council. Fines and confiscations ruined even the rich, and brought the poor to beggary; and on a single day, to give one definite detail amongst untold horrors, the hangman cut off the ears of thirty-five prisoners, and branded many women with a red-hot iron on the cheek, previous to transportation to America.

Our Steuarts belonged to the party known as Sober Presbyterians, and their misery in those days was extreme, for Tulliallan forest, about which more almost than any other spot in all Scotland, clings the romance of the long Covenanting struggle, was now forsaken by the old preachers whom they loved. They had died, or had been killed, or im-

prisoned ; and now, instead of godly Mr Blackader or brave Mr Welsh, with his bodyguard of twelve gentlemen in scarlet riding among the green trees, the glades were haunted by the wild Society People, by Donald Cargill, and by mad, unkempt Prophet Peden, whom they abhorred, tossing dust into the air and crying—"The time is not yet. No deliverance ! No deliverance !"

The Steuarts now formed a numerous colony in the parish of Tulliallan. Beatrix had married Andrew Penny in the town of Kincardine-on-Forth, and had a large family. Her brother John had taken to wife Margaret Colt ; whilst Robert appears to have remained a bachelor. Walter, who seems to have been the leader in the little circle, although one of the younger members, had early married Agnes Crocket, by whom he had two sons and one daughter, but owing probably to the dire poverty into which the whole community had been plunged by the persecution, James and Alexander both married rather late in life. The choice of James was Janet Thomson, by whom he had many sons and daughters ; whilst it is to the marriage of Alexander Steuart and Margaret Mill, long deferred, and at last hurried on by the joyful anticipation of coming deliverance that we owe the key to this part of our story.

Hope was in the air in the year 1688. Just three years before the sorrowful cry, "Argyll is broken and taken !" had rung through the forest, but with this year's new greenness had come a joy long unknown to many hearts. The arrival of a vessel from London was no uncommon event in Kincardine. It was, however, a strange sight to see the entire Presbyterian population of the town gathered in tumultuous excitement round the door of Covenanting John Crocket, the changekeeper (Walter Steuart's brother-in-law), who surely led the cheering himself the day that the new-come Captain from London told the glorious story of the

acquittal of the Seven Bishops ; whilst with shouts and sobs the oppressed Covenanters blessed and praised their enemies the Bishops.

The summer and autumn wore on, and Alexander Steuart and Margaret Mill were married at Gateside (a two-storeyed house pulled down about forty years ago), on Friday the 2nd of November. That day, the parish of Tulliallan was moved to its very depths, for the Mills and the Steuarts had thrown off the Prelatic yoke ; and Mr Robert Langlands, the emissary of Argyll, and not Mr Williamson, performed the marriage ceremony. William of Orange might land any day. The Privy Council, quaking with fear, had great bonfires ready all over the country to convey the news, to them so detestable. So much the better, they said in Tulliallan. The watch-fires kindled by the tyrants would proclaim their own downfall all over Scotland.

In the candlelight that evening in Gateside, Alexander Steuart, a bridegroom with careworn face, and hair touched with grey, stood up before Mr Robert Langlands with Margaret Mill's hand in his. The wedding guests could talk of nothing but the coming of William of Orange. We know, as well as if we had joined in singing it with tears of joy, that the marriage psalm was the hundred and twenty-sixth, and that half a dozen times in the course of the festivities, the boys of the company raced to the top of Windyhill to see if the beacons were blazing. Pleasant Mr Langlands, we feel, with his honeyed tongue was the light of the evening, full of stories of Holland and of his wild adventurous rides in Galloway before the rising. Then, there would fall a hush on the company, as in silence and even with tears, they drank to the memory of Argyll. . . . "My lord ever declared to me," we can hear Mr Robert Langlands say softly, "that he was persuaded deliverance would come to Scotland, and that when it did come, 'twould come suddenly."

The imagination is pleased with the truly Shakespearean flavour which is to be found in the wedding so happily ending a long weary tragedy. Nothing is lacking ; the forest shades, the virtuous exiles, the tyrant's fall, the joyful union of faithful lovers, long oppressed ; they are all there. And as to the melancholy Jacques—every man and woman present at the wedding at Gateside carried to the grave a strain of his sad humour, for had they not all lived through twenty-eight years of as fierce and cruel persecution as was ever known on earth?

Had the Steuarts and their friends known all that we now know, their joy and triumph would have been even greater. In Holland, the evening before, their exiled brethren had gathered together on sandbanks and on steeples, to watch the departure of a great fleet. And at the very moment in which Mr Langlands uttered the solemn words, "I pronounce you man and wife," William, Prince of Orange and his six hundred vessels were driving across the North Sea before an easterly gale, presenting a spectacle described by Macaulay as "the most affecting and magnificent ever seen by human eyes. After sunset the lights were kindled. The sea was in a blaze for many miles. But the eyes of all the steersmen were fixed throughout the night on three huge lanterns which flamed on the stern of the Prince's ship the *Brill*."

Part Second

Lives Lived Apart

"IN Scotland," says Defoe, "an ale-house is called a Change, and the person who keeps it a Gentleman; nor is it uncommon to see a Lord dismount from his horse and folding one of these Gentlemen in his arms, make him as many compliments as if he were a brother Peer. And the reason is an ale-house keeper is generally of as good family as any in Scotland, and perhaps has taken his degree as Master of Arts at the University."

Now, I do not positively assert that the Laird of Keir, the Laird of Carden, and the Laird of Kippenross were in the habit of embracing James Steuart, the Paip; on the contrary, I think it improbable that the proud and stately old "Gentleman" would ever have encouraged such warm demonstrations; I know however, that those great men were in the habit of visiting Brigend when in want of a little ready money. With these honoured guests came Harry Chrystie the writer from Stirling (indeed he came on his own account as well)—and on such persons of quality, James Steuart, although never forgetful of his royal descent would himself wait, drinking wine first to show that he was master in his own house, that being the custom of such change-keepers of family, who as Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre tells us, were "more high and mighty than the Duke near whose gate they might dwell." Then, after some talk of the last

exploit of Claverhouse and the abominable doings of the Whigs in the west, the all-important subject of money was introduced. The usual rate of interest, six per cent., having been agreed upon, the gentlemen explained the nature of the security they were prepared to give, old James with a keen eye to the main chance, listening attentively the while. Presently the quill of Harry Chrystie's clerk was scratching away, and the fine gentlemen in flowing wigs, much incommoded by their swords, signed the bonds. And all this in the old house we know, and all this to the music we know, the perpetual music of the Allan. Many other clients besides these lairds had old James the Paip; for he was known far and wide to be a wealthy man. John Ogilvie and John Campbell used to come riding down from Glenfalloch to borrow, and even my Lord Breadalbane's factor found his way to Brigend, to negotiate a loan for his noble master in the best parlour of the changehouse. Let not the Gentle Reader however, hastily begin to calculate with all the fingers of his two hands, the probable thousands or even hundreds of James Steuart's annual income. All things in this world are comparative, and I must quote once more from the pages of the ever-interesting and accurate Defoe—"In Scotland," says he, "there are Lairds of £15 a year; and Lairds of £20 and £30 a year are quite frequent, and all Gentlemen." If then, the landed gentry could live upon such incomes, it will easily be seen how rich was a changekeeper (also a Gentleman), whose realized wealth, independent of his business and farming profits brought him in annually more than twice thirty pounds. Brigend, in those old days, was a considerable establishment. In his labours in the changehouse, old James had the help of his wife Isobell and of a woman servant, whilst in the "smiddy" at the end of house, and in the cultivation of several fields, he was assisted by two men. In the byre were one or two

cows, as well as a number of oxen used on the farm ; whilst the barn-yard was well filled with stacks of different kinds of grain. Add to all this, the money-lending business, and there rises up before us, in the year 1688, a proud prosperous old man of unbroken health and haughty bearing, whose days full of varied interests had already been long in the land, and who, although he was already well over eighty, had still many years to live. We seem to see in the familiar setting, the intellectual face and stately carriage of the Auld Paip, the moving spirit of the busy life of Brigend, and marking his self-reliant air, we remember with keen understanding his proud words uttered long afterwards—"I James Steuart, perfecte in judgment and memorie."

To such a man the Revolution and the subsequent overthrow of Prelacy came as an overwhelming blow. The situation was certainly full of bitterness. For many long years James Steuart had silently triumphed over his Covenanting sons ; silently, that is to say, as far as they were concerned. The breach had evidently been complete. To not one of his grandsons born in Tulliallan was the name of the changekeeper given, and when we remember that the invariable custom then was to call a first-born son after his paternal grandfather, we can judge for ourselves how terrible the anger was on both sides.

And now, with unutterable wrath, the strange course of events was watched by the fiery old man in Brigend, whose inmost soul was stung by the knowledge that the cause of his own misery filled his rebellious sons with unspeakable joy. For in those days there was great gladness in Tulliallan. From the high tableland above Culross the Covenanters had seen the great watch-fire on Arthur Seat. They had heard how the Privy Councillors had hastened to take down and bury the heads of the martyrs, some of which had been bleaching on the Netherbow Port for eight-and-twenty years.

And now, when the Steuarts looked from their own door across to the Ochils, they thought with triumph that the glens over yonder no longer sheltered their persecuted brethren, but that there the hated Chancellor was lurking and hiding in fear of his life, whilst the despised and hunted Cameronians were off and away to Edinburgh to guard the Castle for King William. For a whole year there was no recognised king and no recognised justice or government in Scotland; but for all that, to the everlasting honour of the Covenanters, with the exception of the "rabbling" of the curates, who in many cases had acted the part of spies and informers, and had led on the soldiers in the persecution, there was no insurrection throughout the country. No indignity, I am glad to say, was offered to good Mr Williamson, who continued quietly to do his duty in Tulliallan; but great was the fury of old James Steuart when one fine morning the rabble, as Mr Ramsay tells us, "broke into the house of Mr Shaw, Episcopal minister of Logie, and finding him in bed, the spokeswoman, after tearing off the blankets, said, 'Get up, sirrah, are you lying on a feather bed, when my dog Spottie lies on straw?'" To her dying day the woman went by the name of Spottie Bryce.

It was a black day when the news of the defeat at Killicrankie and the death of Claverhouse reached the changehouse; and it may possibly have been at that time old James had to mourn for his first-born. William, the loyalist, died before his father, and William's landlord and intimate friend, the godfather of one of his children, carried with him thirty-five of his tenants to join Claverhouse in the north. If so, with what feelings did James Steuart watch the victorious Cameronians marching past Brigend, singing psalms and offering thanksgivings to the Almighty.

Then came the order to all ministers to pray publicly for William and Mary. Mr Shaw was a man after the Paip's own

heart, for he declared that he would read no proclamations, and pray no prayers for any usurpers, and yet that he would continue to be minister of Logie. Then there appeared on the scene the Presbyterian minister, Mr Alexander Douglas, the son of an eminent Edinburgh divine, and, according to his own belief, the great-grandson of no less a personage than Mary Queen of Scots. It is positively appalling to think of the quarrels that now raged in the neighbourhood ; and yet such was the Episcopalian tendency of the parishioners that an overwhelming majority flocked as usual to Logie church, presided over by Mr Shaw, whilst Spottie Bryce and a mere handful of (let us hope less vulgar-minded) Presbyterians attended a service held by Mr Douglas in a private house in the village of Blairlogie. Defoe declares that as late as the time of the Union, there were one hundred and sixty-five such cases still in existence. "It would be pleasant," he says, "for people who charge the Church of Scotland with persecuting the Episcopal clergy, to go to some of these parishes and see this uncouth jest, where the persecuting Established Church is fain to submit to a meeting-house, and the persecuted Episcopal clergyman insults them from the Parish Church, and keeps both the pulpit and the stipend in spite of them all. Here, indeed, is the Established Church turned dissenter.

This "uncouth jest" did not however continue very long in Logie. Mr Shaw, although determined, was an old man ; so in September 1690, he had to give in ; and Mr Douglas ascended the pulpit stair of the parish church ; at the same time, I believe, that for some years longer the Episcopal minister retained possession of the manse.

The year 1689 was like the shuffling of a pack of cards. Mr Wemyss was turned out of Lecropt, and be-south Forth, the ffergusons in Gargunnoch were glad or sorry, as the case might be, to learn that their Mr Edmonstone was deprived for not

praying for their Majesties, and for throwing from him the Proclamation when delivered to him, "being a person thrust upon the Parish violentlie, and given to inordinate eating and drinking and other scandalous practices." All things considered, I trust the fergusons were glad to be rid of Mr Edmonstone, and that the William Steuarts in Kilmadock made little mourning for "Mr John Cameron related to the family of Lochiel, who not only prayed for King James, but brought down the Highland rebels to rob his parishioners, saying if God would not give him amends of them, he would make the devil do it." In Alloa, Mr Wright was deprived ; in Kippen Mr Robert Young, "a great informer against the Covenanters" was sent to the right-about—in short, it was the same all over that countryside, to the joy of the Steuarts in Tulliallan, and to the furious anger of their father in Brigend.

These feelings of the changekeeper were fully shared in by the children of his old friend and distant kinsman, the Earl of Airlie's son in Corntoune. Archibald Ogilvy, as we should expect to hear, had been a staunch loyalist and Episcopalian, and his family had followed in their father's steps. His eldest son James had early settled in Dunblane, and together with his wife Jonatt Buchan whom he married in 1670, was a constant worshipper in the old Cathedral in the days of the saintly Bishop Leighton. In the quaint little town with its zigzag streets, James spent some tranquil years, sheltered from the misery which overflowed the land, and constantly brought into contact with one of the holiest and finest natures of that or any other day. In the touching words of an old writer "many thought it happiness to live there in such days."

James Ogilvy however died young ; and now in the midst of all this turmoil and anger, his widow Jonatt Buchan died in Dunblane and was buried in Logie in the burying-place

of the Steuarts and the Ogilvys by the west wall. William Ogilvy, a son of Archibald, is mentioned in the old title-deeds as having been at this time tenant in Corntoune, and he together with the family friend old James Steuart, had no doubt many a consultation as to what was to be done for the four orphan children left by Jonatt Buchan. The young Ogilvys of Dunblane had been left apparently in circumstances of tolerable comfort, for I notice that "the second mortcloth, price £2" was hired for her funeral, a fact which indicates a position midway between the affluence of the "best mortcloth," and the deplorable penury of the "old mortcloth." At this funeral, which took place on the 13th of October 1689, the Paip of Brigend, as a kinsman and friend, was of course present, and was more than probably one of the chief mourners; the others being the two orphan boys Archibald and John, together with their uncle "William Ogilvy in Corntoune and James and Harry Ogilvys his sons."

When his last surviving parent was laid in her grave in the beautiful churchyard of Logie, Archibald Ogilvy was sixteen years of age, and a lad, I gather, of a gentle and pleasant nature, accommodating and peaceable, although when any great principle was at stake, inflexibly firm. Just at this time, the young soul of the future Seceder was deeply moved by the overturn of Episcopacy, endeared to him by many sweet memories of Bishop Leighton, and by the kindred gentle piety of his successor in the diocese. It was natural that old James Steuart should feel drawn towards the orphan boy, his own kinsman, the nephew by marriage of his favourite son William, and the grandson of his early friend the Earl's son; a young Jacobite and loyalist into the bargain. "The very lad for me," we can hear the old man exclaim, and I well believe that there was kindness in the thought, for the boy was an orphan. So Archibald

Ogilvy became "servitor" to the changekeeper, and the sons in Tulliallan felt a vague disapproval of the choice, although they themselves could hardly have explained the reason.

In the midst of all the ferment of that summer and autumn good Mr Williamson of Tulliallan remained imperturbably calm. He knew his own mind, and the people of the parish were well aware of the fact, and yet although their hearts were with their old Covenanting minister now in Danzig, it must have been with a feeling of actual pain that they saw the kind old friend, grown stiff in their service, clambering down the broken steps of Kincardine pier on the 24th of August. The following day the minister appeared before the Privy Council in Edinburgh, and when questioned by that august body, most firmly declined to pray for any king but James Stuart, or to read from his pulpit the Proclamation of the Estates. This transaction between the Council and the Clergy, I need hardly remind the Intelligent Reader was purely political, and in no respect partook of the nature of religious persecution. The question of Presbyterianism and Episcopacy was carefully kept in the background, and had Mr Williamson chosen to testify his loyalty to the new king and queen, nothing whatever would have been said as to his opinions on Church government. This course, which naturally seemed most abominable to the Society people was acquiesced in by the Sober Presbyterians, who for the moment, actually appear to have learned something of the difficult lesson of toleration. Yet we are hardly prepared for the state of things which followed Mr Williamson's deposition, and to find that by a mutual agreement most creditable to both parties, this worthy good Episcopalian and Christian quietly ministered to his Presbyterian flock for a whole year until Mr Forest could conveniently return to his people in Tulliallan. Mr Williamson, as I have said, appeared before the Privy Council on the

25th of August 1689, and on the very same day next year, the following entry appears in the Kirk Session Records, which contains the only direct reference in the book to the twenty-eight long miserable years of sorrow. . . . "25th August 1690," we read, "Mr Alexander Williamson, our minister having been cited and deposed at Edinburgh before the Lords of the Secret Council for not reading the declaration, this parish has made a call to Mr John fforest now residing in Danzick to return to his charge of the ministrie in Tulliallan, out of which he was violentlie deposed by the prelates, anno 1665." For the life of them, they could not resist that "*violentlie*," otherwise nothing could be more calm and business-like than the minute, and I note with pleasure the kindly little touch "our minister," telling as it does of gratitude and esteem, and even of regret. Mr Forest accepted the call and arrived in Tulliallan on the 27th of September 1690, poor Mr and Mrs Williamson, with Elizabeth, Margaret, Eleanora and Anna, their daughters, having sadly departed from the manse shortly before. There must have been many kind faces on the pier, as the brown sail was hoisted, and many hands waved in kindly farewell, when the faithful servant of a bad master turned his back on the "Beautiful Hill" (Tulliallan) and passed into the life of miserable poverty, which was the portion of the Episcopalian ministers, who clung to Jacobitism.

It was no doubt sad to say good-bye to an old friend, and yet when Mr Forest preached his first sermon in the old church of Tulliallan, the hearts of the Covenanters were full of joy and triumph. Now they were as well off as their neighbours in Culross, who having got rid of their curates had secured two famous men for their Abbey Church, Mr George Mair, namely, "an eminent godly man," and the well-known Fraser of Brae, the author of that savoury work, "Prelacy an Idol, and Prelates Idolaters," who had been imprisoned for the

truth's sake on the Bass, in Blackness Castle and in Newgate. What pen could describe the scene in Tulliallan church, the first Sunday after the 27th of September, as the old beloved Presbyterian minister, so dear to the hearts of his people, with trembling hand turned over the pages of the pulpit Bible, in search of the great song of triumph. . . . "When Zion out of bondage came." The brush of a painter would be needed to do justice to the joyful congregation, on which good Mr Forest looked down from the beautiful carved pulpit brought from Holland. Perhaps however, any painter might hesitate to depict an assemblage so gay and brilliant as that to be found in any Scottish church at that time, . . . "a parterre de fleurs," to use the words of Defoe. Each woman and girl wore over her head and shoulders a tartan plaid, which if they were rich was lined with silk ; whilst on a cold day, the men added to the brightness of the scene, for they also were muffled up in long cloaks of tartan. I do not know exactly whereabouts in this brilliant assemblage the Steuarts sat, they afterwards removed to the new loft, not then built ; but wherever they were, no faces were more full of triumph than theirs. From time to time, young John, one of Walter's sons, stole a glance towards the "dask" of Laird Ronald, "in the east syde of the south yle," where in a spot now usurped by nettles, a gay tartan plaid half-revealed, and half-concealed the face of his sweetheart Marion. And he, and many another, cast a less bashful and self-conscious look at John Turcan the maltman, who sitting beside William Mill in the third seat from the pulpit thought, but no longer with bitterness, of his long imprisonment in Perth, and of the heavy fine the Sheriff had ordered him to pay. John Turcan may have been one of the greatest sufferers, but there were many others sitting beside him in Tulliallan kirk that day with light hearts and lighter pockets, who had been ruined in the course of the long struggle. For conventicles, as

I have said, had been very frequent in the forest. To give only one example, in 1682, in the short month of February, as we are informed by the Wodrow MSS., young Mr Imrie, a man of dauntless courage, took his life in his hands, and held no fewer than twelve field-preachings in the neighbourhood. One of these was interrupted by soldiers: they took none of the Steuarts, but amongst their prisoners were several parishioners of Tulliallan; John and James ffotheringham the shoemakers, Alexander Hog the tailor, and John Johnstone the carrier, with his daughters Janet and Margaret.

The only shadow on Tulliallan that harvest-time was the question whether such a poor bankrupt parish could hope to keep so shining a light as Mr John Forest. If the school-master pathetically complained that his salary was only fifty-six libs scots, *and very difficult to collect*, was it to be expected that a minister could keep body and soul together in a neighbourhood in which there was literally hardly any money?

Still they began with a brave spirit, and on the third of February, "the heritors and all honest men" held a meeting, at which they elected over again for Presbyterian ordination poor Mr Buchannan's old Kirk Session. For the Covenanters were extremely High Church. God, they firmly believed, had appointed one only true form of Church government, which was as binding on all men as any of His other commandments. Episcopal ordinations of all kinds were therefore a mere sinful mockery of the Divine will, whilst Episcopal sacraments were no sacraments at all. In England the Bishops believed the same of their Church, and the moment the king laid hands upon *their* divine rights, they assumed the position of the despised Covenanters in Scotland, so long derided as rebels and schismatics. . . . "What a shame it is to us," exclaimed an honest Englishman, "and how to the honour of these persecuted people, that they

could thus see the treachery and tyranny of those reigns, when we saw it not ; or rather that they had so much honesty of principle, and obeyed so strictly the dictates of conscience, as to bear their testimony early, nobly and gloriously to the truth of God, and the rights of their country, both civil and religious, while we all, though seeing the same things and equally convinced of its being right, yet betrayed the cause of liberty and religion by a sinful silence and a dreadful cowardice ; not joining to help our brethren, but sitting still and seeing them slaughtered and butchered in defence of their principles, which our consciences told us even then, were founded on the truth . . . slaughtered and butchered by those tyrants, who we knew deserved to be rejected both of God and the nation, and who afterwards we did reject accordingly."

After the Presbyterian ordination of Elders, "some of their number went and cleared up accounts with the Minister ; John Crocket, David Wannan, and William Mill rendered an account of mortcloth money, as it was in Mr Williamson's time."

And then a terrible blow fell upon poor, bankrupt, rejoicing Tulliallan. Only thirteen days after the accounts, correct to a penny, had been handed over to Mr Forest, the Session Clerk, in the midst of a crest-fallen group of new-made Presbyterian Elders, his fingers absolutely trembling with unpleasant excitement, hastily inscribed these words. . . . "March 15. The minister accepts a call to Falkland." Now, although personally I greatly regret this step of Mr Forest, as I have no opportunity of inquiring why he left his unfortunate little flock in Tulliallan, I do not profess to judge him in this particular action. He was, according to the opinion of those who knew him best, a very excellent man, and that he retained to the last a very kind and pitiful remembrance of his old friends is proved by the fact that

he left in his will the sum of one hundred and twenty-six pounds "to the parish of Tulliallan, to keep poor scholars at the school." It was no doubt this very poverty, of which Mr John carried to the end of his life so keen a memory, which led to his enforced removal from a people so attached, for however worthy and good a minister may be, he no more than other men can live on air.

After the departure of Mr Forest, Tulliallan was for a whole year without a minister, during which time John Crocket the changekeeper conducted services, which were much appreciated and long gratefully remembered in the neighbourhood. At last, however, in March 1692, Mr Thomas Buchannan, a young laureate of Glasgow University, was inducted; on which joyful occasion the opening services were presided over by no less a person than Queen Mary's great-grandson, Mr Douglas of Logie. Immediately after, "John Crocket was chosen to go with Mr Buchannan to Sterlin on the 21st inst.; and the Session appointed two scholars to repeat the catechism every Sabbath morning betwixt the ringing of the second and last bells."

And now, after this little flourish of trumpets, Mr Buchannan settled down seriously to work in his new parish, which having been so long in the hands of a prelatic curate, ought by rights to have been an absolute sink of iniquity; but which on the contrary, the young man found, perhaps with some annoyance was, thanks to his predecessor's diligence, in no neglected condition. Finding that Church discipline had been well maintained, and that there was merely the inevitable sinfulness of mankind to be contended with, Mr Buchannan, not to be outdone by a prelatist, determined to plunge below the surface. Consequently a most inquisitorial inquiry into the antecedents of every soul in Tulliallan was vigorously carried out; with the result that about two months after the induction, several couples, strangers, were asked to

produce their marriage certificates, which they did—"that of James Anderson shewing he was married to Katherine Methven being insufficient, being only subscribed by women, he was ordered to get a better, or to remove." The wedding festivities of this unfortunate couple can only have been attended by female friends or by illiterate male guests, for to the above minute, the Session Clerk has added the following melancholy note, "They removed from among us in October thereafter." Besides instituting these drastic measures, Mr Buchannan resolutely set himself to wrestle with other evils in his new field of labour, prevailing on his Session to pass an act "shutting taverns on Saturdays at eight, and ordaining that no drink should be sold on Sabbaths, except in cases of necessity and mercie."

As in those old days it was the duty of a Minister and his Elders to see that every person in the parish behaved with perfect propriety, it will be seen that Mr Buchannan and his worthy Session had their hands pretty full; and it is satisfactory to find that the Records of Tulliallan bear a silent testimony to the Steuarts, now a numerous clan. As they were in older days in Scone, so they were on the shores of the Forth, chaste, temperate, honourable and of good report. When we consider indeed the comparatively trifling nature of many of the misdoings which engaged the sorrowful attention of the Church, we wonder how any mere mortals contrived to pass through life without being more than once summoned before the Kirk Session. "James Wannan," we read, "accused (not of being drunk, be it observed) of having drunk in a changehouse to the confusion of all the inhabitants of Kincardine publicly rebuked before the congregation." . . . "Anna Hodge refused a testimonial to go to St Ninians, because she had retracted her purpose of marriage of with James Erskine, after being proclaimed three times." . . . "Compeared John ffotheringham who could not agree with

his mother-in-law, Bessie Paton." . . . "The whilk day the Session considering that there are some privat schools kept in this parish to the discouragement of the ordinary school-master, does hereby prohibit any person whatsoever from learning of youths within this congregation, except for lasses."

The Minister and his Session however, are not always frowning. . . . On one occasion, for instance, peeping through the little south window of the Session house, we find the rugged faces of the assembled Elders beaming on their old friend the changekeeper; who looking a little bashful, yet at the same time very well pleased, nods acknowledgment all round, as he hears the clerk instructed to inscribe on the open page before him, the following words—"The whilk day, the session seriously considering how useful John Crocket had been to this parish, during the tyme of the vacancie of a minister thought fit to compliment him with the ground-meal of his dask gratis." . . . Poor parishioners of Tulliallan, their pockets were all so empty; this was much for them to give, and although John Crocket was one of their foremost men, it was, no doubt, a good deal for him to receive. For, from Lord Kincardine downwards, they were all in sore distress, and over and over again in the Records comes the dismal refrain—"Wilson of Sands (and many another,) has paid no interest on his bond. . . . Sands has promised to pay," . . . which he never did.

The Steuarts were as poor as their neighbours, for when in 1694, Alexander and Margaret lost their daughter Margaret, they found it impossible to pay twelve shillings for the hire of the little mortcloth. They managed to scrape together five shillings; whilst the remaining seven they were compelled to borrow from the Kirk Session. Now, no self-respecting family would wish the fact of their extreme poverty to be known throughout the whole parish; we must therefore conclude that Alexander Steuart did not

make his application to the Elders until he had discovered to his sorrow, that neither John nor Robert, nor Walter nor James Steuart could help him. And yet, in spite of all this destitution, there prevailed in Tulliallan a beautiful spirit of charity and kindness, which finds a quaint expression in the accounts so frequently audited by that excellent man of business, Walter Steuart. . . . "Item, to a French Protestant 12s." . . . "Item, to a stranger with a burnt head 8s." (scots of course in all cases). . . . "Item, to a ship-broken man." . . . "Which day there was a collection for Aberbrothick's harbour." . . . "To ane broken gentleman with ane testificate." . . . "To Mr Glass a broken merchant." . . . "To a distressed gentleman, Mr Noble." . . . "To a gentleman robbed by the French." . . . "For a certain widow gentlewoman in great straits." . . . "For two ells linen for a dead poor bodie." . . . "To a distressed gentleman with a numerous family." . . . "To a distressed Episcopal minister." . . . These are a few entries taken at random from the church accounts, from which it will be seen how large a proportion of the paupers of Scotland were real ladies and gentlemen, for in those old days such titles were very sparingly bestowed, and indicated great superiority indeed. Besides these waifs and strays, Tulliallan had a continual source of expenditure in "the blind lass," who boarded with Christian Alexander, and in "the foundling," who experienced the motherly kindness of John Christie the flesher's wife; and who, decently clad in perpetual "plaiden," of which "four ells" were duly provided at intervals of about eighteen months, gaily romped in the streets of Kincardine, an object of interest to the little town. Then there was the ambitious purchase of the KNOCK, one of the most remarkable events of the last decade of the seventeenth century—in Tulliallan, that is to say. On the 25th of November 1695, we find the Session "seriouslie considering how very useful a Knock were for the

steeple," and immediately afterwards, acting on a sudden and courageous impulse, "they empowered the Minister and John Crocket to agree with a workman to that effect," and thereafter the Knock runs like a golden thread through the minutes of the Kirk Session. The news spread like wild-fire through the parish, and the matter was taken up with such astonishing vigour that in about six weeks, "the Minister and John Crocket," it is written, "reports that they have agreed for a Knock, and are to give 210 merks for it, and have given 50 merks in hand to the workmen, with which the Session are satisfied." When this great news went abroad throughout the whole countryside, there was much excitement, and a tremendous turning out of old stockings, with the result that on the 30th of July 1696, only a year and eight months after the astounding proposal was made, "100 lib scots had been collected from heads of families in the paroch for the Knock." The Gentle Reader will see that I have in no way exaggerated the poverty of our forefathers. A hundred pounds scots from a whole parish in a year and eight months strikes us as pathetic: it struck the Session of Tulliallan in quite another light. They greatly rejoiced and "approved of the dilligence of the Minister and John Crocket." Whilst glad, however, that the worthy men were so well satisfied, I somehow feel that young Mr Buchannan, although energetic and painstaking, must have been slightly wanting in personal dignity. The Session of Tulliallan, I am convinced, would not so coolly have patted Mr Williamson on the back, approving forsooth, "of the dilligence of the Minister."

The Knock, which was purchased from Duncan Ker, of some centre of industry unknown, Dunfermline perhaps, or Alloa, arrived in its new sphere of usefulness in a singularly incomplete condition; indeed I cannot help suspecting that the object of so much love and veneration was a worn-out second-hand article, banished of late from the steeple of some

less beggarly community. John ffotheringhame, the beddal, was sent in May 1696, to bring home the important stranger, receiving for his expenses four shillings scots. Thereafter the Session set themselves in good earnest to the task of renovation. James Nurrel was ordered to make "hands to the Knock, for which he received the sum of 29 lib." Six deals were likewise purchased "for a box to the Knock," whilst a person unknown set to work busily to construct "a dial to the Knock price 12s." By the month of August, to the joy of the whole parish, the great Knock was in the steeple; and on the 16th, a largely attended meeting of the Kirk Session was held immediately after one of those long and heated colloquies, which took place at intervals, during many years, anent the abominable conduct of the Laird of Sands, who still "paid no interest on his bond." The beddal was summoned to attend, and to him, the Minister in tones of the deepest solemnity, addressed himself, "exhorting him to be very careful of the bell and of the Knock." The conduct of John ffotheringhame on this occasion was distinctly disappointing. Far from esteeming it a pleasure to labour for the Knock, he was evidently a good deal out of humour at this addition to his duties as beddal; and although "he promised to bee," he quickly muttered something to the effect "that the Knock would need constantlie oyl." So unpleasant did John make himself, that only three days later, a second meeting was held, in which the Session "considering the trouble the beddal has in ringing the five and eight hours bell, and keeping and dressing the Knock, ordains that every pew in church pay him 4s. yearly." The Knock did indeed need constantlie oyl, and after this date, the sums paid for that article were comparatively speaking, enormous; on one occasion amounting to twelve shillings, the same price as the new dial. If the parish ever grumbled a little at the costliness of its new treasure, we cannot wonder,

for the deplorable seasons had now begun, which continuing to the end of the century, completed the ruin of poor Scotland. In the very August in which the Knock had been placed in the steeple, the men and women who flocked to see it walked through fields "blighted by easterly haars," and by a sunless drenching summer, to be followed by early bitter frosts and snows in Autumn. The corn of these 'Ill Years' never ripened, and the green withered grain was cut in December amidst the pouring rain or storms of snow. Even in January and February, in some districts many of the starving people were still trying to reap some of their ruined crops of oats, and were bitten by the frost, and perished of weakness, hunger and cold. The sheep and oxen died in thousands; the prices of everything amongst a people that had no money, rose rapidly to famine pitch, and a large proportion of the rural population was destroyed by want and disease. During these 'Ill Years,' as starvation stared the people in the face, the instinct of self-preservation at times mastered all other feelings, and even natural affection became extinct in men and women forced to prowl and fight for food like wild beasts. Some sold their children to the Plantations for provisions, men struggled with their sisters for a morsel of oat-bannock, and many were so weak and dispirited that they had neither heart nor strength to bury their dead. . . . On the road were seen dead men with a morsel of raw flesh in their mouths; whilst numbers dreading that their bodies should lie exposed, crawled when they felt the approach of death, to the kirkyard, that they might have a better chance of being buried when they died. In these very churchyards, to which the dying made their way, they found old and young struggling together for the nettles, docks and grass. Even in towns, the starving fell down and died in the streets. . . . During this scarcity, the Council allowed foreign grain free into the ports. . . . Officers

searched all stored supplies and exposed them for sale at fixed prices. Every owner of grain was forced under penalty of forfeiture of his stock to thresh all the grain in his girdles, and not to sell a stone of it as it was brought along the road. . . . Commands were read from the pulpit, and proclaimed at market crosses stating the maximum cost at which grain was to be sold on pain of prosecution."

Now as we read these terrible lines, and summon up before our minds the sorrowful lives lived during the Ill Years in the forest clearing, the last thing we should ever expect would be the marriage of one of the prudent Steuarts at such a time. And yet, turning to the Register of Tulliallan we read—"John Steuart and Marion Ronald both in this parish, gave up their names in order to marriage, and were married 12th July 1697." How could John, the son of Walter, choose such a time of penury and wretchedness in which to begin a new family; and even if he were willing to run the risk, how came it that Marion's father, John Ronald, gave his consent to a step so imprudent? As usual, when one looks a little below the surface, the reason is simple. The following short entry from the pages of the Privy Council Records throws a new light on what appeared to be a mere act of madness—"In July 1697, in the prospect of a good harvest, the permission to import grain free of duty was withdrawn."

Now we can understand the whole matter, and can feel how all that spring and early summer the talk of the lovers had been of the fine weather and the crops. Each day of sunshine, each warm shower brought happiness nearer, and promised to banish at last, sorrow and poverty from the homesteads in the forest. Hope was a smiling guest at this summer wedding. There were also present the five older members of the Colony, all considered as brothers to judge by the manner in which the names of the two uncles Robert and John were as freely bestowed as those of Walter and

Alexander, upon the lads of the next generation. Two almost grown up young men, the sons of John and James, were also amongst the guests; besides the bridegroom's elder brother Walter, who a few years before had married Isobel Hendry or Henryson of the parish of Airth, across the Forth—nine men in all, bearing the name of Steuart.

John and Marion had been man and wife little more than a month, when the crops, which had appeared so promising were, as Patrick Walker tells us, "stricken in one night by an easterly haur, and got little more good of the ground." Once more the harvest was ruined, and the following year opened with "an unkindly cold and winter-like spring, which threatened to cut off man and beast by famine." A day of fasting and prayer was held in Tulliallan on the 25th of May, but without effect. "These unheard of manifold judgments," says Patrick Walker, "continued several years, not always alike, but the seasons, summer and winter so cold and barren, and the wonted heat of the sun so much withholden that it was discernable upon the cattle, flying fowls, and insects. Seldom a cleg or a fly was to be seen. . . . Meal became so scarce, that it was at two shillings a peck, and many could not get it. It was not then with many, 'Where will we get siller?' but 'Where will we get meal for siller?' . . . Through the long continuance of these manifold judgments, deaths and burials were so common, that the living were wearied of the burying of the dead. . . . Many got neither coffin nor winding-sheet. . . . I have seen some walking about at sun-setting, and next day, at six o'clock in the summer morning, found dead in their houses . . . the rats and mice having eaten a great part of their hands and arms . . . these and other things have made me doubt if ever Adam's race were in a more deplorable condition, their bodies and spirits more low than in these years."

Tulliallan, in spite of its fine southern exposure, suffered as

severely as other parts of Scotland, and at no time, not even in the height of the persecution, had the faith and courage of the Steuarts been more severely tried. Yet, they struggled on with passionate pride and independence, and with some success, for it was not until many a day after the terrible Ill Years that Walter Stuart, as the leader of the Colony, was obliged to borrow from the Kirk Session. Still it was weary work starving and labouring unceasingly through those unnatural seasons ; nor in so lonesome a spot as the forest farm was life itself safe, even for a single day. For Scotland, ever swarming with beggars, was now at the mercy of a regular army of mendicants, 200,000 strong—"a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants," writes Fletcher of Saltoun, in the year 1698, "who if they give not bread or provision to perhaps forty such villains in a day, are sure to be insulted by them ; and especially do they rob such as live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In times of plenty they meet in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at country weddings, markets, burials and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming and fighting together. No magistrate could ever discover in which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that they ever were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them. These are such outrageous disorders that it were better for the nation that these beggars were sold to the galleys or West Indies than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and a curse to us."

Miserable as they all were in Tulliallan, kind charity was still to be found in heavy hearts ; and when John Crocket and Walter Colt went round from door to door collecting money for an operation for William Drysdale's youngest son, "he being unable to pay," they did not turn away empty-handed from the poverty-stricken homes.

The collection was made in "the unkindly cold of a winter-like spring," and summer wore on, bringing no relief, but only a deeper gloom. On the 16th of June, a very sorrowful meeting of Elders was held in the Session House, to consider what was to be done. Tears were shed that day by men, themselves not half nourished, who yet knew well that compared with others, even in their own position in life, they were living in comfort. "Many respectable families," they sadly said to each other—"Many respectable families are actually starving, who are ashamed to ask us to give them help." Finally, after much talk, the good men separated with the mutual agreement "to make private inquiries and to find out the names of such families, so that help might be given *by way of a loan.*"

The mortality during the Ill Years was tremendous; in some parishes three hundred persons out of a population of nine hundred being swept away. We are told of farms in the north where out of sixteen families, thirteen perished; and of an estate which gave work to a hundred persons, in which only three families survived. We are told of districts once thickly populated where "not a smoke remained," and of villages which disappeared into ruins. "Great tracts of country which had been under cultivation were quickly covered with heather, as if they had never been under the plough, and much of this was unreclaimed eighty years later."

The Steuarts did not pass through the Ill Years without loss. In 1698 Robert died; the bachelor brother, a favourite in the family, we may infer from the frequency with which he was invited to stand sponsor to the many children born in the Colony. "A man who with good will lived at peace with his awne," and yet a man cast in the same imperious mould as all the other Paips, to judge by the decision with which he, on one occasion, dealt with a worthless servant-woman who had incurred his displeasure—

"30th December 1695," we read in the Kirk Session Records, "After prayer, the Session met Robert Steuart and Agnes Williamson, she for her scandalous carriage towards him; therefore she is appointed to be summoned next Session day with David Kely and other witnesses." We further read that although Agnes reappeared with the usual lie, "affirming it was sickness and not drunkenness, she was seriously rebuked by the Session." Then comes the last entry of all, "the mortcloth for Robert Steuart . . . one guinea." A few little ripples on the great ocean of time: a brief biography indeed, of many years strenuously lived through times of strife and anguish; and yet how infinitely longer than all that remains of the life-story of millions upon millions of the human race.

That only the well-loved Robert died, and that there were no more deaths in the family during the Ill Years, is a proof rather of the iron constitutions of the Steuarts, than of any escape from the general suffering. After Robert's death, a still deeper gloom settled upon the little community, and there were days on which they could only gather together in one house, and sitting round one fire, talk despairingly of the judgments of the Lord—wild tempestuous days, or days of close stillness and unwholesome haer, on which the present harvest was going the same way as the last—and the last—and the last. In these most miserable days, no tormenting doubts as to their own style of agriculture troubled the minds of our Steuarts, who were men of their own century, not of ours. Whether they were of the number of those who yoked their ploughs punctually at Candlemas, or whether they sided with the other party, who regarding that proceeding as an abomination, put off all spring work till that sacred day, the 10th of March, I do not know; only of this I am sure, to whichever creed the Steuarts adhered, they clung with all the *dour* pertinacity of the Paips. In any case, they swore

by the tradition of their forefathers—"It is not too late to sow when the leaves of the ash cover the pyot's nest"—that is to say in the month of June; and they also firmly believed that seed sown earlier in the season was liable to be choked by marigolds, wild mustard and thistles. In any case, they would not sow their seed, of which the very worst they possessed was carefully selected for the purpose, till the month of April; and they saw no connection between this delay and the fact that their fields did not ripen until the weather had finally broken towards the end of the year. It was of course quite natural that the "grey oats" should, at their best, yield only an increase of three grains to one; and if very often, the ground produced only one and a half to two bolls an acre, which did not repay their labour—the explanation was simple; it was the judgment of a justly offended God roused to anger by the abounding iniquity of the land. If some traveller from over the Border told the Steuarts that in England, even during the most severe winters, the sheep and cattle survived unharmed, they listened unmoved; although in Scotland the flocks, even in a mild season, perished in thousands. These comparisons they could endure, but what roused their indignation was the suggestion that it might be well to imitate the habits of the southerners, who in winter fed their animals on artificial grasses and turnips. "English weeds!" was their angry rejoinder, "which no Scottish beast would eat." And woe betide the foolish stranger who asserted that in yet another way it might be well to borrow a leaf from the Englishman's book, and to enclose the country. "Hedges!" the Steuarts furiously retorted—"Hedges would harbour birds, whilk wad utterly devour our grain, and wad prevent the circulation of the air needful for the winnowing of our cornes." Nor durst the stranger say one word against the beloved "run-rig" of our ancestors, a relic of the mediæval system nearly obsolete

in England, by which each field was divided into separate rigs (or ridges), which were farmed by different tenants. "A farm with a combined rental of fifty pounds yearly might be divided by lot each season or put up to auction. The farmers had their houses clustered together, so that each township resembled a little village. The ridges having a different tenant, were often about forty feet wide, very crooked and very high. Only the crown of the ridge was ploughed, and half the width was taken up with "baulks" or open spaces, filled with briars, nettles, stones, and water. . . . Each man made his own rig as high as possible, so that none of the soil should be carried by rain to his neighbour's ground, and, consequently, the furrows were left quite bare, and the soil accumulated on the top was never stirred deeper than the shallow plough-share could scrape. . . . No tenant could store hay for his cattle, for the instant the harvest was over the whole land became open pasturage for the whole township. Yet in spite of its absurdity, so devoted were the people to the run-rig plan, that if twenty fields were offered to twenty farmers, they would prefer a twentieth part in each of twenty fields rather than have a field each to themselves."

Now, when the Steuarts cowered unhappily over the fire, for thanks to the forest and the moor, they need never stint themselves in faggots and peats, it was not of the run-rig they complained, nor of their own tillage which left their ground dirty, undrained, and starved. Yet being farmers, they were bound to have grievances, and of these, hungry and dispirited, they spoke, as every tree in the forest groaned and cried aloud under the strong easterly gales of the late autumn, which beat the green grain to the very earth ; whilst fresh arrivals of villainous beggars, every hour or two battered at their doors. And first of all, they murmured sorely about the rent, which was not only exorbitantly high, but which

was exacted in a manner most ruinous and oppressive to the tenants. The Steuarts bitterly complained that besides toiling for themselves, often to no purpose, they were bound to till, manure and reap the Earl of Kincardine's lands. They had to provide peats for his fires, to thatch some of his property, to supply straw or heather ropes for fastening his roofs and stacks. They had to keep an enormous number of "kain" fowls for his table, which devoured and destroyed their scanty crops. Their wretched little horses were worn to death by continual carrying of loads to Culross Abbey. They were "thirled" to my lord's mill, where my lord's miller exacted every eleventh peck, whilst his servant claimed a forpit out of every boll. No matter if my lord's mill were situated by a shallow stream, which dried up after a week or two of fine weather—the Steuarts must have patience and wait for rain. If they got tired of waiting and sent their grain over to William Mill at Gateside they had to pay two "multures"—one to the mill that could grind their corn, and another to the "thirled" mill that could not grind it. Then, were not their souls tormented by the suspicions of my lord's miller, who might require them to swear by the most solemn oaths an account of every pea or barley corn given to their own hens or horses? And were they not bound to repair the mill, to thatch it, to carry the mill-stones, and even to clean the mill-lade, although it was the miller's own cattle that had broken it down and dirtied it? The Steuarts had also to complain that they had no leases, and that they were the tenants of a bankrupt and a lunatic, incapable of managing his own affairs. In short, in the sad days of the dying century, no saying was more frequently in the mouths of these afflicted men and women, than that a farmer's makings might be divided into three parts—"ane to saw, ane to gnaw, and ane to pay the laird witha'."

Such was the dark side of Walter Steuart's life in those

sorrowful days ; but there was another side, bright with a light not of this world. I speak now only of Walter, not that I doubt that his brothers also were good men. Only of him I know as a fact, that the long agony through which he lived, so chastened his whole nature, that in a parish remarkable for its Evangelical piety, he was considered one well fitted to be "an example to the Congregation, to reprove sin impartially in all, to instruct, exhort, and stir up others, to admonish and rebuke, to restore the fallen, reconcile them that are at variance, and to visit the sick and distressed." Some lonely hollow in the forest could tell the story of Walter Steuart's wrestling with God, in which he prevailed, and was blessed. There, beneath the sounding branches, that mystery of mysteries took place, wherein the spirit of the Most High holds communion with the spirit of mortal man. And at last, though with difficulty, Walter Steuart was able to say—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." And when he had learned this lesson, he was indeed a rich man.

On the 9th of March 1699, a solemn fast was held in Tulliallan, on account of "the lamentable stroke of dearth and scarcity"; and grave-faced men and women quietly congratulated Walter Steuart on the birth of John and Marion's first child, who only three days before, had entered a sorrowful world. There were many however, who could not but consider the appearance of a new human being in such a time of distress as an event very far from joyful: such, hardly turning to greet Walter and his son John, glanced apprehensively at the multitude of new-made graves, and silently passed into the church. For Tulliallan kirk-

yard was becoming terribly overcrowded in those days; funerals had lost all their solemnity, and "the bottom of the public kist was on hinges to allow the bodies of the poor to be dropped more expeditiously into the shallow graves."

By the beginning of summer, the state of matters in the parish had become so serious that a special meeting of Session was held, at which "badges were given to the poor"; many of the inhabitants of Tulliallan having sunk to the position of authorised beggars. At the same time, there would appear to have been some danger of a bread riot; for we find that Alexander Steuart, Walter Colt, William Bruce, Hendrie ffotheringhame and several others, "being cited, compeared and condescended to serve as constables for the ensuing month." And then, once more the Session despairingly discussed the matter of Sands and his bond. . . . "The Elders considering that Sands has broken all his promises, and they wearied with going unto him, appoints the thesaurer to use legall dilligence against him." Poor Sands was perhaps as little able to pay, as the Session was to do without his money; although their severe tone would certainly point to a different conclusion.

It seems scarcely credible to us, but it was precisely in this time of unutterable depression that poor Scotland first gave proof of that spirit of enterprise which has ever since characterized her; and it is indeed touching to read of the passionate hope, with which all through the Ill Years, the nation clung to the venture, for which they had caused ships to be built in Holland. At last, on a fine summer day, the little fleet had sailed from Leith "amidst the tears, prayers and praises of a vast multitude. Many seamen and others whose services had been refused, hid themselves in the ships, and when ordered ashore clung to the ropes, imploring to go, without reward, with their companions."

It was just about the time of the sailing of the Darien expedition, that Captain and Mistress Sanders paid their memorable visit of a week to Brigend; and I doubt not, that when during the course of their stay, John and James Henderson, portioners of Westerton of Airthrey, by the kind invitation of the pleasant couple, "dyned with the said Gentleman and Gentlewoman" in the changehouse; the conversation turned first on the prospects of the coming harvest, and then upon the great expedition. Next, I fancy, the strangers commented with surprise, on the extraordinary health and vigour of their host; who, although now not far from a hundred years of age, continued to look after the changehouse and the farm, with as much energy as if he had been a man in his prime. For the Ill Years had left James Steuart a richer and more prosperous man than they found him: indeed, I fear the Auld Paip was one of those denounced by Patrick Walker, as "dwelling in low-lying fertile places, and who laid themselves out to raise markets when at such a height, and had little sympathy with the poor, or those who lived in cold muirish places, who thought those living in such fertile places had a little heaven, but who through strange judgments soon found their little heavens were turned into little hells by unexpected providences." The Carse, however, had not altogether been a little heaven, for it had suffered severely during the Ill Years; so much so, that by the time of the visit of Captain Sanders, half the farmers in the neighbourhood owed the Auld Paip money, and had besides, in their desperation, come to his barn door to buy seed, which even in 1701, remained unpaid for. Amongst these hard-pressed men, who had no seed of their own to sow in their fields, and who had purchased from the change-keeper, "oatts at 1 lib, four shillings and fourpence per firloft were James Henderson, John Maillor, James Kidstoune younger and

James Marshall;" all indwellers in Westerton of Airthrey; also "Thomas Campbell, Alexander Galloway, James Campbell in Mylnelands, John Robie in Kippenross, John Laing in Pendreich, Alexander Gillespie in Holl, John Laing in Hallhead of Pendreich, John Wright in Mylnedenbank, William Mitchell, David Watson, James Chrystie in Netherstoune, William ffegs in Greenock, John Kemp, John and Alexander Kenyss his son in Corntoune, Robert Kidstoune in Corntoune, James Paterson there, James Logan there, William Danskin there, William Ogilvy there, ilk ane of them ane peck of oatts." . . . and so on.

And now, the Gentle Reader perceives that during the terrible Ill Years, when the wolf prowled continually about the doors of the Covenanters in the forest, and the sons there knew well what it was to go supperless and heavy-hearted to bed, comfort and plenty reigned in their father's house by the Allan water. Can we wonder that there was bitterness in the thought, and that the Steuarts, in their dark moments, would groan aloud, and ask for what good have we been faithful to the Lord, and to the Presbyterian Church divinely appointed by Him? In Tulliallan, distant only about a dozen miles as the crow flies from Brigend, they knew all about the doings in the old home. Comings and goings between the two places were by no means rare; and when we find John Steuart's father-in-law, old Walter Colt, and Alexander's father-in-law, William Mill of Gate-side "accompanying the Minister to a meeting of Presbytery at Lecropt," we understand at once how interesting were the tidings, which the good Elders brought back with them from the near neighbourhood of Brigend. . . . We can almost hear them. . . . There was nae lack o' either meat or siller yont yonder at that howff o' Jacobites. As they cam by the brig, they had seen the Auld Paip unloading his horses at the syde yett in the Corntoune loaning. He

whiles dealt noo wi' John Kirk, merchant in Alloa, and they had been at the trouble to spier hoo William Callender, the Stirling merchant, likit that. Agnes MacDougal, the servant lass, was aye there. The Laird o' Keir, the Laird o' Carden and the Laird o' Kippendavie, rank prelatists and Jacobites ilk ane o' them, had aye their howff at the changehouse, and borrowed siller (the de'il kent for what purpose) o' auld James Steuart. Ay, Archie Ogilvy was the richt haun' o' the changekeeper. He was after Katherine Chrystiesone owre in Dunblane. . . . And then, once a year at least, when the great Martinmas fair of Doune came round, the brothers had to pass Brigend. Walter Steuart, I know, handed down in his branch of the family a love, I should rather say a passion, for the old home; I can see him now, his arms on the high wall of the dangerous bridge, listening to the loud November song of the Allan, and trying to fancy himself a boy again, down in the little garden below. On such occasions, I know well, the wan face of an old mother soon appeared at the window of the corner parlour, framed in withered apple leaves: at that window which lovers supposed Cupid had specially contrived for them, but which equally served the turn of a loving old mother and her elderly son. For the brig standing so high, and the space between it and the house being not greater than a wide jump, nothing was easier than for a person outside, whilst apparently absorbed in contemplation of the garden flowers, to converse with anyone at the solitary gable window—all sound of voices meanwhile drowned by the sympathetic and deceitful Allan. Even at the present day, thoughts have flashed across from brig to window; as when of late, a descendant of the Auld Paip, looking by chance out on the summer sunshine, and catching the eye of a poetic hawker, heard him quietly say, with a glance towards the Linn—"His voice is as the sound of many waters."

Now, groping about in the mists of the past, I fancy that towards the end of the Ill Years, the partial reconciliation, indicated by old James Steuart's will took place. As I have already said, that the estrangement was complete is evident from the absence of the changekeeper's name amongst his children's sons; yet how, except in the light of some sort of peace-making, are we to understand the settlement of 1701? By the law of Scotland, a father may not entirely disinherit his family. To a certain proportion, the Bairn's Part, which it was not necessary to mention in the "latter will," the Steuarts had a legal right, but besides this share, the changekeeper, immediately before his death, acting under the influence of some softer feeling, left each of his surviving sons a legacy, which, however trifling it may seem to us, was in those days esteemed a substantial sum of money. When we consider the offensiveness of the rest of the will, and the violent anger which its conditions excited in the Steuarts, the fact that the legacies were left at all is puzzling indeed. The old man, I suspect, was pulled in many different ways in those last years of his life, and it was not in his nature perhaps, to do more graciously, than which he was compelled to do by conscience. He knew that he must soon die, and he wished to make a Christian end; therefore he must forgive his sons. But those Covenanting loons had been no sons to him: they had thrown him off long ago, and why should he do anything for them now? All the misfortunes which had come upon them had been the effect of their own errors, religious and political . . . and yet they were his own flesh and blood; and they were starving. That at least was not their own fault; that was by the hand of God. The tears of old Isobel won the day; and in the sending of a generous gift of seed, James Steuart, I imagine, saw a way by which conscience might be satisfied without confession of wrong

or loss of dignity. For the old father knew himself to be in the right. His sons too, we must remember, were Paips as well as the changekeeper, and had uttered many a bitter word at the time of the great quarrel; many a bitter word which had rankled for long years in a heart as proud as their own.

We shall suppose then, that the seed distantly offered was accepted, and sown in the forest clearing with mingled feelings; and that the half-reconciled portioners watched, partly with pleasure, partly with an odd kind of resentment, the Carse grain springing up hopefully in the summer of 1699, that summer in which Captain and Mistress Sanders sauntered beside the Allan, and pleasantly complimented poor William Ogilvy on the fine appearance of his wheat.

The seed was accepted. And yet there could be no cordiality between James Steuart and his sons; their views on all subjects, religious and political, being wide as the poles asunder. The latter, I know to have been men of earnest convictions; and yet, looking across the chasm of two hundred years, I do not judge the old man their father to have been any less earnest. On his death-bed old James uttered a touching expression of Christian faith, an expression which seems to me to breathe absolute sincerity; and it may very well be that the tardy reconciliation with his sons, whose conduct had robbed existence of its brightness, was the outcome of many a struggle with self-will, and was in the sight of God, Who alone sees clearly, a well-pleasing sacrifice.

It is perhaps difficult for us to believe in the religious sincerity of James Steuart when we consider the scenes which must at times have taken place in his house; but here again we must bear in mind the feeling of the age. Scotland was then in a state of complete and loyal subjection to the upper classes, who alone gave way to habitual drunkenness . . . drunk as a lord the saying went. It was

a fashion the gentry had, just as they wore wigs and lace, and carried swords; and however temperate a lower order of being might be (except of course at weddings and funerals), it would never enter his head to sit in judgment on his superiors. The custom was so universal that hardly anyone thought it even unseemly. Even King William, in general coldly correct, at times drank to excess, and although dignified to a fault, would excuse liberties taken in convivial moments, remarking afterwards that between gentlemen over a bottle, such things were of no consequence.

Old James's private character stood high in the parish of Logie. He neither drank nor swore, he was guilty of no immorality nor Sabbath-breaking, he in no way offended against the hundred and one unwritten laws of the Kirk Session; whilst his house was invariably conducted in the manner recommended by the General Assembly to poor ministers, who, as a means of livelihood, added change-keeping to the preaching of the Gospel—that is to say, “with decorum.” And yet, there were at times, unseemly enough revels in the corner parlour, when Keir and Carden, Kippendavie and Touch, and William Steuart's friend and landlord, Edmonstone of Newtoun, all went under the table in honour of “the king over the water.” For it was in the changehouse that such scenes took place, as no gentleman ever thought of entertaining in his own home in those days. “Hard drinking,” says Mr Ramsay, who knew that countryside well, “was the favourite sin of our old gentry; and by means of this habit more estates were impaired than by all the other articles of expense put together. It was then the fashion to drink to excess either in taverns or in country ale-houses.”

There was a sixth jolly gentleman of the neighbourhood who used to join the other lairds in the changehouse—John Pearson of Kippenross, who at the time of James Steuart's death, owed him “by bond 3 lib, with 4 lib, 10 sh. of annual

rent" (interest), and this want of strict business habits is fully accounted for by the fact that Kippenross possessed at home a bottle, which was occasionally brought into the room by two men on a wheelbarrow. The credit of Keir and of Carden was better, for in 1701 they owed respectively "20 lib, 10 sh. and 19 lib; but the man most loved and trusted by James Steuart was John Stirling of Kippendavie, to whom he advanced two hundred pounds, on a bond, with fifty pounds, "credit by esteem alone."

It is strange to think of the gay company which once filled the sunny room, now so silent, except for the crooning of the Allan. I like to pass into it, as it lies ready for one of those little Jacobite suppers of long ago. The floor is of bare wood, but then the gentlemen have no carpets at home; the walls are whitewashed, and unadorned by any pictures, the ceiling is of unpainted rafters. The little old mirror over the chimney-piece gives a squinting view of the black polished furniture, with spindle legs, and of the table set with an abundance of thick glasses, but without cutlery, for the guests will bring their own with them. On the table also stand the quaint candlesticks, half-brass, half-inlaid wood, which still adorn the old house. The air is laden with ascending kitchen odours—"roast mutton" (I quote from a changehouse bill of the period), "roast mutton and cutlets, ane dish of hens, oysters fried," whilst on a side-table lie "allmonds and rasens, 3 lib of confectiones," and other dainties. The air is oppressive, and my curiosity is aroused by the imperious tones of the Paip down in the garden below, so I throw up the cumbrous sash of the south window, whose small, greenish panes afford only a distorted image of outside objects, and perceive "George Robertson in Keir" gloomily dangling by his side a splendid salmon, whose tardy arrival has excited the ire of the changekeeper.

I wish I could believe that everything was thoroughly

clean for those gatherings of the quality, but Scotland was then a sluttish country, and I have a notion that Agnes MacDougal's scrubbing and dusting would not have satisfied the Particular Reader, as well as it did the old mistress of the changehouse. A story indeed comes to my mind, which has been told me by a friend, who however could not remember the name of the author from whose book of travel he had quoted. At all events, it is an amusing hit at the extreme grandeur of the Scottish changekeepers in the old days, and their want of cleanliness as well. A French traveller, feeling aggrieved by the dirty state of his blankets, complained to the Agnes MacDougal of the establishment, who, greatly surprised, answered that could scarcely be, as only three years before, her mistress the Countess, aided by Lady Jean and Lady Margaret, had washed the blankets in question.

But whether the changehouse was strictly clean or not, the Jacobites were never happier than when, away from their women-kind, they were toasting King James in the parlour of his kinsman and namesake. Keir's son, a hard drinker like his father had, Mr Ramsay tells us, "a sort of magic in his conversation," inherited very likely from the old laird, whose shaven face, with the long curling wig falling on his shoulders, hooked nose, fine arched eye-brows and pleasure-loving mouth were so familiar in Brigend. At the jovial supper-parties of the lairds, no decanters were placed on the table; old James himself carried in the fine French wine, "in the old style, in pewter stoups, with the cream on the top, at eighteenpence the chopin." The gentlemen did not care for spirits; claret was their favourite drink, which they varied occasionally by calling for "a bicker of ale." Another time they would "scourge a nine-gallon tree. This was a common feat among lads of mettle: it consisted in drawing the spigot of a barrel of ale, and never quitting it night or

day till it was drunk out." The Auld Paip then, waited on the Jacobite lairds himself, but before distributing the pewter stoups amongst his honoured guests, he as the fashion then was with those well-born changekeepers, raised one of them to his own lips with an air of proud dignity, and by thus drinking first in the presence of the gentry, mutely challenged the whole universe to deny that he, James Steuart was also a Gentleman, as well as master in Brigend. There was no disrespect in this action towards the lairds—on the contrary, the old man, without for a moment forgetting his own descent, regarded his guests with a loyalty and veneration which in this age passes the comprehension of man. Keir, Kippendavie, and the others, on their part, knew all about James the Second, the Duke of Albany, and Alexander Steuart, the Privy Councillor ; and it was not without good reason that those disaffected lairds chose to frequent the house of a staunch Jacobite Gentleman, on whose honour and fidelity they could absolutely rely, in the likely event of their talking treason in their cups. On the young servitor, Archibald Ogilvy, they might also safely depend ; for as a descendant of the Airlie family, he was of course a Loyalist and Episcopalian to the back-bone ; and if old James allowed anyone to help him in waiting on the uproarious gentry, it was Archie. Still, for the most part, the Paip, watchful and wary, kept the oversight of these Jacobite suppers to himself.

I do not need further to dwell upon the fact that the lives of the Jacobite father and his Covenanting sons lay separated by a very wide gulf, nor is it necessary to point out how by faithful service, Archibald Ogilvy had come by the end of the century, to be more to the old man than either child or grandchild. Especially after the death of his eldest son William, whose opinions agreed so well with his own, James Steuart clung to the young man, who knew all the ways of the house and to whom, he being, so to speak, a childless

man, and "perfecte of memorie" could of a winter night, talk over his old-world stories of Constantine Snell and Walter Allardyce, who had been so long in their graves in Scone kirkyard, or live over again the glories of the great foot-ball games of the Royal City, by the banks of the Tay.

It was true that young Archie was the right-hand man at Brigend and knew almost as much as his master about the plots which were hatched there against King William. Mr Alexander Chrystie, factor to my Lord Breadalbane, when he came riding south, accompanied by John Ogilvie and Finlay MacKeach, also of Breadalbane, to borrow five-and-twenty pounds for a Jacobite rising, might with perfect safety have spoken of his errand to the servitor; and need not have maintained a mysterious silence till he found himself in the corner parlour, alone with James himself. Before long, Archibald knew all about this particular plot—how my lord, "crafty as a fox," disappointed in the rewards of the new king had "entered into a conspiracy to dethrone him, and had offered his services to the old king," along with Mr Ogilvie, afterwards Earl of Seafield, and others. "At this time," we read, "my lord had engaged to have horses ready if King James would send men." In those days, five-and-twenty pounds would go a good way towards the purchase of horses. Archibald Ogilvy also knew, although I do not, what brought Robert Campbell all the way from Glenfalloch to borrow five pounds, twelve shillings; and what series of misfortunes compelled poor James Logan in Westhaugh, to become a debtor "by bond" for so large a sum as sixty pounds, whilst William Ogilvy managed to get through the Ill Years, without troubling the Paip for more than the loan of fifteen pounds. And what is more to the purpose, Archibald Ogilvy knew the very story after which I now grope in the twilight—the story of an old love of many generations changed into a hatred so bitter, that the middle

of the new century saw no abatement of the feud. Not that I, knowing how keenly even the honestest men see things from their own point of view, should be inclined entirely to accept Archibald's version of the quarrel, any more than I should care to look upon the affair altogether in the light of Tulliallan. In the forest, I am well aware, to the suffering Covenanters, their father's servitor appeared in the odious character of a self-seeking, prelatic Joseph, feasting on the corn and wine of Egypt, whilst they starved in Canaan. All that they heard of the young man filled them with the darkest suspicions. He was the attached friend, they were told, of all their father's friends. John and James Henderson, Thomas Campbell at the mill of Airthrey, Robert Ker, the waulker in Keir; all had the highest opinion of Archibald. It was easy then, to see what the servitor had in view, and how he hoped by worming his way into the good graces of the best customers of the changehouse, to win for himself the business after the old man's death. Now, the one thing remembered at the present day of Archibald Ogilvy in Brigend, is that "he was disinherited because he joined the Secession;" therefore, in this matter I cannot accept the opinion of the Covenanters. It rather seems to be entirely in keeping with the loyalty of nature, of which he afterwards made proof, to suppose that the young servitor, on entering the service of James Steuart fell under a strong hereditary influence. It ran in the very blood of the Ogilvys to serve the Stuarts; and Archibald in the changehouse was swayed by the same exaggerated devotion, which led his noble kinsmen to cling, through thick and thin, to the cause of their fallen kings.

Amongst the most intimate neighbours and customers of old James, who afterwards became the attached friends of Archibald Ogilvy, were, as I have mentioned, John and James Henderson, portioners of Westerton of Airthrey; both

prosperous men, and highly esteemed in the parish of Logie. And when, in the month of July 1699, Captain and Mistress Sanders spent that pleasant week at Brigend, they very naturally made the acquaintance of the two most important men in the immediate neighbourhood ; in fact, as was long remembered in the Carse, the worthy Elders “dyned with the foresaid Gentleman and Gentlewoman in the said room.” The agreeable couple came and went—and then unpleasant whispers began to reach the changehouse. The visit had taken place in summer, and when the autumn came round, old James smoking a pipe with John Henderson, informed him in a low voice, that Captain Sanders was not the real name of the foresaid Gentleman, but that “he had heard from some who knew him that it was the Laird of Kentnach, or called Kentnach.” . . . “And Mistress Sanders?” quickly inquired John Henderson. But the auld Paip slowly removing his pipe, only shook his head, and both men puffing vigorously, strongly expressed the hope that no more might be heard of the foresaid Gentleman and Gentlewoman.

When they smoked their pipes in Tulliallan, if such a luxury was ever known among the poverty-stricken Steuarts, it was another matter that they discussed ; the terrible state, namely, into which their landlord had fallen, and the utter hopelessness of ever getting him to attend to the simplest business connected with the estate. By what means could tenants, in dire distress, obtain a rational hearing from a maniac, who when they called to pay their rents was in the very midst of a fast of forty days and forty nights? And how could a word of sense be expected from one, who frequently uttered “the most dreadful blasphemies that could be conceived”; who could tell what was going on at a distance, and things that it was impossible for anyone to know? And how, even had his lordship been able to

attend to business, could self-respecting members of the one true Church bear to have any dealings with a follower of the Flemish prophetess, Anna Bourignon?

Just when things were at their worst, however, the first real piece of good fortune they had known for many a day came to the portioners in the forest. At the judicial sale of the Earl of Kincardine's estate, the property of Tulliallan was bought by Colonel John Erskine of Carnock, the pupil of the Steuarts' beloved friend, Mr Robert Langlands; a noted Covenanter—the father of the famous lawyer, and the grandfather of the no less famous Minister of the Greyfriars. As his manner was, the Black Colonel, so called from his swarthy complexion, burst into the lives of the Steuarts with a storm of thunder and lightning. The choleric gentleman had set his heart on taking up his abode in the stately Abbey of Culross, with its terraced gardens; but "the lands attached to the Abbey, with the mansion itself, he was obliged to resign, in consequence of a decret-arbitral to the Earl's daughter, Lady Mary, who appears to have been infest in these on a prior title which held good against Lord Kincardine's creditors." Colonel Erskine, therefore, with a great explosion of anger, was obliged to content himself with the red-roofed house on the Sand Haven of Culross, which now bears his name—the Colonel's Close.

The Black Colonel found his new tenants in a deplorable state. Another late and bad harvest was dreaded, in order to avert which a day of fasting and prayer was held in the month of July; and by that time it was known that the Darien Scheme had totally collapsed. "The Auld Enemy England," jealous of her struggling rival, had used her influence with Holland and America, with the result that nearly all the colonists who had sailed away, amidst the shouts and prayers of a great multitude, had perished of fever and starvation, only about thirty of them ever seeing

their native hills again. As usual, at the time of the fast, Tulliallan was in despair about its starving poor. The box was empty, and all that the Treasurer could report was that he "had caused a charge of horning to be given to Sands, with which the Session were well pleased." But the pleasure of the good Elders would not feed the poor, so there followed a great examination of the mortcloth, which had been bought in 1679. The Session, having agreed that the old black velvet pall was completely worn out, and also that some way of bringing in money must be devised, "Baillie Crocket was requested to get a new one when next he went to Edinburgh." Here I may observe with pleasure, that virtue is sometimes rewarded even in this life, for Walter Steuart's worthy brother-in-law is no longer plain John, but has attained to the dignified and responsible rank of a "Baillie of Borough," and as such, I am informed by the Black Colonel's son, "had jurisdiction in matters of debt, services and questions of possession betwixt the inhabitants; with criminal jurisdiction extending to petty riots, and by special statute, to reckless (not intended) fire-raising."

This honour had been conferred on good John Crocket shortly before the day of solemn fasting and prayer on the 31st of July 1700, and five days after that date the Minister and Elders of Logie assembled in the now demolished Session House at the end of the church to consider a matter of extraordinary importance.

"The whilk day," we read—4th August 1700, "upon production of an execution that the church officer had cited James Steuart to compear here this day, James Steuart being cited compeared." . . . This is an interesting moment in our story; for ever since Alexander, the grandson of James the Second, burst into impassioned speech on a memorable occasion in Holyroodhouse, his descendants have maintained a dead silence, now about to be broken

by the proud old man standing with an expression so severe, in the midst of the assembled Elders of Logie—John and James Henderson, William Dawson, John Horn, James Hannen, James Leishman, Thomas and James Galloway, James Bowie, John Chrystiesone, James Clason, Andrew Leishman, John Bryce, and John Finlayson.

The Minister spoke first—"Did any persons," he inquired, "come to your house of late, carrying themselves as man and wife?"

The changekeeper, thus addressed, opened his lips, and replied—"In the month of July 1699, there came a man in a Gentleman's habit (dressed like a gentleman), to my door, upon a Mununday morning very early, and his man with him."

"And what did he say to you?"

"He said he was wearied riding all night—for they were both riding. Saying which, the said Gentleman lighted, and I took him into a chamber before my owne door, where there are two rooms together. I took ye Gentleman into one of these rooms, and let him see a bed to lie downe in. And accordingly the Gentleman lay downe."

The said James being inquired at by the Moderator if he knew the said Gentleman's name, he answered, "I asked at the Gentleman's man—'What for a Gentleman is your Master?' and the man said they called his Master Captain Sanders."

"And was that his name?"

"I heard afterwards by some who knew him that his name was the Laird of Kentnach, called Kentnach."

"And had you no knowledge of this Laird of Kentnach?"

Here a certain defiant flash lit the Paip's keen eyes with an unpleasant gleam—this we read in the short emphatic words of the ancient records—"But declared that he knew him not."

It was hard certainly on the imperious old man, who for more than half a century—for nearly three quarters of a century, I should rather say, had “kept decorum” in his house, to be thus, in the very end of his life, questioned and cross-questioned regarding a scandalous stranger, whom he would have turned out of doors, had a suspicion of anything wrong ever crossed his mind.

“And what next?” continued the Minister, hurriedly.

“About eleven hours forenoon, there came a woman riding to my doore, in a Gentlewoman’s habit. She asked me if I had any ale. I said I had, and asked her if she would light. She said she would, and accordingly did. And ere she saw the Gentleman, when she saw his cloke hinging upon a nail, she said ‘If my Goodman be alive, that is his cloke.’ I took her into the one room of the said chamber (these rooms on the ground floor of Brigend can all be identified at the present day), and went to get her the ale. And ere I came again, she was in the Gentleman’s room. And she said she was glad that they had fortune to meet in a country place where they would be quiet and company would not trouble them, as it might have been had they kept their tryste at Dunblane, in William Caddell’s house.”

“And how long did they stay in your house?”

“The Gentleman and woman abode in my house till Thursday, and went away together. They carried themselves, I thought, as if they were married persons.”

“And did you know who the woman was?”

“No.”

After a few moments of silence, the Paip again spoke—“But,” he said, “now they are calling her Jean MacWillame, spouse to the Laird of Tonban.”

What followed was a mere form; no shadow of blame attached to the changekeeper, but on such an occasion somebody must be admonished by the Kirk Session, and so “the

said James," we read with deep sympathy, "being exhorted by the Minister that such persons do not haunt nor frequent his house, he was removed."

In what state of mind, we can easily imagine. Outside among the graves the Paip was nervously welcomed by his meek old wife (of course she was the meekest woman in the parish) who with her maiden Agnes MacDougal had also been "cited to compear," but whose evidence does not appear to have been required. The unfortunate women had an unhappy walk home that day along the lane under Airthrey Bank, and past Blawlowan, and down the steep brae to the changehouse at the brig. Old Isobel, sadly shaking her head, used in later days to say, that after that walk, her Goodman was never the same again. The Auld Paip stalked homewards, his whole soul aflame with the indignity put upon him by the Kirk Session; the only drop of balm in a very bitter cup, being the thought that his neighbours, the Hendersons, were also mixed up in the unpleasant affair of Captain Sanders, for "the same day, the Session being informed that John Henderson and James Henderson his brother dyned with the foresaid Gentleman and Gentlewoman in the said roome, the Session cited the said John and James Hendersons to compear before them againe Sabbath nixt, and warrand given to the officer to cite them."

On the appointed day the brothers compeared, and on being questioned, said that they "dyned on the Wednesday with the said Gentleman and Gentlewoman, who went away upon the morrow afterwards." The remarks of the Session upon this communication of the Hendersons, the Clerk did not think it worth while to record for our benefit; and indeed, unless the brothers had been "seriouslie rebuked" for a lack of omniscience, it is difficult to imagine what the Elders of Logie could have said on the matter. But surely,

unless the assembled Session was entirely destitute of the sense of humour, the comic element of the case, not absent from the minds of the graceless couple, when they planned that little dinner party, dawned upon the worthy Elders in the kirkyard. It was as if Mr Interpreter and one of the Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains had been taken in by Madam Wanton, and some light-minded citizen of Vanity Fair; and yet, although no doubt the absurdity of "two of our number" having been implicated in such a scandal may have caused some amusement to the Kirk Session of Logie, the matter occasioned them much trouble and annoyance during the eight following years of determined conflict with that bold, bad woman, Jean MacWilliame.

The news of the scandal in James Steuart's house spread far and wide. They heard of it in Tulliallan, and for a Sunday or two, forgot their own private distresses in discussing the ins and outs of the whole affair in the kirkyard. Then the interest passed away, and once more, the parishioners fell back upon the old subjects—the doings of the new laird, the bad times, the failure of the Darien Scheme, the cruel jealousy of those hateful English, the pitiful condition of the poor, the empty poors' box, and the impossibility of relieving the prevailing distress—Sands never yet having paid any interest on his bond. The new mortcloth, even by the end of the year, had not been purchased, for business moved in a very leisurely way in those old days; but at last, on the 4th of December, there seemed some hope that the poor of Tulliallan might, in some measure, be provided for. The Session was on that day sitting in solemn conclave, when Bailie Crocket burst in upon them, quite out of breath with his rapid up-hill walk from the pier, exclaiming that "a ship is just going to start for London, where a mortcloth can be got cheaper than in Edinburgh." Forgetful for the moment, of their bitter

hatred of the English, the Session, we read, agreed, and by the 17th of March, Bailie Crocket was able "to report the mortcloth come home;" and furthermore, he unpacked, and displayed a magnificent new pall of black velvet, "with which the Session were extremely well pleased." . . . "There are four ounces of silk over and above what completed the fringe," observed the honest Bailie. . . . "This," suggested a thrifty member of the Session, "would make a new fringe to the second mortcloth." And so it was arranged. On the 30th of March, a great inspection took place of all the mortcloths; the prices of which were fixed as follows—"for the best, two pounds" . . . "for the second, one pound, four shillings" . . . "for the third, twelve shillings, . . . and William Kippen (now the beddal) to keep them carefully."

Money was more plentiful in Logie parish, for there the hire of the best mortcloth was considerably higher than in Tulliallan, as we learn from the following entry of the 17th November 1701, "James Steuart for the best mortcloth, two pounds, sixteen shillings."

Whether it was that the affront put upon his house was more than he could bear, or whether it simply was that his time had come, who can tell, but all that spring and summer, after his appearance before the Session, it had been apparent that the Auld Paip was failing fast. In body—not in mind, for the old man was "perfecte in judgment and memorie" to the last. In the pleasant summer days, he would sit sunning himself in the garden under the bridge; idly watching the white gulls as they circled about the Paip's Linn, or sat motionless on the rocks beside the river. The Allan sang to him of the Tay; and the white-washed changehouse, so long familiar, faded from his vision, giving place to the farm-town of Rome. His talk was no longer of the Galloways, the Hendersons and the

Kidstounes, but of the Allardyces, of the Coupars and of Constantine Snell, the old Scone neighbours. Mr Alexander Douglas, the Minister, often came across the garden to sit beside old James; and the Hendersons, John especially, would spend many a half hour with him in the sheltered garden. To the latter, James Steuart spoke much of the dark shadow, which had lain across half of his life, and of the pernicious principles of his three sons, which had removed them farther from him than death had done in the case of his beloved first-born. At such times, the old man would bitterly affirm that those Covenanting loons in Tulliallan, having brought themselves to poverty by their rebellious ways, now, no doubt, looked to their father's siller to put everything right; but that such was not his intention. To the Bairns Part the law entitled all his children. Their share of that, James, and Walter, and Alexander would have as a right; and in token of their father's forgiveness, for he wished to make a Christian end, and to die at peace with all, a certain sum over and above. But as to sons, the best son was the man that played a son's part, and he that had aye done that, was just Archie Ogilvy. John Henderson would mind that. It was his wish, now that he had come to the end of his days, that kind, faithful Archie should marry Katherine Chrystiesone, and carry on the business in the changehouse. Other friends, whom he wished to remember, old James spoke of to John Henderson; and yet, although the two men understood each other, the Paip, as is so often the case, shrank from making his will. The summer passed, the harvest came and went; the old man became slowly feebler, and yet nothing was settled. The red and yellow leaves came sweeping and swirling down the Allan, preaching their old monotonous sermon on death and decay. Not to inattentive eyes and mind—for old James Steuart, gazing on the passing waters, solemnly mused on the swiftly ap-

proaching end of that life, to which he still clung with all the passionate pertinacity of old age. . . . "Knowing nothing more certain than death, and nothing more uncertain than the manner and tyme of it" . . . he softly said to himself, dwelling with a strange hopefulness on the latter thought—for did not the old, at times, recover strength, and live on, even beyond the hundred years, whilst the young were cut down in the midst of their days? It would be time enough to think of that latter will by and by, if this weakness increased. At other times, a feverish activity would come over the Paip, and he would wander through the barnyard, the smiddy and the byre, scanning the stacks of bear and "whytt oatts;" tapping the caldron, examining the "oxen-looms," (ploughs and harness for oxen) and with the help of Archibald Ogilvy, estimating the value of the iron lying about in dark corners. Then, to the pain and vexation of old Isobel, he would wander through the house, carefully considering the furniture; and finally worn out, he would sit down by the fireside, and pulling out "the money in his custodie," would count and re-count it, observing at the end with a sigh—"when I mak that latter will, Gude-wife, thy lyfrent thereof sall be reserved." Then, the old man fell a-talking again of his unnatural sons, and of the sorrow they had caused him thir many years bygane; of the ffergusons too, over in Gargunnock, of William's bairns, who had enough and to spare, and of one or two old friends, whom he wished to remember when he came to make his will—Matthias Espline in Polmaise, and Janet Bryce his spouse, John Glas in Abbey—and of course, the lad Archie. Then, he took up his old Bible, turning mostly to the story of Gethsemane and Calvary; and even as he read, Isobel his spouse, quietly watching from the other side of the fire, saw the keen worldly look fade from the aged face, giving place by degrees, to an expression, of utter humiliation

and deepest awe—"Jesus Chryst, my alone Saviour and Redeemer," he would say to himself as he shut the book, and closed his eyes, and set himself once more to listen in silence to the Allan.

But the Auld Paip, although I trust, a Christian, was no saint, and his humour towards the end of October was far from angelic ; for in those days, the beddal of Logie knocked once more at the changehouse door, and cited him again to compear before the Kirk Session, anent that affair of Captain Sanders. An irate message was sent out to the beddal, to the effect that "James Steuart was sick and not able to attend," which statement was communicated to the Minister and Elders on the 28th of October. The agitation, it would appear, of this disagreeable incident was hurtful to the invalid, for only four days later, Clerk Nichol, the lawyer, came riding across the Carse from Stirling. Yet, even then, when death was so near, the old man's wonderful tenacity of life seems to have misled him. His mind was as clear and as vigorous as ever, and his illness appears to have been rather a gentle decay than a violent sickness. No doctor attended the Auld Paip in his last days. He did not believe in doctors, he said ; and he shewed his extraordinary strength of will, and also his great common sense, by utterly refusing to allow one to be sent for. He knew, he resolutely declared, how to physic himself. Therefore, old James Steuart did not lie with a live frog or duck on his stomach, which "drawing all the evil to itself would speedily die ;" nor did he drink a hot infusion of "the whole skin of a hare, with the ears and nails thereof," as a cure for drowsiness ; nor did he apply snails smashed up in their shells to his forehead, as a stimulant to the brain. Rejecting all such treatment, the dying man peremptorily ordered Archibald to go over to Knockhill, and to bring home with him certain "droggs," which William Stevenson, the gardener, kept in store.

Old James had his way about the doctor till the end ; and only sent for Clerk Nichol a fortnight before his death. The 1st of November 1701, was a busy day in Brigend, and a day of excitement in the little hamlet by the brig, which was moved to its very depths by the knowledge that, at last, the Paip was making his latter will. It did not even yet appear to the neighbours that the changekeeper, the oldest man in all the countryside, was actually dying ; he had been cited to compear before the Session only four days previously, so that, in all probability, he was not confined to bed. Still, they all knew that James Steuart was "far through," and although there may have been a certain sadness in the thought that soon the proud, indomitable, old man would be gone from Brigend ; there can be no doubt that curiosity and pleasurable excitement carried the day. There being no walls nor hedges in those days, and hardly any trees, the whole Carse lay bare before the watchers on the steep brig ; for a long time before he arrived they could see Clerk Nichol coming riding fast. Then he passed William Ogilvy's portion of Corntoun ; and by this time, there was movement nearer home—here was John Henderson stepping through the garden below—unsteiking the yett—shaking Clerk Nichol by the hand, leading him into the house.

Old James, pale and wearied, sat by the fireside, wearing, according to the custom of the time, his big blue bonnet, in token that he was the master of his own house, and yet, there was no look of mental weakness in the withered face, lit up even at the last by keen blue eyes, still full of intelligence and shrewdness. After some kindly salutation, the lawyer prepared for work, and when at length all was ready, the Paip dictated to him, in a voice slightly raised, so as to drown the roar of the Allan, racing past in November spate "I, James Steuart, at the Bridge of Allan," the old man began "I, James Steuart, at the Bridge of

Allan, being for the present sick of bodie, but perfecte in judgment and memorie, and knowing nothing more certain than death, and nothing more uncertain than the manner and tyme of it, do by these present make my latter will and Testament."

Then followed a pause, during which Clerk Nichol's quill went driving and scraping over the parchment. The keen eyes suddenly softened, whilst the expression of the old face changed to one of solemnity. The lawyer finished his writing, and looked up inquiringly. James Steuart, uncovering his head, continued in the voice of one at prayer. "In the first, I recommend my soull to Jesus Chryst, my alone Saviour and Redeemer, hoping to be saved by His mortal and bitter passion." . . . Again there was a pause. Then old James, resuming his blue bonnet, went on in the dictatorial tone to which those who knew him were accustomed—not without a break, for at times there was consultation between the three men ; yet with the decision of one, who after long consideration, knows his own mind. . . .

"I nominat and appoint John Henderson, portioner of Westerton of Airthrey to be my onlie legator and universall intromitter with my haille goods, gear, debts, soumes of money in sight, plenishing and others that happen to be pertaining to me at the tyme of my decease, whenever the same shall happen at the pleasure of God ; and leaves and disposes ye samen to him, he allways paying the Legacies and performing the other conditions after-mentioned. With full powers to the said John Henderson to middle and intermitt therewith, uplift and divide the samen, and if need be to give my Inventor thereof, and to obtain the samen confirmed, and generally to do everie other thing necessar thereanent, Als freely in all respects as any Executor may or can by the law in the lyke cases. Item, I appoint and ordain the said John

Henderson, my said Executor immediately after my decease to pay out of the first and readiest of my goods and gear to the Kirk Session of Logie for ye use of ye Poor, the sum of fifty merks, scots money. Item, I appoint and ordain my said Executor to pay the particular legacies aftermentioned to the said persons underwritten, after the decease of Isobel Nesbitt my spouse, whose lyfrent thereof is herby reserved—namely to Beatrix Steuart my sister, and now spouse to Andrew Pennie at Kincardine, the soume of fiftie merks. Item, to the children of the deceased William Steuart of Burn of Cambus and Margaret Ogilvy his spouse proportionally amongst them the soume of nine pounds. Item, to Alexander and Isobell ffergusons, lawfull children to umquhile William ffergguson in Gargunnock proportionally the lyke soume. Item, to Matthias Esplin in Polmaise and Janet Bryce his spouse, fiftie pounds, ten shillings. Item, to John Glas in Abbey, the lyke soume.” . . . Here the old man was silent for some time. The name of his dead son William he had been able to mention without emotion ; but after that, instead of going on, as would have been natural, to enumerate in their order his other sons, he hurriedly introduced the ffergusons, and even the Esplins and John Glas in Abbey. Clerk Nichol and John Henderson sat quietly waiting, whilst old Isobell, half rising from her chair, fixed her imploring eyes upon her husband’s face. . . . “ Item,” at last he said in a low voice, “ Item, to James Steuart in Tulliallan, twentie pounds. Item, to Walter Steuart there, the lyke soume. Item, to Alexander Steuart there, the lyke soume. . . . Item, to John Henderson, portioner of Westerton of Airthrey, 20 lib and whatever goods, gear and debts shall happen to be pertaining to me over and above the defraying of the expenses of my funeralls, and paying of medicines, to be divided amongst my friends and relations as he shall think fit, and always keeping and

retaining in his own hand the 20 lib as a token of my love and kyndness to him."

Previous to the utterance of these last words the inquisitive neighbours on the brig had seen Archibald Ogilvy stride through the garden and out to the lane ; and had, moreover, derived a dismal satisfaction from his speedy return with John Dow and David Home, two of the nearest villagers.— "The witnesses!" they said below their breath.

That night the news was all over the countryside. Old James Steuart had made his latter will. There were those who professed to know much more than that. "Ay, the Auld Paip had mentioned James, and Walter, and Sandie in Tulliallan ; syne was ta'en wi' a kind o' a dwam, as it were, and could gang into nae mair parteekulars ; but John Henderson was appointed executor, and he kent the Paip's desire anent Archie and ither freens—so it wad come to the same thing at the hinmaist end."

After the making of the latter will there was still a subdued excitement about the hamlet. The minister was watched as he came and went ; and the neighbours waylaid Archibald Ogilvy as he crossed the brig, coming home from Knockhill with great bunches of herbs—and then, on the 14th, it was known that the Auld Paip was dead. Then they spoke of his great age ; not less than a hundred years they were agreed. They also spoke of his pride, his cleverness, his uprightness, his greed, and of his ancestry and his Jacobitism.

Immediately after the death two neighbour women entered Brigend ; and before night fell the beddal had passed through the three-cornered garden bearing a large box. "The mort-cloth!" the gossips whispered to each other, and then, as November evenings are chilly, they resolved to loiter about no longer, but to go home after a view from the other side of the Allan of the old man's window brightly lighted up. For a short time they watched two shadows indistinctly moving

against the red glow of fire and candle-light, which all night long was to throw a faint reflection across the river. The Gentle Reader may with me pass over the dark water, and finding a way through stone and lime may gaze on a very strange sight. The pale features and the old, old hands meekly folded, are hidden from our view, for the whole bed is covered by the magnificent mortcloth of black velvet, whilst by the fire sit the two neighbour women, busily filling innumerable pipes with tobacco, which they lay when ready in several garden riddles. From time to time they glance furtively round the room lest any rat should have entered, which might molest the dead. Night and day the body of old James was thus watched until the day of the funeral arrived; and all this time John Henderson was busily occupied in making arrangements for the burial of his old friend in accordance with the repulsive custom of his day. . . . "At the interment of friends and neighbours," says Mr Ramsay, speaking of Logie and Menteith, "it was almost the universal habit to drink to excess. . . . A very respectable gentleman of this country, being on his death-bed, and giving his son directions about the burial, added—'And for heaven's sake, John, give them a hearty drink.' . . . At the Laird of Abbotshaugh's funeral, the company appeared so merry in the churchyard, that some English dragoons, quartered at Falkirk, said to one another: 'Jolly dogs; a Scots burial is merrier than our weddings.' . . . And to give one more instance—a person staggering home from the house where a very worthy neighbour was lying a corpse, being asked by John Stirling of Keir, who met him on the road, whence he came in that condition, answered: 'From the house of mourning.'"

John Henderson, no doubt, desired to do all honour to his old friend, and we find that he "depensed upon the defunct's funeral" the sum of six pounds, equal, I believe, to about

twenty pounds at the present day. As hearses and mourning coaches were at that date quite unknown, drink for the guests would be almost the only expense ; and wine, ale, and even spirits, being exceedingly cheap (to be had also in a changehouse at cost price) I do not doubt that the Auld Paip's "funeralls" gave great satisfaction in the neighbourhood.

In "bidding to the burial," John Henderson named no particular hour ; ten o'clock in the morning being the well-known time of assembling, although the coffin would not be "lifted" till two or three in the afternoon. Mr Douglas, the minister may, or may not, have been present ; that was a matter perfectly immaterial ; the only religious ceremonial required being prolonged prayers and graces before each "service," or refreshment, offered to the mourners.

Punctually at ten o'clock a group of near neighbours was received in Brigend by John Henderson. In the middle of the room, covered by the mortcloth, stood the coffin, from the silent contemplation of which the mourners looked up with quick, expectant glances, each time the door opened. At length the scout stationed on the brig apprised the master of ceremonies by a signal, that for the present no more guests were in sight ; and immediately thereafter Agnes MacDougall, the servant lass, in her new black gown, burst into the room bearing a tray, loaded with bread and cheese, ale and porter. At a sign from his brother, James Henderson, portioner of Westerton of Airthrey, the chief man in the place, stood up. The assembled company followed his example, and for the next half hour, the voice of the Logie Elder rose and fell to the cadence of the Allan ; nominally invoking the divine blessing on the provisions lying ready, in reality embracing all subjects in Heaven and on earth, in endless supplication, confession and adoration. "Amen," at last said James Henderson, and all eyes turned upon the ale and porter, of which in a few minutes, the

funeral guests were partaking with suitable solemnity—for this was only the First Service. As the company gravely eat and drank, several new-comers made their way into the room, shaking hands dolefully with John and James Henderson; remarking to themselves as they did so, that any way they were in good time for the Second Service. This consisted of a glass of rum and burial bread, preceded by a suitable prayer from John Henderson; and rum being stronger than ale or porter, some rays of cheerfulness began to appear upon the faces of the mourners, who indeed were all tolerably bright by the time that Archibald Ogilvy and John Paterson left the room, speedily to return with the Third Service—the riddles filled with the pipes prepared by the watchers at the lyke wake. As they all sat round smoking and chatting, one or two fergusons from Gargunnoch, and the sons of William Steuart from Burn of Cambus appeared on the scene; an arrival which although it added importance to the ceremony, yet quenched effectually the interesting speculation which had arisen concerning the manner in which the Paip might have left his siller. The pipes smoked, prayer was again offered up, and the Fourth Service, a glass of port wine with cake was handed round. Then prayer and the Fifth Service, a glass of sherry with cake, after which came the Sixth Service, a glass of whisky; followed by the Seventh Service, a glass of wine (kind not specified) also accompanied by cake. Up then stood James Henderson, portioner of Westerton of Airthrey, and returned thanks for the whole. But let not the Teetotal Reader mingle his voice with that of the Elder in devout thanksgiving that the funeral orgie is at length at an end—for just at the close of this prayer, the scout on the brig was observed almost to fall down in a fit—and in stalked the Covenanters from Tulliallan, the Steuarts, young and old, and several of the Pennies.

And now, as was the custom, the whole thing began over again. The services were repeated from the first to the seventh until the hour of two or later ; and we can only hope that the prayers were omitted. At last, they "lifted," and old James Steuart's coffin with the velvet pall, was slowly borne from the changehouse, up the brae, over the Rough Burn, past Blawlowan, and along the loaning, to Logie churchyard ; where at the west wall, beside the last resting-place of the old man's early friend, the Earl of Airlie's son, an open grave lay ready. Into this grave, without a word of prayer, James Steuart's body was lowered by unsteady hands, whilst in the quickly gathering darkness of the short November day, the mourners, each wearing his pipe stuck into his hat, in every stage of intoxication, crowded round to see the soil shovelled in. It was a strange scene that burial in Logie kirkyard. There stood a respected Elder supported by two of the foremost Carse portioners, shedding floods of maudlin tears, as he bewailed the decease of his aged friend as the most crushing calamity of his life ; whilst the father and son who held him on his feet, far from sharing a grief so excessive, could hardly control their hysterical laughter. Feelings less amiable than sorrow or mirth moved certain others of the guests, notably William Ogilvy in Corntoune, who glowering furiously at the supercilious Covenanters from Tulliallan, spoke thickly of not seeing Archie wronged, and of having it out with them presently at Brigend. For the drinking was not nearly over yet, and with more or less difficulty, the company made their way back to the changehouse, where after the reading of the latter will, a horrid bacchanalian revel, named from a corruption of the first word of the old Latin prayers for the dead, the Dergy, was to complete the hideous ceremonies of the day.

All things considered, I think I may confidently assert

that the men and lads from Tulliallan, although they had partaken of refreshments after their journey, were not intoxicated on the 17th of November 1701. Drunkenness had always been very strictly dealt with by the worthy prelatist Mr Williamson, in his parish. Especially did Tulliallan require in its Elders a very high standard of sobriety, and Walter Steuart was already spoken of as a fit man for that high office, which for many years, he held blamelessly and to the entire satisfaction of his fellow-parishioners. Besides which, the Covenanters all felt that let who might be drunk at the Auld Paip's burial, it behoved his nearest of kin to be sober.

Having stated my opinion that the funeral guests were for the most part intoxicated, when the will of old James Steuart was read, and that his sons and grandsons were sober and fully alert . . . the pen falls from my hand. My imagination, which in the course of this true story of the past has light-heartedly and unabashed, faced many a difficult position, recoils in despair before the scene in the changehouse by the Allan, that dark November night. . . . "James Steuart in Tulliallan, twentie pounds. . . . Walter Steuart there, the lyke soume. . . . Alexander Steuart there, the lyke soume. . . . To John Henderson, portioner of Westerton of Airthrey whatever goods, gear and debts shall happen to be pertaining over and above the defraying of the expenses of my funeralls, to be divided amongst my friends and relations *as he shall think fit.*"

Part Third

In Logie and in Tulliallan

NEXT morning, or on the morning of the 19th of November, if their heads ached intolerably on the 18th after the funeral feast, John Henderson, note-book in hand, accompanied by Archibald Ogilvy, was busily engaged at Brigend, anent "the Inventar of the goods, gear, debts, and soumes of money whilk pertained to the deceist James Steuart at the Bridge of Allan, within the parish of Logie, which was in the month of November 1701 years . . . pairtly made and given up by himself (indomitable old man of a hundred!) and pairtly made and given up by the said John Henderson, portioner of Westerton of Airthrey, as Executor testamentar nominat to him by the said nominatione, and thereby having power to give up the Inventar of the goods, gear, debts, and soumes of money underwritten, and pryces thereof after-mentioned as follows—Inventar, the said defunct had only pertaining to him in his possession at the time foresaid of his decease, the goods and gear after-mentioned of the value and estimation following."

This rigmarole, written beforehand in the house with many a flourish, and with an eccentricity of spelling afterwards toned down by Clerk Nichol, went smoothly enough: it was in the barn-yard and in the smiddy that serious work began. At the byre door, the two men halted, but did not go in—"viz. one cow, pryce xx lib," wrote John Henderson, "Item, ane quoy of one³/₄ year old, pryce thereof 4 lib." Then they moved on to the stackyard, where earnest calculation took

place—"Item, standing in the barn yard, 2 bolls, 2 firlofts whytt oats in the fodder, xii lib. Item, of bear, 3 firlofts, pryce of the boll with the fodder . . . so much." Still more difficult was the task of John Henderson in the smiddy, but here, the experience of Archibald and of John Paterson served him in good stead—"Item, the haill smith-graith £43. 13. 4. Item, the caldron and oxen-looms (ploughs and harness for oxen) £2. Item, of iron lying beside him, estimate to £50." . . . "This will a' be thine, Archie," remarked John Henderson. "It was the Paip's desire, and it is mine, that you should be the new tenant in Brigend, and it will no be hard to settle wi' the auld gudewyfe aboot a pickle rusty airn and a wheen oxen-looms." Then, they entered the house, going from chamber to chamber, noting down this and that, till finally the Executor took up his book, and jotted as follows—"Item, of readie money in his custodie, £44. Item, the utencill and domicill, (household furnishing) estimat at four score pounds." (What would it not be worth now?) "Utencill and domicill," says John Henderson, musingly, "The auld gudewyfe will want her wheel and her aumrie, and a few bit sticks, but ye can agree wi' her for the lave, and bring hame Katherine Chrystiesone to the changehouse whan ye will. And noo for the debts resting to the dead."

This, John Henderson found a long business, as the debtors of old James Steuart numbered over sixty. It was easy enough however, to go over "the debts resting by the dead, as on the page subsequent"; consisting as they did of a certain sum "for droggs to William Stevenson gardener in Knockhill. Item, to William Callender, merchant in Stirling, so much. To John Kirk, merchant in Alloa, so much. To Mazier for dewtie, xxiiii lib. Servant's fees xx lib. Item, of borrowed money to his servant Agnes MacDougall, so much. For fish to George Robertson in Keir, so much. Item, for a quarrel mell (quarry hammer) to John Dick in

Airthrey, so much. For leading of oatts to John Wright, so much" . . . and then the funeral expenses.

But although John Henderson set about his work as Executor thus early, it was not until the 13th of August 1702, that he appeared at the Commissary Court of Dunblane, in order to the confirmation of the "Testament of umquhile James Steuart at the Bridge of Allan." Before that date, Mr Douglas, Minister of Logie, and Archibald Ogilvy had both visited the Cathedral town on important business. The former had appeared before the Presbytery anent the case of Captain and Mistress Sanders, when the brethren inquired of him wherefore he was unaccompanied by the host of those scandalous persons. Then was the Presbytery quaintly apprised of the Auld Paip's death in the following words—"Moderator and Gentlemen, James Steuart cannot compear, as since last meeting he has departit furth of this lyfe."

As for Archibald Ogilvy—he had gone to Dunblane towards the end of June to be married; his banns having been previously proclaimed in that parish and also in Logie, in whose register we read as follows—"Upon production of ane testimonial from Dunblane, Archibald Ogilvy in this parish and Katherine Chrystiesone in the said parish gave up their names to be proclaimed in order to marriage, and laid in pawn two dollars.—June 13th, 1702."

Amongst the guests at this wedding were many old cronies of the Paip, who continued for long years to be the intimate and attached friends of his successor in the changehouse. Foremost amongst these were John Henderson, the Executor, who was also the proprietor of Brigend, and his brother the Laird of Westerton. Then there were James Christie in Nether Inverallan, Thomas Campbell the waulk-miller, and Robert Ker, the waulker of Keir; all of whom, we learn from James Steuart's will had been in the habit of coming about

the changehouse in the old days, and all of whom, as well as the Hendersons, transferred their affection to Archibald and his family. Then, of course, there were present at the wedding, "William Ogilvy in Corntoune, and Harry and James Ogilvys, his sons," uncle and cousins of the bridegroom; whilst as to the Chrystiesones—the only difficulty was where to draw the line, and how best to exclude the friendly members of that extensive clan.

About this very time, the family of the bride seems to have been seized by an uncomfortable sense of uncertainty as to its own surname, shared in by Katherine, who on her wedding day called herself Chrystiesone, and ever after, with very bad taste, preferred the shorter form. In any case, call themselves what they might, the Chrystiesones were a very ancient Carse family, originally of Danish descent, who had settled in Corntoune at an early date, under the lordship of the monks of Cambuskenneth, and multiplying by degrees, had spread over the adjacent country. Yet, they were still most thickly planted in the Carse, as an English soldier, billeted on one of the clan, found to his cost, on returning late at night from a visit to Stirling. Inquiring for "one Chrystiesone," the unfortunate man found himself driven with execrations from one slumbering cottage or farm-town to another, till towards daylight, he exclaimed in bitterness of spirit—"This whole cursed country is full of Chrystiesones, and not one Christian among them all."

Archibald Ogilvy's bride was probably very handsome—the Dunblane Chrystiesones being famous for their beauty, then, and in after generations. "Never, I assure you," said a member of another branch of the family on one occasion, with an admirable absence of personal jealousy, "Never, even in a London circus, were ever seen such splendid men and women as those Dunblane Christies."

It was from this source evidently that the exceptional

beauty of form and colouring came into the Ogilvy family, which in the next generation brought about the romantic love affair of Archibald's youngest daughter.

But at present we have to do, not with Archibald's youngest daughter, but with his eldest, by name Janet, who was born on the 27th of June 1703. And now, the happiness of the new master of Brigend, already a well-to-do man was complete—and no one envied him his good fortune, he was so amiable, pleasant and inoffensive. This is how the matter appeared in Logie: in Tulliallan, where old James Steuart's sons toiled from morning to night, at the hopeless task of keeping the wolf from the door, things were seen in a very different light. It is all very well for the Modern Reader to argue that after all, the Paip had a right to leave his money as he liked; and that, as he himself had said, Archibald Ogilvy, in religion and in politics, and in every-day companionship and loving-kindness came infinitely nearer his heart than any son or grandson of them all. At all times in the world's history, children, I imagine, have had a deep-rooted conviction that, no matter what differences may have arisen between them and their parents, when it comes to inheritance, they have a stronger claim than any outsider. Besides this, at the time old James made his will, a state of feeling existed, which the Modern Reader must not fail to take into account. With the Steuarts of Tulliallan, this was no mere matter of money; for apart from the affair of the will, their father and his servitor, owing to their sinful attitude towards God's plainly revealed will regarding Church Government, had all along lived in a state of heart and soul from which only such evil deeds must proceed.

The Intelligent Reader will doubtless perceive that in attempting to unravel this old, tangled skein, so long thrown aside, I take it for granted that there was no special villainy

in the whole matter; either on the part of John Henderson or of Archibald Ogilvy. The latter, as I have already said, afterwards gave proof that he was indifferent to worldly advantage, where principle was involved; and besides in this life, it is much more common to meet with men and women, whose eyes are keenly open to their own point of view in any dispute, than it is to fall in with deliberate cheats and scoundrels.

Whether or not James Steuart's sons demanded the immediate payment of their share of the money allowed them by the law, no mortal in the world now knows. I have a fancy that they left their old mother in undisputed possession of all, from the fact that the Colony in the forest was able to struggle on, without going into debt, till just after Isobel Nesbitt's death. . . . "1714, lent to Walter Steuart, £12, 12s. 3d." . . . It would appear as if the news going about, that at last, the Steuarts had come into their money, then brought their creditors down upon them in such overwhelming numbers, that the crisis, so long dreaded, could no longer be averted. I leave it to the Calculating Reader to ascertain what share of £1005, 11s. 1d. would ultimately fall to the Covenanters; only begging him to remember the entirely different value of money in those old days, and that "there were then in Scotland lairds of £15 a year."

One thing the sons of James Steuart did not do, nor could such an action have been expected of them—they did not put up a tombstone in Logie kirkyard to the memory of their father; nor did old Isobel, nor did John Henderson as Executor. It was Archibald Ogilvy, who on the 7th of February, paid for "ane through-stone and ane head-stone," the then large sum of £4, 10s. These two stones originally stood together by the west wall; but at a later date, the headstone was removed, in a fit of ungovernable fury, to

another part of the beautiful burying ground. The through-stone, standing on four or more supports, like a table, was a style of monument sacred to the gentry, and to them alone. On this particular through-stone, which most unfortunately, has perished from the face of the earth, were inscribed the names of the kinsmen and friends, who finding each other in early manhood in the Carse, had lived together so long in love and kindness.

This matter of the tombstone seemed deplorable enough to the Covenanters. It was meet and right indeed that the expectant receiver of ill-gotten gear and siller should rear a vain memorial to the misguided men, whose faces had ever been turned away from the light, and who had hated, and not loved, the plain commands of God. For such, in the eyes of the Steuarts, were those who forsook the one true form of divinely appointed Church Government; and holding this belief with all their hearts and souls, they felt in Tulliallan, that they could only be faithful to God by endeavouring to suppress anything savouring of Prelacy, not indeed by the halter, the thumb-screws, and the boot, but by all the influence, and if necessary, all the discipline of the one true Church. To give a single instance of the length to which the Covenanters carried their High Church principles in Tulliallan—in 1703, “the Minister informed the Session that he had met the Minister of Clackmannan, who had complained upon John and Edward Bruces in this parish, they having been at the Laird of Clackmannan’s house upon the 25th of December last, at a feast, which was offensive to the Session of Clackmannan, the said laird being an ex-communicat person.” (an Episcopalian) When Thomas Primrose was sent to rebuke the Bruces, the Steuarts offered up fervent prayers for the success of his mission; for such were the good people in the forest—earnest men and women of their own century, not of ours.

Amongst the Steuarts, who were as earnest and as eager for the truth as their neighbours, there was one in especial, in whose Christian character the parish of Tulliallan felt such entire confidence, that early in 1704, he was unanimously chosen as one of several new Elders shortly to be ordained. In Walter Stuart, we have the family character at its highest and best. He was a Paip like the others; not by nature soft and yielding, for the work entrusted to him by the Session proves that he was a man of ability, and in his sphere, a born leader of men. Yet throughout, he kept the peace, and even knew on occasion, a thing most rare in his race, how to give up his own will.

On a day appointed, the 24th of March, when "the sixteen new trees planted in the vacancy of those cut down by John Bruce," in the preceding October, were timidly putting forth their first young buds, the Elders-elect met in a body in the churchyard. Here they walked to and fro among the graves, conversing earnestly about the spirited conduct of the Privy Council, who ten days before "had ordered a number of popish vestments, trinkets and other articles found in and about Edinburgh to be burnt next day at the Cross, but the chalice, patine and other vessels of silver and gold to be melted down, and the pryce given to the kirk-treasurer." One by one, the worthy men were summoned into the little Session House by the gate, there to be "indivially examined," as reported by Mr James Greg, who, although an M.A., possessed ideas peculiar to himself as to orthography—"with whose knowledge the Session was satisfied, and being inquired if they were willing to serve the Lord in the station and capacity of Elders in this congregation, declared they were."

On Sunday, the 9th of April, there was a full congregation in Tulliallan church, and at the close of the service, a pin might have been heard to drop, so deep was the stillness,

when Mr Buchanan rising, "desired that the beddal should call at the church door if any person or persons had anything to object against the life and conversation of those whose edicts were served." The beddal left his seat, and threw open, with an official bang, the principal or west door, which still hangs on its rusty hinges in the forsaken kirk. In rushed the pleasant April breeze, from across the green flats of Airth and the gleaming bend of Forth. Then the beddal's voice was heard calling out a challenge, three times over; to which a mavis nesting in one of the kirkyard trees answered by a burst of triumphant song. . . . "And none compearing," said Mr Buchanan, "the Session appoints the said persons to be ordained upon the 16th day of April."

The ten days which followed were amongst the most solemn in Walter Steuart's life; and his had been a life that had known many solemn days. Daily he sought his little oratory, the old sheltered nook in Tulliallan forest. Many a half-hour he spent there on his knees, beneath some tall tree which might still tell the story.

On the ordination day, Mr Buchanan chose as his text—Acts xiv. and 23rd. . . . "And when they had ordained them elders in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they had believed. "The sermon being over," the Minister after prayer did solemnly ordain and set apart Walter Steuart, James Dewar, Robert Colt, John Harrower, Thomas Thomson, and William Scotland, as ruling elders in this congregation, who being present with the Session, signed the Confession of Faith, and took their places accordingly." And now, whilst one by one, these good men step forward and sign their names in presence of the congregation, let us inquire in what spirit they in general, and Walter Steuart in particular, had pored over "the Confession of Faith in one large volume, bought

on the 29th of May 1700, by John Crocket, by request of the Session."

The Gentle Reader, bearing in mind the stern judgment passed by the Covenanters of the forest on the upholders of Episcopal Church Government may be surprised, as I was, to find that their theology was of an exceedingly mild and attractive type. The religious belief, indeed, of that beautiful belt of country lying between the Ochils and the Forth, was one continual protest against the high Calvinism which was already desolating Scotland. In this region, they were most strongly attached to Evangelical truth, and no preachers were ever invited to the forest, who did not proclaim the Gospel with power. The Covenanting Ministers (and there were many such) whose discourses consisted of wild denunciations of the Government, and of intemperate attacks upon their fellow-Presbyterians, found no hearers in Tulliallan. The Steuarts and their neighbours were Sober Presbyterians, and as such, held in equal abomination the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe and the Society People, who "purged all Conventicles at the beginning, sending away all who heard the Indulged, or who were Bonders or payers of Cess." The favourite preachers in the forest were Mr Blackader of the splendid old family of Blackader of Tulliallan, Mr Welsh, that hero of romance, with his twelve gentlemen riders in scarlet, who made so gallant a show among the green trees, Mr Riddel and Mr Dickson—true Christians and thorough gentlemen, one and all, whose sermons were not only Evangelical, but were delivered in language calm, well chosen, and of singular beauty. Nothing, indeed, could well be more lovely than the language of the Covenanters; farm-labourers, blacksmiths, servant girls, as well as scholars and preachers; a fact which in modern times has been recognised by more than one master of words. It would seem as if men and women, hunted from their homes,

and from human companionship, living under the open sky, alone with nature, and talking aloud with God, as their constant habit was, learned unwittingly to express themselves in that style so simple, so elevated, so lonesome, and so tenderly complaining. Let Mr John Blackader speak for himself. . . . "I went," says he, "over the water to Culross on Sabbath, early towards the dawning of a sweet calm morning. From Culross I rode two miles to the place of meeting, where a good congregation met. . . . After which, we entered on the administration of the holy ordinance, committing it and ourselves to the protection of the Lord of Hosts, in Whose name we were met together. . . . The place where we convened was commodious, and seemed formed on purpose. . . . It was a green and pleasant haugh—a spacious brae in form of a half round, covered with delightful pasture, and rising with a gentle slope to a goodly height. Above us was the clear blue sky, for it was a sweet and calm Sabbath morning, promising indeed to be one of the days of the Son of Man. There was a solemnity in the place befitting the occasion, and elevating the whole soul to a pure and holy frame. The Communion tables were spread on the green, and around them, the people had arranged themselves in decent order. But the far greater multitude sat on the brae-face which was crowded from top to bottom, full as pleasant a sight as ever was seen of that sort. . . . The ordinance of the Last Supper, that memorial of His dying love till His second coming was signally countenanced with power and refreshing influence from above. Blessed be God, for He hath visited and confirmed His heritage when it was weary. . . . The Ministers were visibly assisted to speak home to the consciences of their hearers. They who witnessed it declared they carried themselves more like ambassadors from the court of Heaven than men cast in earthly mould. . . . The tables were served by gentlemen and persons of the gravest

deportment. None were admitted without tokens. All the regular forms were gone through ; the communicants entered at one end and returned at the other—a way being kept clear to take their seats again on the hillside. The table service was closed by Mr Welsh, with solemn thanksgiving, and solemn it was, and sweet and edifying to see the gravity and composure of all present. . . . It was pleasant to hear their melody swelling in full unison along the hill, the whole congregation joining with one accord, and praising God with the voice of psalms."

Such were the scenes, such the preachers, dear to the heart of Walter Steuart, whose ancestors in Scone had been amongst the first to embrace the teaching of their near kinsman, Maister Patrick Hamilton the Martyr. Out of heathen darkness, for the Reformation struggle was in reality one between Christianity and practical heathenism, there had come to those earnest souls, a new strange note, very simple it seems to us, very wonderful and unheard of, it appeared to them. Their well-loved cousin, young and noble, died a cruel death, leaving behind him this message, which they took into their hearts, and made their own, from generation to generation—

The Law sayeth,
Pay thy debt,
Thou art a synnar desparat,
And thou shalt die.

The Gospel sayeth,
Christ hath payed it.
Thy synnes are forgiven thee.
Be of good comfort, thou shalt be saved.

The Law sayeth,
Mack amends for thy synne.
The Father of Heaven is wraith with thee.

Where is thy richteousness, goodness, and satisfioun?
Thou art bound unto me the devill, and to hell.

The Gospell sayeth,
Christ hath made it for thee.
Christ hath pacefeid him with his blood.
Christ is thy rychteousness, thy goodness, and satisfioun.
Christ hath delivered thee from them all.

This teaching of Maister Patrick was the key-note of the Steuarts' creed, of whom it may be said as a family, that they had a passion for religion. We find this same Reformation doctrine of Justification by Faith sounded out no less clearly by the old Jacobite and Prelatist in Brigend than by his Covenanting sons in Tulliallan forest. . . . "In the first, I recommend my soull to Jesus Chryst, my alone Saviour and Redeemer, hoping to be saved by his mortal and bitter passion."

But the Truth is unchangeable only in the divine mind ; on the human side it is so many-sided as to appear changeable ; for a dead creed alone remains always the same ; and another passion, as strongly present in the Steuarts as fidelity to what they fondly called the Doctrine of Grace, was an intense desire to find out more of God's will, and of the spirit of the teaching of Christ. No earnest thinker or leader in religion ever appealed in vain to this family. From the days of Hamilton and Knox on to the days of the Haldanes and later, it was always the same—they loved a man with a message. It is, however, not quite correct to say that Walter Steuart was a *follower* of Thomas Boston, and the Erskines ; he was rather a fellow-disciple of those good men, and the teacher of them all was the excellent Mr George Mair of Culross. The theology of this saintly man was a strong protest against a change in the teaching of the Church of

Scotland, which had been creeping in ever since the not altogether satisfactory settlement of 1688, by which all Ministers who chose to pray for William and Mary were allowed to retain their charges. Naturally, it was not the good and earnest Episcopalian clergy who conformed, but a set of worldly-minded turn-coats. The Untheological Reader may be surprised, as I confess I was, to find that these careless pastors, and younger men who came under their influence were staunch supporters of that extreme doctrine of Election, which has caused so much misery in Scotland, but which relieved them of trouble, and left them free to enjoy themselves and be merry. We should have supposed that a belief so dreadful and mysterious was the outcome of the intense earnestness of the Evangelicals—on the contrary, it was the solace and delight of lazy Ministers. What indeed, could be more consolatory to a foppish young cleric pirouetting in the dancing-school than the doctrine of Election? Those who were to be saved would be saved; those who were already doomed to destruction were beyond the reach of mere ministerial activity, therefore why should not the pastor perform his duties with moderation, and devote his leisure hours to literature and to harmless amusement? Not so did Mr Mair understand the mystery of Election. Musing in his beautiful terraced garden up above Culross, the good man, gazing on sky and water felt in his own heart something of the boundless love of God. Was it possible that in any case a man could be more willing to be saved, than God was that he should be saved? Was it not said in the old story that the son *came* to his father, but of the father that he *ran* to his son? And as in any mere human act of reconciliation, it is always the more noble, the more loving heart, which chooses first, that all enmity shall pass away; so in the mysterious converse between God and the soul of man, was it possible that this natural law of choice, or election, should

be reversed? It pained this good man to know that not a few earnest men were in danger of becoming entangled in a terrible system of theology, which to a certain extent simplified the mysteries of life (whilst creating others) by representing the Almighty as a relentless machine, and salvation as intended only for a limited number of persons, who really had no choice in the matter. It became Mr Mair's business to try to influence such young preachers; and his method was simple—he always tried to get them face to face with Christ. He was a man richly endowed with a highly sympathetic nature, and with an extraordinary power of communicating his own ideas to others, and of compelling attention to his view of the truth. . . . "I heard in Culross," writes Mr Thomas Boston, "a sermon from Mr Mair on the excellency of Christ, and thereafter was entertained by him with edifying discourse suitable thereto. Upon the back of this, I thought I had preached but too little of Christ; which I would have been content to have reformed. . . . I found in myself a great desire to love Christ.—In the evening while I sat musing, I proposed the question to myself—Art thou content of Christ alone? Wouldst thou be satisfied with Christ alone as thy portion, though there were no hell to be saved from? And my soul answered, yes." . . . And again—"After conversation with Mr Mair, I went to God and begged that I might see Christ by a spiritual illumination. . . . The Lord was with me in prayer, and my soul went out in love to Christ, and followed hard after him. I saw the preaching of Christ to be the most difficult thing, for that although the whole world is full of wonders, yet here are depths beyond all."

"I cannot but acknowledge," writes Mr Ebenezer Erskine to the Minister of Culross, "that ever since I had the honour to entertain you, I have had more suitable impressions anent the freedom of the covenant of grace (the free offer of salvation to all mankind). Yet I have indeed

need to be instructed even in the first principles of the things of God. Therefore I must entreat your thoughts more fully on this sweet subject, in regard I conceive it to be the very hinge of practical holiness and religion. . . . I desire to see you shortly at your own house, and hope meanwhile you will let me hear from you."

Ralph Erskine was also an enthusiastic disciple of Mr Mair, of whose sermons in the Abbey of Culross, he was in the habit of taking copious shorthand notes, to which in the fulness of his heart, he added such remarks as these—"good Gospel indeed" . . . "a Gospel sermon, great and good" . . . "a most excellent, sweet and eloquent sermon."

The two great brothers of the Secession and Thomas Boston, we find, were deeply indebted to the saintly Minister of Culross, and the latter gave expression, not only to his own feelings, but to those of Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine and of the now-forgotten Walter Steuart and his brother Elders, when he wrote—"These things were at that time indeed strange to me. But *now* I believe that sinners of mankind indefinitely within or without the visible Church have a real right to Christ and the benefits of the Covenant . . . the which right is contained in the Holy Scriptures as the original charter, which is legally intimated to all that hear the Gospel. This is the teaching of Mr Mair. . . . I reckon that worthy man as one of the happy instruments of the breaking forth of a more clear discovery of the doctrine of the Gospel in this Church."

Now we know what was the theology of good old Walter Steuart, and in what spirit he signed the Confession of Faith on the 19th of April 1704. He was, for his time, a liberal-minded man; and according to him the two most important doctrines contained in the New Testament were

the Doctrine of Grace and the Doctrine of the Freedom of Grace. When closely questioned as to the exact meaning of these terms, the worthy Elder had a way of turning over the pages of his well-worn Bible, and of reading from the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St John—"And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day." Then he would explain that for him religion did not mean in the first place, the solving of an intricate tangle of theological subtilities—but simply, as Thomas Boston puts it—going to God and begging to see Christ by a spiritual illumination. Walter Steuart would expect that any earnest man, who by God's grace saw Christ face to face, would soon understand for himself what the Doctrine of Grace and the Doctrine of the Freedom of Grace really meant. It is strange, indeed, that such opinions were held to be utterly detestable and most dangerous by a great majority of the Church of Scotland. That majority considered that the Saviour of mankind died only for the Elect, who must try to satisfy the Almighty by obeying His commandments, Who as He became more and more pleased with their conduct, bestowed upon them further grace and help.

But whatever might be the case in many of the parishes of Scotland, Culross and Tulliallan were thoroughly penetrated by the teaching of their old much-loved Covenanting Ministers, and by that of good Mr Mair and of Mr Buchannan, who had given young Thomas Boston the text for his trial sermon—Acts xx. and xxviii.—"on which I wrote a discourse not unsatisfying to him." Gentle Mr Boston must have been well known to the Steuarts in the forest, for he loved Tulliallan and its people, and on one occasion was present at one of their great Communion seasons—"when the Lord was very kind to my soul."

So now, we know that when Walter Steuart and the other new-made Elders, together with the rest of the Session, were called upon immediately after the ordination, "seriouslie to exhort Christian Mailer," who during the whole long service, had sat scowling on the stool of repentance, they looked upon that wretched creature with infinite hope. For low as she had fallen, she was not in their eyes one whom God had probably predestined to everlasting destruction, but a fellow-sinner, who through their prayers might even yet "see Christ," thereby receiving the blessedness of a "spiritual illumination."

This solemn exhortation at an end, the congregation slowly dispersed. Walter Steuart walked homewards through the forest in chastened mood, somewhat exhausted, for he was now a man on the verge of old age, and the frugal meal which awaited him was in all probability the first of the day. For in the forest and in the neighbourhood, they believed in the "family fast," a pious usage to which Mr Thomas Boston was introduced by Mr Mair—"Being desired," says he, "I stayed and joined with him in that exercise. The family being gathered together, Mr Mair showed the causes of it. . . . Then I prayed, after which, he having spoken again, prayed also. These prayers lasted long, but we had ended half an hour after twelve o'clock. After which we dined about two, having had no breakfast. This was the first example of a family fast I had ever seen . . . but I bless God that I did see it then."

The truth is, they were mystics and ascetics in the forest in those old days. During the long agony of the Covenanting struggle the consciences of Christian men and women had become preternaturally sharpened, not only with regard to the sins of those who held false doctrine and wrong views of Church government, but also as regarded their own personal piety. How to attain absolutely to *all* God's truth, for

which the martyrs died ; how most exactly to discover the *whole* will of the Almighty, how to avoid even the shadow of a defection or sin—such was their noble, if over-strained, ambition. Filled with a vehement longing to be saints, they desired to anticipate on earth the state of the glorified in Heaven. They were filled with rapture when they obtained a “blink of His countenance” ; they were overwhelmed with misery when they lost their “frames.” If at times they appear in our eyes unnatural and beyond our ken, let those among us who as eagerly follow after God in a manner more reasonable, throw the first stone. It pleases my fancy to think how happily Pascal and Fénelon and Madame Guyon would have spent a few days of fasting and prayer in the forest on the occasion of Walter Steuart’s ordination, and how well they would all have agreed anent the Doctrine of Grace.

In Torryburn, the parish immediately to the east of Culross, there was a minister, Mr Allan Logan by name, who held in detestation the Doctrine of Grace, but who, in his way, was a particularly earnest man. His Communion seasons cannot always have been very soothing, for he was so thoroughly persuaded that his congregation was swarming with persons in league with the devil, that in “fencing the tables” he would invariably call out : “You witch-wife, get up and leave the table of the Lord.” Just after the ordination of Elders in Tulliallan, a wretched woman, named Liliass Adie, had indeed risen from the Communion table, and had confessed that she had been a witch for years, having met with the devil in a harvest-field, on which occasion, at his suggestion, she had renounced her baptism. Liliass, the witch, was burnt on the sea-shore at Torryburn ; the Steuarts, perhaps, although entirely out of sympathy with Mr Logan, solemnly acquiescing in her doom. It is noticeable, however, that except in the case of one woman calling another

in anger a "witch," an expression which Mr Buchannan and his Session, with great good sense, treated as ordinary "flyting," there is no mention of sorcery in Tulliallan ; and in general I do not think such accusations were attended to by ministers of earnest piety, at least not so late as the eighteenth century.

We now come to a curious little entry in the records—"30th September 1704," wrote Mr James Greg, "Appoint to John Steuart, robbed by sea, £1, 10s." No member of the family, of course, had so far forgotten the Steuart traditions as to give up the tilling of the soil for the life of a sailor. It was not as a seaman, but as an emigrant, that young John had left his native land, and having fallen in with pirates, had returned penniless to Tulliallan. Of course it was the doing of the English, and the young man of one-and-twenty, poor and distressed, standing in the midst of the sympathetic Kirk Session, aroused the greatest anger and interest as he told his particular story of the jealousy and treachery of the Auld Enemy. For the *Darien* disaster was fresh in the minds of Mr Buchannan and his Elders, who, I fear, all lost their "frames" that day. The excitement against the English amounted to fury at that time in Tulliallan ; for the *Worcester*, an English vessel belonging to the Two Million Company, a rival of their own African Company, had just been overpowered by Mr Roderick Mackenzie, and brought a prisoner into Burntisland. The Session were all firmly convinced that it was Captain Green of the *Worcester* who had captured the *Speedy Return*, one of the vessels of their company, sent out three years previously to India and never since heard of. The English, they knew well, had murdered the crew and destroyed the ship, but Providence, determined to punish such perfidy, had driven the *Worcester* before a strong east wind into the very hands of the injured Scots. "Vainly," says Dr Robert Chambers, "might it have

been pointed out that there was no right evidence for even the fact of the piracy, still less for the *Speedy Return* being the subject of the offence. Truth and justice were wholly lost sight of in the universal thirst for vengeance against England and its selfish mercantile companies." In the end the captain and two of the men of the *Worcester* were hanged on the sands of Leith (the proper place for the punishment of offences committed at sea) and Defoe has given us a terrible account of the scenes at the execution: "The rage and fury of the people was such that it was not to be expressed; and hardly did they let them pass or keep their hands off them as they went, but threw a thousand insults, taunts, and revilings."

Whether or not, in this particular instance, England had been to blame, it is certain that her conduct towards Scotland in the past had been marked by gross selfishness. Now, however, thoughtful men began to see that Scotland was not an enemy to be trifled with, and that it was only by admitting her poor neighbour to equal privileges that England herself could become truly great and secure. It was this idea of complete union with so hateful a country that maddened them beyond all endurance in Tulliallan, as elsewhere throughout Scotland. Their old Parliament was to be abolished. Their country was to be sold. They would rather unite with their old friend France—they would go to war sooner than unite with England. . . . "At the end of the year 1705," says the author of "Robinson Crusoe," "the aversions between the two nations were come to a great height. The two governments seemed bent to act counter to one another in everything. England laid a new impost upon Scots cloth. Scotland prohibited all the English woollen manufactures in general. On the other hand, England was proceeding to prohibit the importation of Scots cattle, and to interrupt by force their trade with France; had this been done, all the world could

not have prevented a war between both nations." Meanwhile, although they lived thus keenly in the larger life of their sorrowful country, the minister and Kirk Session of Tulliallan continued diligently and conscientiously to rule their own little kingdom, with the result that our next glimpse of Walter Steuart strikes us at first sight as being somewhat incongruous. For the excellent man, whom last we beheld pen in hand, attesting his belief in the Confession of Faith, we now, to our great surprise, find along with one of his brother Elders seated, on a Saturday night too, in a public-house at Kincardine-on-Forth, with a kindly smile of approval on his fine old face. . . . Let us turn to the Kirk Session Records for an explanation of this mystery. . . . "The Session understanding severall people were said to stay too late in taverns in the town, especially on Saturday's night, they resolve that two of their number shall go weekly to every tavern in Kincardine for some tyme, and report if they see any guilty. And appoints Walter Steuart and John Wright to do so." This is something uncommonly like the modern suggestion regarding the Church and the public-house. The Session, we read, were much pleased with the result of their little attempt in the way of temperance reform, for Walter and John were able to report the following week that "they had visited all ye taverns in Kincardine, but found nothing censurable."

That year of unutterable distress in Scotland—1706, broke gloomily upon Tulliallan. At their wits' end for money, the Session hopelessly discussed the miserable poverty of the parish, and despairingly on the 10th of March, "appointed the Minister and Baillie Crocket to advise with lawyers as to what can be done for obtaining the soumes owed by Sands." That weary Bond of Sands, and the annual rent always unpaid, run through the Records of the bankrupt parish, like a thread the very reverse of golden.

Next month, and the next, and the next, whilst Mr Buchanan and the Bailie were busy anent the affair of Sands, greater men were occupied, day after day, in London, settling the terms upon which "the two kingdoms of England and Scotland should, on the 1st day of May 1707, and for ever after, be united into one kingdom by the name of Great Britain." It was not until the 22nd of July that the twenty-five articles of the Union were agreed upon; and whilst these momentous transactions were distressing the country, yet must Walter Steuart and the other Elders, whose hearts were almost breaking, see that the beddal's house was properly finished—"whole expense thereof forty-nine pounds, ten shillings and sixpence, with which they were satisfied."

Far otherwise was the feeling of the neighbourhood with regard to the Union, which the Scottish Parliament assembled to discuss on the 3rd of October. With the tragic events then taking place in the old capital of Scotland, the Stuarts were brought into painful contact through their intimacy with their friend and landlord, the Black Colonel. In those days that explosive gentleman was more like a madman than a sane being. "Though a zealous Whig and Covenanter," Mr Ramsay tells us, "he was a bitter enemy to the Union, being afraid the English would sooner or later, by dint of numbers, impose the Book of Common Prayer and Episcopacy on the Scots. Some of his Jacobite neighbours alleged he was almost as disaffected as themselves. He replied with great animation—"Lads, I would sign a league with you on a drum-head to break the Union."

Away then rode the Black Colonel to the Ferry, on his way to the Parliament in Edinburgh; but eager as he was to be there, and full as his mind was of that hateful Union, on arriving at the estate of Barnton, he, in accordance with his invariable custom, "alighted at the inclos-

ures, and with the help of his servant, made a gap in the wall at each extremity, so as to effect his access and exit by an old road which formerly went diagonally through the park of Barnton, the present road having been adopted to accommodate the present proprietor, without due attention, as Colonel Erskine believed, either to the forms of law, or to the rights or convenience of the public."

There arrived in Edinburgh at the same time as the Black Colonel, another very worthy gentleman, who had come riding from London in an entirely different frame of mind—Mr Daniel Defoe, "encouraged by all his friends to think he might be useful to promote a work which he was convinced was for the general good of the whole island." The good-natured author of "Robinson Crusoe" arrived in Scotland "in the happy expectation of finding the proposed Union accepted with the same cheerful alacrity as in England," but before long, his eyes were opened to the real state of things. He found to his surprise and sorrow "a monstrous conjunction of opposite and discording parties, Cameronians and Persecutors, Presbyterians and Papists, Hanoverians and Jacobites, parties as opposite as the elements, as distinct as the poles. . . . All concurred nevertheless to put the management of this affair into confusion. . . . The people were exasperated to the highest degree, they were to be starved, were to be sacrificed to the English, were to be subdued, ruined, destroyed. . . . The Church would be ruined, that if they could obtain a toleration, it was all that could be hoped for, and even that they must come a-begging to the Bishops for . . . This made an unspeakable disorder in the minds of the people. . . . All these opinions were pushed with so much heat, so much want of charity and courtesy, that really it broke all good neighbourhood ; it soured all societies, and the national quarrel broke into families."

Such was the painful state of feeling all over Scotland—in Covenanting Tulliallan as in Jacobite Logie, and in both parishes, they bitterly reflected that if all the nobles and gentlemen of the country had been of the stamp of the Black Colonel, no more would have been heard of the “black demented Union.” They did what they could, poor, mourning people in Tulliallan; in the end of October they held a day of solemn fasting and prayer, and then they bitterly watched the progress of events. There were great riots in Edinburgh; the windows of Members of Parliament were broken, and they themselves hustled and insulted in the streets. Soldiers were called out; and at one in the morning, a battalion of the guards marched up to the Parliament Close. Early in November, similar scenes occurred in Glasgow; but by this time the fury of the people was finding a vent in the signing of innumerable petitions against the proposed Union. The first was presented on Monday the 4th of November, by the barons, freeholders and others within the shire of Stirling, and there followed, on the same day, similar addresses from the shire of Dumbarton, from the magistrates, town council, deacons of crafts and burgesses within the burgh of Linlithgow, and from the inhabitants of the town and parish of Dunkeld. Tulliallan was very early in the field. With feelings of inexpressible distress and anxiety, the parishioners flocked to the signing place, and whilst they waited their turn, discussed the proposed union with France, rather than with England, heard with alarm that Queen Anne’s troops were advancing to the Borders, and spoke in agitated voices of the “strong rumour that the crown and sceptre of Scotland were to be given up.” Poor people of Tulliallan, one feels the pain of it all even now. The case of their country was a hard one—the privileges of free trade with England were indeed to prove unspeakably great; and the terms made by the larger kingdom were, in themselves, fair and generous enough; but

the humiliating and bitter price should never have been demanded of a nation so proud and so noble, driven to such desperate straits.

They were as miserable in Tulliallan as elsewhere, yet there were gleams of happiness even in such times. How long they had been saving up, who can tell, but a month after the Union, we come upon Mr Buchannan and his Elders busy unpacking the two new silver cups, just arrived from Edinburgh to cheer the parish. The summer sun streams in through the Session House window, and care-worn faces actually smile pleasantly, as the box, so carefully packed by Robert Inglis, the Edinburgh goldsmith, is opened and the shining cups pass from hand to hand. Now, Tulliallan need no more go a-borrowing to Alloa when the Communion time comes round, and the Elders are well pleased indeed, as Mr James Greg notes the following items—"Two silver cups for the use of the Kirk of Tulliallan 122 lib, 6s. (scots). . . . For bringing them from Edinburgh 4s. 6d. . . . Drink money to the servants that made them 1 lib, 4s."

Down the Forth, in the parish of Culross, hatred of the Union had, for the time being, brought the fiery Black Colonel and the magistrates of the little town into a temporary state of concord; both parties having previously been engaged in a law-suit anent the feuing of the burgh-muir. Together, they had all shed burning tears, or had repressed them with difficulty, in the fine old Abbey Church, that day on which godly Mr George Mair preached his famous sermon, "after the articles of the Union were passed." Every heart beat in unison, as their beloved Minister, in a voice trembling with emotion, read out his text—"Destroy Thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions, for they have rebelled against Thee."

At this time, Walter Steuart, who was an excellent man

of business, was coming more and more into prominence in the management of the affairs of bankrupt Tulliallan. At first, he was associated in his work of "revising the treasurer's accompts" with the Minister and Bailie Crocket; but so superior was old Walter's arithmetic that the other partners soon retired, and left the Paip to manage the matter alone. Such a man, so clever and capable, in spite of the bitterness of every thing associated with the Union, could not but follow with the keenest interest, the great work now going on in Edinburgh; for all the gold and silver coin in Scotland had been called in, to be re-issued in money uniform with that of England. This change was being accomplished under the directions of Mr David Drummond, treasurer of the Bank of Scotland, who did his work so well, that "the whole nation was most sensible of the great benefit that did redound from his undertaking . . . and from his meantime keeping up an uninterrupted circulation of money."

It was in the month of March 1708 that the old dagger was hidden in the thatch of Brigend, where all this time Archibald Ogilvy has been living prosperously, with children springing up around him; for the Jacobite plot of old James Steuart's friends, the lairds, then came to a disastrous conclusion. The meetings of Keir, Carden, and the others, had continued after the Auld Paip's death, although later on, Archibald Ogilvy had no stories to tell of toasts drunk to the King over the Water, or of unguarded words overheard in the corner parlour.

It is difficult, impossible I should say, at this time of day to find out in what exact order three remarkable events occurred, which caused great excitement everywhere, and which in a special manner, engaged the attention of Her Majesty's Advocate. These events, however, seem to have taken place almost simultaneously; and they were all the outcome of the jolly suppers in Brigend. In the month

of March, several French war vessels appeared at the mouth of the Forth, one of which had on board a very illustrious personage—none other than the son of James the Second—invariably called in the changehouse, the Prince of Wales. That was event number one—event number two was that Brigend and the half-dozen neighbouring cottages were one day filled to overflowing by soldiers from Stirling Castle, who came riding hastily over the Carse, under the leadership of “one Campbell.” Event number three was that the Laird of Keir, accompanied by several horsemen, galloped off to the Highlands—to raise the Jacobites, his enemies unkindly declared, to save his horses from falling into the hands of one Campbell, as one of his retainers afterwards explained, with a wilful confusion of cause and effect.

I would fain know more of the order, in which in these things took place, and whether the lairds were actually carousing in the changehouse when the rapid advance of one Campbell across the treeless Carse was communicated to Archibald Ogilvy. Did the Jacobite gentlemen themselves thrust their pistols and other arms into the thatch, or did the rusty, old dirk form part of a great store of weapons cunningly concealed, for some time past, about their place of meeting? It is impossible entirely to unravel the old story. One thing we know—hard riding brought Keir and his followers without loss of time, to Dunkeld, where they fell in with Touch, and riding on together to the changehouse of John Maclaren at Bridge of Turk, they there met Carden and Kippendavie. All this looks rather like the behaviour of plotters, driven hurriedly out of one howff, and fore-gathering again, half by chance, half by appointment in another. Riding on in a band, the horsemen arrived at Lochearnhead, where they found Edmonstone of Newtoun and two others, who absconded before the trial. Together, the conspirators entered the house of a Jacobite gentleman

changekeeper, of the style of old James Steuart of Brigend—"Mr David Fenton, forty and married;" all of them in arms, as Her Majesty's Advocate declared, although Mr David carelessly remarked later on, that "he could not remember how many pair of pistols he saw." . . . "Nine of the party were masters, seven of them were servitors. All the masters lodged in my house," so ran the story of Mr David Fenton, changekeeper and Master of Arts, "the servitors and horses in the stables. I heard no talk of government or of any invasion intended. I know not why the gentlemen came to my house, or why they were together. Some of them went away to the east boat on the water of Tay; others by the west boat towards Strathbrand."

Strange to say, Sir James Stuart, Her Majesty's Advocate, looked with extreme suspicion on this little Highland tour. In his jaundiced eyes, it appeared that the Jacobite customers of his namesake of Brigend had "gathered themselves together with swords and pistols at the very time of the said invasion, and had marched several days and nights to several places in the shires of Stirling and Perth, to encourage and strengthen the said invaders, and to raise Her Majesty's subjects in rebellion against her. Like as for that end, they did openly drink to the good health of their master, as they called him, who could be no other than the Pretender—and that when disappointed, they shrunk home."

The whole affair was a complete failure. The Prince of Wales, otherwise the Pretender, fell ill of smallpox on board his French ship at the mouth of the Forth. Poor man, how miserable he must have been, as he also, in the excellent phrase of Queen Anne's Advocate, "disappointed, shrunk home." After this departure there was a good deal of delay, and then Keir, Carden, Kippendavie, Touch, and Newtoun, strongly guarded, were conveyed prisoners to Edinburgh. Daniel Morrison and Peter Wilson, near neigh-

bours of Archibald Ogilvy, also Mr David Fenton and Maclaren of Bridge of Turk, accompanied the band in the character of witnesses. Never, perhaps, in the world's history have such lies been poured forth in any court as by these four worthies. Mr David Fenton, as we have learned, had heard no talk of any invasion intended, and knew not why the gentlemen went to his house. Maclaren was not sent any message, and knew of none sent; did not hear them speak of the Prince of Wales, nor of the French invasion. Morrison's evidence was to the same effect, but he further declared that neither Carden nor Newtoun had a sword or pistol, and that he did not know why these gentlemen met with Keir; whilst Wilson also had heard nothing of the Prince of Wales nor of any invasion, and only knew that Keir left home because of an apprehension he had of his horses being seized by one Campbell at the Bridge of Allan. The jury unanimously returned a verdict of not proven. "It has constantly been remembered since in Keir's family," Robert Chambers tells us, "that as he was riding home after the trial, he asked Daniel Morrison how it came to pass that he had forgotten so much of what had happened at the parade for the Chevalier in March, when Daniel replied, 'I ken weel what ye mean, Laird, but my mind was clear to trust my saul to the mercy of Heaven, rather than your Honour's body to the mercy of the Whigs.' " The faithful perjurer was no loser by his loyalty to Keir. He became the miller of the estate, and lived to be a very old man. As the fortunes of Archibald Ogilvy's son, Patrick, were at a very low ebb when Daniel's daughter left the mill to become his wife, it amuses me to fancy in her something of her father's devotion to a friend in his hour of need—in her case accompanied, I would fain trust, by a greater regard for truth.

This, then, is the story of the rusty old dagger, drawn out

of the thatch of Brigend "before my day," as a lady, a descendant of the Paips, born towards the end of the eighteenth century, used to tell. The whole trial turned upon the possession of arms—the sudden appearance of one Campbell at the Bridge of Allan demanded the hiding of arms—this is the secret of the dagger so long hidden among the straw.

It is not given to every innocent, white-washed house, covered up with apple trees, and standing beside a singing river, to beckon a King over the Water back to his own again—but this is what Brigend has done—those old, low-ceiled rooms could tell the whole story.

By the end of the year of the abortive Jacobite plot, Defoe tells us Scotland had already begun to feel the benefit of the Union, she having, owing to the liberation of her commerce, sent since the 1st of May 1707, not less than 170,000 bolls of grain into England, besides a large quantity which merchants of that country had bought up and shipped off to Portugal. The hardy little cattle, for which Scotland was famous, were now sent over the Border in such numbers that gentlemen of rank had taken up the trade. None of this prosperity found its way to Tulliallan, where matters were going from bad to worse. Greater distress than ever prevailed in the district; for the towns lying along the shores of the Forth were now, by the terms of the Union, cut off from all trade with Scotland's old ally, France—whose influence, and that of Flanders, is seen to this day, in the foreign air of many a little Fife burgh. On the 1st of December, the Kirk Session assembled to make the same old moan. Sands was dead, but his bond remained unpaid; meantime the poor were starving, and there was nothing to give them. . . . "The Minister and Baillie Crocket informed the Elders that they had been advising with lawyers anent Sands's bond, and they had given it as their opinion that his

brother could not be lyable unless the Session should involve themselves in a tedious plea, the expense wherof would surmount the principal soume. They also produced a letter from the said Sands promising to pay all his brother's personall debts so soon as he gets his effects into his hands. The Session delayed any further pursuit, and appointed the letter to be kept *in retentis*."

Had the chief heritor in the parish been an Elder in Tulliallan instead of in Culross, this peaceful solution of the difficulty would have been impossible, for "although the Black Colonel was on the whole an excellent man, his litigious and quarrelsome disposition kept him in hot-water almost all his life." Even on his death-bed his fiery spirit was untamed, and in the course of his last illness he murmured sadly, "I hae ten guid ganging pleas in the Court o' Session, and that eediot Jock, my son, will be settling them a' in a month after my death." This son, of whom so little was to be expected, was the celebrated lawyer, a man of a peaceful disposition.

It is not a little remarkable that the Steuarts, in some ways as contentious as their laird, agreed so well with him, that when in course of time they increased so much that they had to enlarge their borders, they not only retained the old farm in Tulliallan, but took another adjoining farm in the parish of Culross, which was also the property of the Black Colonel. The bond that united the landlord and tenants was a strong one. "The son of Lord Cardross turned towards those who most zealously supported the Revolution of 1688:" it was this that inclined the laird to shew all the kindness of a very kind heart to the men, who had so greatly loved his dear old tutor the delightful Mr Robert Langlands—who had been ready to rise with Argyll, and who had suffered the loss of all for the Covenant's sake. What talks the old Steuarts used to have with their laird and

friend—recalling the time the dragoons from Stirling Castle came riding round Flanders Moss; and taking Lord Cardross by surprise, carried Mr Langlands away a prisoner. They spoke together of the garrison kept at Cardross for eight long years, of the four years' imprisonment of the Colonel's father, and of the final forfeiture of his estate. Then the laird had stories to tell of exile in Holland, and of the excursions of his tutor over to Scotland in the interest of Argyll—stories finished by the Steuarts from their personal knowledge of Mr Robert's doings on this side of the North Sea. The Steuarts could very well put up with the hot temper, so quickly over, of the old pupil of their dear friend, now no more.

As I have said hatred of the Union had made peace between the Black Colonel and the magistrates of Culross, and in the end a really serious state of things arose in the little burgh. Full of angry jealousy at the idea of being governed from London, the magistrates refused to comply with an Act of the new British Parliament, requiring all persons who held civic office to take the oath of abjuration. There were therefore in 1708, no authorised magistrates in the town, which was without government, and without the power of collecting its revenues.

In consequence of this deadlock, the hard-working Steuarts and their neighbours actually had a ploy; for Culross, fearing to have carried resistance too far, got the matter hurriedly settled, and in order to curry favour with the authorities, resolved to celebrate Queen Anne's birthday with extraordinary magnificence. A proclamation "was appointed to be sent throw the toun by drum, ordering the hail inhabitants to put out and mak luminations in the windows of their houses looking to the streets, under the payne of five pounds scots, and orders the kirk bell and the tolbutth bell to ring from five till eight at night." So on Monday, the 6th of

February 1709, a large party started betimes to walk through the forest to Culross—a brilliant group stepping under leafless boughs—all the men in Stuart tartan cloaks and flat blue bonnets with red tufts, all the women wrapped in plaids of the same gay tints. And in this world of change and destruction, it is positively delightful to think that the red-clad Steuarts, at the end of their walk, suddenly descended from the pine-scented uplands into the very same little town, which some of us love so well to-day. Down by the shore was, and is (would that I could say and will be), the Sand Haven, the village green, round which were grouped, regardless of any strict order, the beautiful Town House, with its double flight of stairs leading to the entrance door; many dwelling-houses, white-washed and red-roofed, presenting front or gable to the road, as the fancy took them; and within a wall with a carriage gate, the two fine mansions of the Black Colonel and his kinsman the White Colonel—all white and red too, with incredibly steep hanging gardens, grandly terraced at the back. The Sand Haven was (and is) one centre of the little burgh; up the hill a little way was another, where at the mercat cross, still standing there, three miniature streets, rough causewayed, and without side walks, met in a little square, surrounded by stately houses, each with its quaint device, and the initials of the spouses, the founder and foundress thereof. Higher still stood the beautiful Abbey, of which Defoe enthusiastically writes—“One cannot imagine a nobler palace; the front to the south is above two hundred foot, with a tower three storeys high at each corner, and under this front is a terrace as long and as broad as that at Windsor, and below this terrace run hanging gardens down to the Frith.”

Would that any poor word of mine might help to save the ancient burgh from a cruel fate! Screaming engines, shunting coal trucks, and telegraph poles, why should such things

be on the Sand Haven of Culross? We destroy the surroundings of beautiful old buildings, and then pay a shilling to see some lath and plaster imitation of Old This or Old That, in an Exhibition, about which all persons of good taste are raving. Why is it always necessary that we should stone the prophets, and then raise monuments to them? Why not preserve quaint, pretty old Culross, still almost as it was three hundred years ago? This is the day of munificent benefactions, and the man who would bear the expense of carrying the new line in a cutting to the north of the dear, little town, or even of heading a subscription list with a handsome sum, would deserve well indeed of his country.

To return to the "luminations," which the Steuarts viewed with such pride and admiration. . . . I fancy I can see them stepping about the Little Causeway, the Middle Causeway and the Back Causeway, and then enjoying a bird's-eye view of the whole from the narrow terraced lane overhanging the Colonel's Close. They smiled when they came to the well-known window, round which some successful girdle-maker had triumphantly inscribed the words—"Wha wad hae thocht it?" together with the date 1673. They reverently repeated the translation of the pious Greek legend inscribed by another well-to-do burgess over the door of his beautiful mansion close to the mercat cross—"God provideth and will provide." They knew well, or could have been told for the asking, certain things which set their descendants vainly musing—who were I.S. and I.L. who in 1664 had carved a hatchet over their door, or V.O. and B.F. 1608—or H.H. and B.D. 1669?

The narrow streets were crammed, and in any case quick walking was (and is) impossible in Culross. The atrocious causeways, over which modern persons, even those of an antiquarian turn of mind, hobble almost with execrations, were then not long laid, and were considered admirable—

still an easy saunter was the pleasantest pace in Culross ; and it might be about six o'clock, before the glory of the Sand Haven burst upon the party from the forest. The two Colonels, the Black and the White, were both most loyal subjects of Queen Anne, and they certainly had not spared candles. The two quaint red-tiled mansions, the finer of which had entertained King Jamie in its beautiful vaulted drawing-room, with the painted ceiling (still capable of restoration), were many-windowed, so that the effect was lovely indeed. The broad crow-stepped gable of Laurance Johnstone the merchant, immediately to the right of the Colonel's Close was a blaze of light. Beyond the merchant's shop and house, came another gable-end, all twinkling and shining : beyond that again, stood the old Town House, not only brilliant with innumerable lights, but melodious with bells, which were echoed back from the Abbey Kirk up the brae. All round these prominent buildings clustered many quaint houses, amongst others, one at the corner of the Laigh Causeway (date 1667) in which I have spent a few pleasant summer days, in the company of a descendant of Laurance Johnstone the merchant.

Here in the Sand Haven, there was a great crowd, jostling, laughing, admiring and exclaiming—then all at once, there was a falling back and a space was formed for “the hail members of the town councill and magistrates,” who were about to start on their walk “throw the toun to see that no abuses were done.”

Just then, we shall suppose a collision to occur between our band of red Steuarts and a certain party propelled with some force in their direction. The result is some pretty strong language from a swarthy and choleric gentleman of military appearance, followed by a sudden clearing of countenance, as old Walter Stuart, with respectful familiarity, apologises to his honour for the involuntary concussion. As

usual, "Colonel John Erskine's passion subsides as quickly as it had arisen," and some pleasant talk ensues . . . about the splendour of the scene, the probable gratification of Queen Anne when she should hear of an event so complimentary, and the present cost of making tallow candles. Old Walter expresses a hope that his honour's kinsman White Colonel Erskine is abroad enjoying so fair a sight; whilst the laird in replying, speaks of the gentleman in question, as a matter of course, by the title gravely bestowed upon him, even by the Session clerk in the Abbey records. Soon the admiring party is joined by the Colonel's sons and their tutor, a young man in clerical attire, with strongly marked eye-brows, long, narrow, dark eyes twinkling humorously, a thick straight nose, and a mouth thin-lipped and pleasant. This is Mr Ralph Erskine, a great favourite of Walter Steuart, and perhaps one of the very best listeners that ever was born—Mr Ralph, the laird's cousin, who afterwards became so famous a man.

The Black Colonel's kinsman, I know, often sat chatting by the fireside of old Walter. In those days, owing to the fact that the greater portion of a farmer's rent was paid in kind, or in service of some sort, the comings and goings between laird and tenant were very frequent; and the tie that united one to the other much stronger than is the case nowadays. Therefore, when Colonel John wished the Steuarts to know that his oats were just about ripe, or that the grass in the meadow was ready for cutting, that the byre required to be thacked, or a tree to be felled—it was often Mr Ralph, with "that eediot Jock" and the other boys, I fancy, who bore the message. The lads would soon be off after rabbits or squirrels into the forest, and the good old Elder and Mr Ralph, by a peat fire, or out in the open, where the Ochils, set in a frame of living green, lay before them shining and glooming in their own wonderful way, would have a

quiet talk of the Doctrine of Grace. Or, as the green slope beside the Steuarts' farm-town was the scene of many a Conventicle and Communion during the persecution, their minds would go back to the days of the Covenanting struggle. One of Mr Ralph's earliest memories was of his own father, playing on the guitar with tears in his eyes (what a picture it would make), to his band of starving children, so that they might forget their hunger; he a gentleman born and bred, a descendant of the noble family of Mar, having so great was the fury of the persecution, no money to buy food. In a box in the Colonel's Close, stowed away among the tutor's most precious treasures was an interesting relic—a pair of thummikins used in the torture of that same excellent father, who had also been sentenced to pay a fine of five thousand merks, and to suffer imprisonment on the Bass.

And yet, we need not suppose that the talk of Walter Steuart and Mr Ralph Erskine was entirely serious, for the young man had a keen sense of humour, and liked as well as anyone to give the conversation a ludicrous turn. We may fancy him with a quiet smile telling the Elder of Tulliallan, at the end of their earnest communings, how the last time he came over the ferry, he had managed to escape the annoyance of the constant cursing and swearing of the boatmen. On stepping on board, he had requested the men to guess his own Christian name, which harmless exercise took up so much time, and proved so unsuccessful, that Mr Ralph sprang ashore in Fife, without having heard a single oath. The Gentle Reader will no doubt remember that deputation of Elders, who in later years waited on their Minister, to remonstrate with him on his playing of the violin. He will remember how Mr Ralph sat down, and with a face of unutterable solemnity, and a heart full of mirth, drew from his great bass-fiddle the lugubrious chords of the most dismal psalm tune in the whole collection. "Oh,"

said the Elders, much relieved, "we thoct it had been a wee sinfu' fiddle."

In spite of the bad times, the congregation of Mr Buchannan was increasing greatly, a fact which led to an event of the utmost importance—as much so indeed, as the installation of the famous Knock—I refer, of course, to the new loft in the Isle. For a considerable time past, "the Kirk had not been able to accommodate the hail parochiners attending upon ordinances," which state of things had led to the expression of "a frequent desire of severall heads of families for building a new loft in the Isle." Early in the spring accordingly, the Minister, Bailie Crocket, James Mill and James Primrose "were appointed to buy as much timber as they thought necessary, and to agree with wrights for erecting the samen, and for striking out a door, and building a stair for entry thereto."

One beautiful summer day, some years ago, I wandered round the ruined kirk, and standing reflectively among the flourishing nettles within, attentively considered the new loft in the Isle. Outside, the stone stair (or a good part of it) still remains, rising to the doorway now overgrown with ivy. Inside, the position of the steep gallery may be traced by the stones removed for the reception of the joists. . . . This then, I said to myself, is the new loft—so interesting in the summer of 1709, to all those heads of families and parochiners, now dust in the kirkyard out there. It was curious to know all about it; and how on the 2nd of November, the Session met for the very difficult task of allotting the seats. First, it was announced that "Collonell Erskine desyred the whole foreseat both in the east and west sides, he having given three trees for supporting the said loft." To this, we read not without amusement, "the Session willingly agreed." In this the Session was wise. The foreseat was quickly disposed of, but then arose a

regular deadlock; "there being many heads of families waiting to get seats in the said loft, who being called in, and the Session hearing their severall desyres, found it impossible to satisfie them all, in regard almost every person was for the foremost seats, upon which the Session agreed to cause them cast lots thereupon. After solemn calling upon the name of God, they drew in manner following—WALTER STEUART for himself and co-partners, the third in the west syde, pryce 20 lib, scots." This writing of a name in half-text was an inexpensive method of showing honour and esteem, invented by our simple-hearted forefathers. Walter Steuart was a good man, well liked and respected in the parish; so much so, that although "almost every person was for the foremost seats" they could not but be glad that a man so deserving had been thus fortunate. That name in half-text is worth far more than the most laudatory epitaph on a tomb-stone. Burnbrae, we further learn, drew a lot entitling him to the second seat in the west syde (just before Walter), Robert Colt and his family, the fourth on the west syde (just behind Walter), and so on.

Unfortunately, the introduction of the new loft created a spirit of extreme unrest concerning the sittings throughout the kirk in general, about which the good people began to draw up high-sounding documents, as if the "dasks" had been kingdoms or conquered provinces, and they themselves kings or emperors. Let us imagine the Kirk Session attentively listening, whilst the brother-in-law of Alexander Steuart read, with an air of defiance, as follows—"Be it known to all men; I, Thomas Mill, in Valleyfield, eldest lawfull son to the deceased William Mill, tenant in Gateside of Tulliallan, that is to say for the love and favour that I bear to John Mill, my brother and his spouse Ann Drysdale, and for certain onerous causes, I hereby assign and dispone over my full power and right, in favour of my said brother

and his spouse, to the seat in the church of Tulliallan, standing at the north aisle of the church, bounded as said is, and with the end, the said Thomas Mill to warrand this my present disposition at all hands and against all deadly, as law will, I the said Thomas obliges me to renew the same if need be, at any time or term whatsumever. This present written by Thomas Couston, younger, in Culross, and subscribed by the said Thomas Mill before witnesses." The result in this case was satisfactory—"the Session considering the said right as valid from his elder brother to him." Another dispute regarding the same "dask" was more puzzling. "John Brown produced his wife's contract of marriage alleging a right to John Mill's seat, upon which the Session finding this a matter of civil right, refers it to the civil magistrate, and recommends a Christian carriage in the church till it be discussed."

The year 1710 was ushered in with a wail—"The Session considering the abounding sickness, the great decay of trade, and that the fishing of this parish is wholly decayed this year, and the great straits the work people of Kincardine are reduced into since October last, appoints a congregational fast to be kept on the 28th." And that the poverty of the parish was indeed extreme is shewn by one instance, taken at random amongst many—one man, totally unable to pay a fine of five lib scots, pathetically proposes "a bond for the samen."

On this year, of all years, was born, on the 12th of September, James the ninth child of John Steuart and Marion Ronald, who, in his life-time was destined to see changes almost miraculous pass over Scotland. This child who was born in a poverty-stricken home was to live with keen enjoyment the wonderful new life of his country; and to become the possessor of perhaps more wealth than that which fell to the share of the whole parish of his infancy.

He was to be the hero of a strange and romantic love-story : he was to carry on the line of the Paips in the old house by the river ; and in doing so, from the Steuart point of view, he was to be the means of casting down wickedness and of bringing about the triumph of righteousness and truth.

When this great-grandson of the Auld Paip was baptized by Mr Buchannan, he was not more than a few days old, and the rite must have taken place in the kirk, or it would hardly have been a sacrament at all. It was with a sigh of relief that the friends of the infant saw the water fall on his face ; for now there was no longer reason to fear that the fairies might carry away the young child, leaving one of their own hideous skin and bone progeny in his place, to frighten the unhappy mother into fits.

Over in Logie, in these years, this terror was well founded, for there, the supernatural world, and even the infernal world, had of late broken loose in a way most strange and terrible. In his lonesome manse, half smothered in sombre yew-trees, Queen Mary's great-grandson, now an old man, sat poring over a learned work of the Minister of Aberfoyle, an exhaustive treatise on fairies, warlocks and sprites of every kind, written expressly "to suppress the impudent and growing atheism of the day." From this volume, Mr Douglas learned much that was interesting. Fairies possess, it appears, "light changeable bodies of the nature of condensed cloud, they live in little hillocks, where they may be heard to bake bread, strike hammers, and perform such-like work." No wonder the Minister, when next he stepped over to the neighbouring kirkyard felt somewhat eerie ; and in truth, there is a witchery about the spot, even in more prosaic days. I have seen on the evening of a beautiful February day, the sky over Logie Churchyard change very suddenly from a quiet dove-colour to an unearthly pink, which soon spread from west to east with the rapidity of a prairie fire. Out of

the fine lavender haze, which veiled the lowland country to the south, the nearer trees loomed unnatural in size. In the uncertain light, the crags to the north seemed to grow higher, whilst the snowdrops on the graves stood out larger and whiter, moment by moment. I did not at all wonder that "on such a night as this" did poor old Mr Douglas find the kirkyard full of little people dressed in green, hurrying in crowds amongst the tombstones, or that he stood spell-bound at the mocking laughter of evil spirits, hiding in the bushes of the Carline's Craig and the Warlock's Knowe. The devil himself had a fancy, it was well known, for the Carline's Craig, and presided over the unholy revels of the Witches of Logie, whose fame had gone forth through all the land. Lying flat among the whins, the Minister had witnessed strange things among the rocks—Satan himself in the form of a dog, with a flaming torch by way of tail, indulging in undignified gambols, to the infinite amusement of a multitude of witches and merry devils, warlocks and fairies, sprites, wraiths and bogles. Yea more, the Evil One, in his favourite guise of a large shaggy dog, with long teeth and red eyes had even, with unwished-for politeness, escorted the trembling Mr Alexander Douglas home to the Manse door, and that over and over again. Some people, less knowing in such matters might have imagined that the shaggy dog was merely a shaggy dog, but Mr Douglas was not to be so easily deceived. Well he knew that the enemy of mankind, no matter what shape he may assume, can never change the form of his cloven feet. The accompanying brute, as the Minister plainly saw, *had* cloven feet. Now the devil, although so partial to the miniature Alpine scenery at the back of Logie Church, was in the habit of taking many short excursions into the neighbouring Ochils, particularly to Parson's Ley and Jerah Glen; being known about the former spot as Auld Roughy; whilst in the glen, he was familiarly designated Auld Donald,

from a detestable trick he was in the habit of playing, in the guise of an aged Highlander, by which many poor shepherds were lured to their doom. Returning home in the gloaming, such shepherds perceived to their horror, a poor old man hanging in a dangerous position over one of the precipices in the deep ravine—it was natural to attempt the rescue of a fellow-creature in distress. It was also natural for the fiend to send peal after peal of wild laughter echoing through the glen, as the kindly countryman went headlong over the rocks, to rise no more. It is no wonder that Mr Douglas thirsted for the blood of the demon; and at last an opportunity of getting a really good shot occurred. Knowing that the devil's hide was proof against an ordinary bullet, the Minister kept an old musket lying ready, specially loaded with silver, and this, he hastened to take down from its place, one evening when an Elder of Logie rushed in with the news that Old Nick was disporting himself on a crag, quite close to the church. There he was, and no mistake, leaping and bounding in the highest of spirits. Uttering a hasty prayer, Mr Alexander fired, and with a most hideous groan, Satan fell dead into the thicket below. With the dawn, the Minister and his Elder were hunting for the corpse, which they found . . . the rigid form of a poor billy-goat belonging to an old woman, who lived close by. The Minister would gladly have concealed this little adventure, but the Elder could not hold his tongue, and so the story spread far and wide. Great was the laughter, of course, and yet the Minister managed to be on the winning side after all. On the following Sunday, he improved the occasion in church, where of course no man might retort. He solemnly exhorted his hearers to fight against the wiles of Satan, and to rely on the Holy Scriptures for counsel and aid. . . . "This, my brethren, is the bullet. Oh, shoot the devil with this bullet . . . shoot my brethren, and . . . he . . . shall . . . be . . .

shot." Well punctuated with sounding thumps on the pulpit Bible, this peroration may have produced some effect ; and in any case, it is difficult to think of anything which would have been better.

In the year of James Steuart's birth a scene of less laughable description took place in Logie kirk. For eight long years the Session had waged war with that bold, bad woman Jean MacWilliame, otherwise Mistress Sanders, demanding that the evil-doer should appear three times, clothed in sackcloth, "to satisfie the congregatioun." The regardless Jean naturally refusing to submit to this indignity, the Presbytery took up the matter, and insisted on obedience ; and that their orders might be obeyed, invoked the aid of the civil power. Mistress Jean now began to parley with the enemy, and to send messages to Logie, choosing as her ambassador, with singular indelicacy, her own man-servant. There were many reasons, it appeared, to prevent a visit to Logie ; at one time she was ill, at another the weather was bad, then again the roads were impassible. At last, on two consecutive Sundays, Mr Douglas solemnly read aloud from the pulpit sentence of excommunication against Jean MacWilliame—after a third reading she would not dare to enter a church, and no man or woman might eat or drink or even pray with her. This prospect was more than she could bear, and on the third Sunday the Laird of Tonban's wife, with the face of a she-devil, came riding over the hills to Logie kirk. One Sunday she sat quietly enough in her robe of sackcloth ; on the second a very terrible scene took place. Mr Douglas rebuked her for her wickedness, when Jean, losing all control over herself, sprang to her feet, and with clenched fists and flaming eyes, bandied words with the Minister, pouring forth a flood of violent abuse. Mr Douglas turned pale, and the service came to an abrupt termination ; the congregation pouring out into the kirkyard, there to await the departure of

this terrible woman. Then, indeed, was the face of Satan seen by the Minister and his people, as the laird's wife mounted behind her man-servant, and with a curse left Logie for ever. For Mr Douglas, with more good sense than might have been expected from him, decided not to insist on the third appearance, "judging that it would not be for edification." As for Archibald Ogilvy and the Henderson brothers, they could hardly have recognised in that raging fiend the pleasant lady who had done the honours of the little dinner-party in the changehouse, now eleven years ago.

Such tidings, of course, spread to Tulliallan, and formed there the subject of much conversation, which would have been more prolonged had not an unexpected blow fallen upon the unfortunate parish, when, on the 11th of October, "the minister announced that he had received a call to Dunfermling." It speaks well both for Mr Buchannan and for his people that the prospect of this separation caused the greatest consternation and distress. At once Walter Steuart and Bailie Crocket were appointed to approach the Presbytery and the Synod on the matter, so that Mr Buchannan might not be removed. The two Elders did their best; they wrote and re-wrote their arguments, and threw themselves heart and soul into the business of keeping Mr Buchannan. Twice did Walter Steuart, wrapped in his tartan cloak, mount his horse and ride to Kirkcaldy to attend the Synod, no small feat for a man of seventy, when the state of the roads is considered. From the last of these Church courts the old man rode home in a melancholy mood, carrying in his pocket "a discharge from the Synod clerk of his salary for the two last Synods," which the Session afterwards appointed their treasurer to reimburse. For the matter was going against Tulliallan, both in the Synod, and later in a Commission of the General Assembly held in Edinburgh, which "losed the relation betwixt Mr Buchannan and this

parish, and transported him to Dunfermling." The minister departed almost immediately. On the 23rd of November he took leave of his Session, "recommending to them the schoolmaster and Margaret Malcolm, hoping they would be kind to them, which they promised to be." It is very evident that the Minister was reluctantly starved out of Tulliallan; and the schoolmaster was in no better plight, as we learn from Mr Buchanan's valedictory address, in which his name is coupled with that of a very poor woman of the parish, who required "kindness," otherwise an occasional meal of meat.

At once the hearts of the good people of Tulliallan turned as the heart of one man to "Mr Ralph Erskine, preacher of the Gospell, for the tyme being in Culross," for the opportunity of hearing whom they "particularly entreated the Presbytery." Meantime, during the vacancy, a different preacher occupied the pulpit every Sunday, sometimes Mr Douglas of Logie, sometimes Mr Walker of Lecropt, but more frequently godly Mr Mair of Culross.

At this very time of anxiety, on the 6th of February, old Isobell Nesbitt, relict of umquhile James Steuart, died at the Bridge of Allan. Immediately after her funeral, the Auld Paip's money was divided by the executor, John Henderson of Westerton of Airthrey, as to whose actions in the matter, after an interval of two hundred years, we can only guess. And yet there are slight indications how the matter went; on the one hand, the Colony now for the first time began to apply at intervals to the Kirk Session for loans of money; whilst on the other, the friendship between John Henderson and Archibald Ogilvy became warmer and closer. Four children had now been born to the Ogilvys in Brigend, to none of whom the executor had acted as sponsor. Seven months after the death of Isobell Nesbitt, however, when the division of the money had taken place, a daughter was born,

to whom the parents gave the name of a little sister who had died, and of this child John and James Henderson, portioners of Westerton of Airthrey, were the godfathers. The habit now begun, continued, and to two more of the six remaining children of Archibald Ogilvy the Hendersons stood in the same friendly relationship. It would appear that as long as James Steuart's fortune remained in the power of John Henderson, Archibald, from motives of delicacy, purposely abstained from anything which might look like an attempt to influence his friend and landlord, but that later, when such a motive could no longer be imputed, he acted as affection prompted.

The Presbytery permitted Mr Ralph to preach in Tulliallan, and the young Minister, alert and brisk, stepped betimes along the beautiful shore road from Culross, and duly appeared for three or four Sundays in the vacant pulpit. It is interesting to look at the excellent portrait painted the following year by Waitt, and thus without difficulty to summon up the face and figure, so eagerly and hopefully scanned by the pastorless people of Tulliallan, in the building now roofless and deserted. How, one wonders, could the pleasant-looking young man of twenty-six endure, even in April, the heat of that enormous wig, which, slightly parted in the middle of his high forehead, fell in endless stiff undulations well over his shoulders? How, indeed, could he preach at all in the heavy Geneva gown of the period, well nigh throttled, as he was, by the highest of coat collars, by which his snowy bands were forced up to the oval of his close-shaven cheeks and chin? Preach however, Mr Ralph did, and that to the entire satisfaction of the Steuarts and their fellow-worshippers—delivering with much vivacity, although in a strange sing-song, some of those practical and Evangelical discourses, afterwards translated into so many different languages. With deep delight did old Walter Steuart in his seat in the

new loft listen to such sentences as these, uttered by the young preacher with an air of the greatest sincerity—"And now, dear friends, let Christ have the pre-eminence amongst you. What doth God care for your coming to church, if you do not hearken to what He says, and come to His Son? The Lord is my witness, that it is the desire of my soul, that you may be convinced and converted, and brought to Christ. If my heart deceive me not, it is not your applause of my discourses, but your answering the call of God in His word of grace that is my aim. Little matter what you think of me or my preaching. . . . By virtue of my office, it is not me but Christ you have to do with; and therefore it is at your peril, if you neglect this glorious gospel of Christ. Oh! go to God this night, and never give Him rest, till you be brought, in some measure, to behold His glory in the face of Christ, Who is the image of the invisible God."

In these earnest words, Walter Steuart heard the real Gospel ring so dear to his heart. Mr Ralph was the man for Tulliallan, he and his brother Elders agreed in the kirkyard. Here was one, they said, who would worthily uphold the traditions of those old Covenanting divines, who had made of their forest hallowed ground.

Then there fell one of the cruel blows with which this unfortunate parish was so familiar. Dunfermling, not content with robbing Tulliallan of Mr Buchannan, was meditating a call to the young man on whom they had set their hearts. By the 12th of August the resignation of despair had set in, and sadly the clerk inscribed in the minute book the following entry—"The Session hearing that Mr Ralph Erskine is ordained Minister of Dunfermling, appoint Robert Colt and George Ramsay to repair to the Presbytery of Dunblane Tuesday next, and to supplicate them for more supply." The word *supplicate* gives a sad impression of their despairing eagerness. It was in the end of 1710 that Mr Buchannan left

Tulliallan, and it was nearly four years later before a successor was found by the ruined parish. This "tyme of a vacancie" was for Walter Steuart, a period of painful suspense and bitter mortification, during which his greatest consolation was found in the occasional services conducted in Tulliallan kirk by good Mr Mair of Culross. As the old man listened, he forgot his many troubles, and fervently echoed the words of young Mr Ralph—"good Gospel indeed . . . a Gospel sermon great and good . . . a most excellent, sweet and eloquent sermon." More and more, in these days did Mr Mair's method of presenting the truth commend itself to Walter Steuart. "See Christ by a spiritual illumination" . . . that word Walter Steuart put to the proof, and in so doing, found all that he needed. He would fain have enjoyed the privilege of always learning from such a teacher; and in time a faint hope ventured to spring up in his heart—would good Mr Mair not consent to come and be their Minister altogether?

Events however were tending in an opposite direction. At this time the good people of Tulliallan were in distress, not only about their own empty pulpit, but regarding the state of the Church of Scotland in general. "Oh, that the Ministers of Scotland," they exclaimed with Halyburton, "may be kept from destroying the Church. Oh, that I could obtain it of them with tears of blood, to be concerned for the Church. Shall we be drawn away from the precious Gospel and from Christ?"

They mourned with Wodrow over the changes which were taking place—"The very garb and habit of Ministers in the Assembly is not what it hath been in former meetings. And indeed the very decency and gravity proper to such as have their eye to divinity is not to be seen about them. I am told some of them go openly to the dancing-school in Edinburgh—and very nice and exact at that."

Now such dancing divines were abomination in the eyes of

Walter Steuart and his fellow-Elders ; and that no doubt made it more difficult to supply the place of Mr Buchanan. Things were going all wrong in this year 1712, and the whole of Scotland was full of wrath and indignation. " Unhappily in this year," says M'Crie, " the prospect of peace was overturned by the sudden reimposition of patronage, and this in spite of the Queen's repeated assurances to maintain inviolate the privileges of the Scottish Establishment. . . . When the Assembly sent Messrs Blackwell and Baillie to remonstrate against this shameful act, these representatives were refused permission to speak on behalf of Scotland and her Church. They had no sooner turned their backs homewards than the House of Commons carried through the bill and transmitted it to the House of Lords, by whom it was passed into law, and received the Royal assent almost in a single day. Along with this deadly and insulting blow, the Jacobites induced the Parliament to pass two measures, equally offensive to the Scottish Church. These were the Act of Toleration, by which the Jacobites were permitted to set up their Episcopalian chapels, and the other was the introduction into the oath of Abjuration of a clause providing that the successor to the British crown must belong to the Church of England, which they all knew could not be sworn by the Presbyterians without violating all their most cherished predilections and engagements."

Those bold moves directed against the Presbyterians of Scotland had their origin in the delicate state of the Queen's health, and the distress with which, in the prospect of death, she looked back upon the part she had taken against her father and brother ; whilst the Jacobites, quick to perceive that now was the time to strike a decisive blow for the return of the Stuarts, had obtained entire influence over the poor Queen, and were full of triumph at the success of their plans.

The Stuarts in Tulliallan at once chose their part in this

great controversy, and adhered to it with all the accustomed vigour and determination of the Paips of Rome. Patronage, they declared with considerable violence, and also with complete historical truth, was unknown in the Reformation Church, was introduced in the hated time of Episcopacy, was happily swept away at the glorious Revolution, and was now reimposed in the hope of rendering the Scottish clergy dependent upon the Crown, and so bringing back that line of tyrants, under whose yoke the country had groaned for three-quarters of a century. As to the Act of Toleration, the Steuarts and their brother Presbyterians sincerely, and with all their hearts, believed that their own was the one and only divinely appointed form of Church government, that the Episcopalian Church was no true church at all, and that their country was guilty of deliberate sin in conniving at disobedience to the plain commands of God, as they did in permitting any such unlawful worship. And when they spoke, as they frequently and most violently did, of the Abjuration Oath, the Steuarts were wont to declare, and no one in the parish contradicted them, that sooner than call one of the Clear Men to Tulliallan, the pulpit of their beloved church should remain vacant for years." . . . "In the Assembly that year," Mr Thomas Boston tells us, "the lawfulness of the oath was debated *pro* and *con* betwixt the Scruplers and the Clear Men. The parties were on the very point of splitting, when Mr William Carstairs, clear for the vote, interposed and prevented the rupture, for which I did always honour him in my heart. For all that I heard advanced to clear the difficulties about it, I still continued a Scrupler. . . . Being resolved not to take the oath, I took advice in Edinburgh, and found I was laid, besides other incapacities, under an exorbitant fine of five hundred pounds sterling, which was more than ever I had since I was a minister."

Mr Ebenezer Erskine, over at Portmoak, was of the same mind as Mr Thomas Boston, only being, like his cousin the Black Colonel, a man of war, whereas the Minister of Ettrick was a gentle, melancholy creature, he expressed himself, on the 21st of September, in his usual decided and vivacious manner, "I would reckon it my glory," he says, in writing to refuse the oath, "I would reckon it my glory, my crown, to go to a stake, a cross, a fire, or a gibbet for this cause. I am content to be hanged, beheaded, quartered for this cause."

This was the man for Tulliallan. The little parish might be poverty-stricken, but it was at the same time ambitious. On hearing of the spirited conduct of Mr Ebenezer, several members of the Kirk Session conceived the bold idea of calling him from Portmoak ; bold indeed, for already the man, afterwards to become so famous, was well-known as a great preacher. His Communion on the Braes of Portmoak were resorted to by great crowds, and many on their death-beds spoke of the hillside over against Loch Leven as "Bethels where God Almighty had met with their souls." Of the Session of Tulliallan, Bailie Crocket, John Primrose, George Ramsay, Robert Colt, James Mill, James Thomson, and James ffife had all been at the Braes of Portmoak ; and these men, at a meeting presided over by good, credulous Mr Douglas of Logie, on the 4th of March 1713, "answered with one voice that they did choose Mr Ebenezer Erskine to be their Minister." Walter Steuart and five other Elders, however, had made up their minds that in this matter it would be well to go to the fountain-head, to choose the teacher rather than the scholars, and it was their earnest desire that Mr Mair himself should come to Tulliallan. They therefore stated at this meeting, "that they had their thoughts on another before, and had never heard Mr Ebenezer preach, and, therefore, had not clearness for the time." This little speech at an end, the Moderator "en-

quired at the Heritors whom they would choose, to which Colonel Erskine and Thomas Craig said they would go in with the plurality of the Elders, and choose the said Mr Ebenezer, but the Laird of Sands said he had not clearness for the time, in regard the Elders were not unanimous." At that moment a messenger arrived with "a letter from Burnbrae, declaring him to choose the said Mr Ebenezer"; and after some further debate, "it was resolved that Baillie Crocket and James Mill should present the call to the Presbytery of Dunblane to-morrow, and entreat for their concurrence."

Now, the Elders of Tulliallan being six to seven, and one of the Paips of Rome being in the minority—here was the opportunity for a veritable tug of war. The peace of many a Scottish parish has been totally destroyed on such an occasion, and Christian men and women have ended by hating each other for the sake of the Minister of their choice. Walter Steuart and the rest of the minority, although they had set their hearts on a saint, if ever there was one on earth, and although they must naturally have been greatly disappointed that the rest of the Session were not of their mind, gracefully gave way to the majority. In less than a week "clearness" had come to the brethren, and on the 8th of March "the elders appointed Baillie Crocket to converse with Mr Ebenezer Erskine this week, and to show to him that those members of the Session which had not formerly agreed to his call have now done so."

Having given up his own will, Walter Steuart threw himself with characteristic ardour into the calling of Mr Ebenezer Erskine, whose excellences and gifts formed the chief topic of conversation in Tulliallan all that summer and autumn. The good old man, listening eagerly, heard with delight, "that none so well as Mr Ebenezer could bring, as it were, the Saviour and the sinner together." He was pleased to

learn that "the whole demeanour of Mr Erskine was characterised by a singular dignity," and that of him it had been said—"I never saw so much of the majesty of God in any mortal man as in Ebenezer Erskine."

But another disappointment awaited Tulliallan. At a meeting of Presbytery held at Dysart, on 11th June, it was carried unanimously "not transport"; whereupon Colonel John Erskine, as the principal heritor of the parish, protested against this decision, and appealed to the Synod of Fife. On the 29th of September, Bailie Crocket and three other Elders left on horseback for Kirkcaldy; and deep was the disappointment which attended their home-coming towards evening on the 30th; for the story they had to tell was that "the Synod, by a great majority, had affirmed the sentence of the Presbytery, and continued Mr Ebenezer at Portmoak. Colonel John Erskine had appealed to the Commission of the General Assembly to meet in Edinburgh the second Wednesday of November next."

The crisis was one of extreme importance, and it was evident that if Tulliallan wished to secure Mr Ebenezer, the strongest men in the parish must plead their cause before the great Church court; for in Edinburgh the deputies would have to state their case and argue it, point by point, with men of education, accustomed to debate. A meeting was therefore hurriedly summoned, and "the Session appointed Walter Steuart and John Primrose to attend the Commission and to prosecute the said appeal."

And yet, with all their brave resolution, there mingled the feeling that their cause was hopeless, and this conviction was fully shared in by the two Elders appointed to attend the Commission of Assembly. Talking the matter over, the two men agreed that it would be a pity to put the community to useless expense, and they resolved to call on the Black Colonel, in order to sound him as to whether there was any

likelihood of the decision of the lower Church courts being reversed by the Commission of Assembly.

I greatly rejoice that the idea of a visit to the Colonel's Close occurred to Walter Steuart and John Primrose; and with keen enjoyment, I have followed their footsteps through the beautiful, red-roofed, old mansion-house, which still stands entire, though deserted, on the Sand Haven of Culross. Anyone who cares to do so, can walk with the two Elders of Tulliallan through the unchanged streets of the little town; only he must remember that in their day, every house almost was clanging and clinking with the making of iron girdles for the whole kingdom. After pausing along with the two good men to exchange a kindly greeting with Laurance Johnstone the merchant, we stand, the Gentle Reader and I, beside the portioners in their long tartan cloaks, before the high gateway, with its tall square side-posts, surmounted by large, round balls. When the great door swings open, we slip in unseen after Walter and John, and see before us the very houses, courts and gardens, which still make so brave a show. Right opposite, stands the house of 1611, occupied by the White Colonel—red-roofed, the gables crow-stepped, the eaves broken by many a window, each surmounted by a stone ornament, all differently carved. Between this dwelling and the entrance gate, lie well-kept green grass and broad walks, whilst to the left, stands the house of the Black Colonel, which bears the date 1597. The two Elders ascend, and we behind them, the fine outside steps of this older mansion, and then we find ourselves on a broad stone balcony, sheltered on the north and south by the two projecting wings of the main building. The door having been opened by the Colonel's man, the visitors, with accustomed steps turn to the right, and once again to the right, till they find themselves in the business-room in the north wing, whose window overlooks the outside stair and the oppo-

site wing. The ceiling is very low, the walls handsomely panelled with wood, but whereas all is now dirt and desolation, on that day of late October, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and snugness and comfort reigned supreme. A door on the other side of the Colonel's study gives entrance to the strong-room, with its floor of red Dutch tiles, its vaulted ceiling, its door of iron and its concealed cupboards in the thickness of the wall. It was in the business-room, I do not doubt, that the long talk anent Mr Ebenezer took place, in the course of which the Black Colonel very earnestly dissuaded Walter Steuart and John Primrose from any further action, it being perfectly certain that the Commission would adhere to the decision of the Synod and the Presbytery. I like to think, however, that before leaving the Colonel's Close, the two good Elders were taken by their laird and friend into that beautiful parlour, which although in a sense upstairs, having regard to the front of the house, yet opened on the charming terraced garden. There was a much grander drawing-room above, in which King James the Sixth, when entertained by the Earl of Kincardine had contorted his ill-made form, in order to read the English and Latin verses under the painted pictures of the vaulted ceiling—still complete, although now faded and wan. As it was, so it is—only now given over to the rats, and awaiting the wand of the enchanter. The ladies, I fancy, when there were no kings to entertain, preferred the garden parlour, and here it was, I picture to myself that old Walter Steuart and John Primrose, hastily declining a dish of that abominable, new-fangled tea, offered by Madam, respectfully drank to the health of his Honour's family in a moderate glass of French wine. The worthy Elders were well aware of the strange fondness of the gentry for the new drink, being better informed than the Highlander, of whom Mr Ramsay tells us, who on being asked how the Laird of Braco's family

did, replied "he fancied they were not well, as he found them drinking hot water out of pigs."

Then the Elders take their leave, as do the Gentle Reader and myself; and as Walter and John make their way through the fallen leaves of the forest, the dark-faced Colonel eagerly declaims to his womankind in the garden parlour, looking out upon the statued terraces, on the folly of Church courts; whilst downstairs in the kitchen, unlighted except by an enormous fire at one end, resounds the honoured name of the laird's cousin, Mr Ebenezer Erskine.

Thus it came to pass that "those appointed to prosecute the foresaid call at Edinburgh report that they went not, in regard that Colonel Erskine assured them that it would not take effect." And thus it was that poor Tulliallan was again left in the lurch with the usual money difficulties to contend against—"Asked," we read, "who will pay Mistress Crocket for entertaining the Probationers here since Whitsunday?"

And now, after all, Walter Steuart and his party had their way. On the 14th of April, we look in upon a group of very happy faces in the old Session House; for the very wording of the Records gives the impression of the most exuberant delight. . . . "The Elders were all as one man most unanimous. The Black Colonel declared he was abundantly satisfied to go in with the Elders in their choice. Burnbrae said he was also most clear for the said Mr George Mair; Sands said he understood it to be a great blessing for this place to have such an eminent godly man to be their Minister;" whilst to his delight, Walter Steuart heard himself named along with Robert Colt, as a fitting person to go "to the Presbytery at Dunfermling to prosecute the said call." For the benefit of the Business-like Reader, I may mention that the expenses of the two Elders "for going to Dunfermling amounted in all to 1 lib."

The excellent Mr Mair was inducted a month later; and

immediately after his arrival (for the Ideal is not to be found on earth), there fell out a terrible quarrel about those everlasting "dasks," in which Alexander Steuart was concerned. During the vacancy of nearly four years, George Reid in Kincardine and his spouse Margaret MacClelland had evidently not cared particularly where they slumbered in Tulliallan kirk, but now that a real Gospel preacher had been secured, the couple laid claim to a particular seat, and in support of this claim produced a certain document, which purported to be "a disposition from her brother of the said dask occupied by Alexander Steuart and John Bruce, both portioners of one dask." It is written on the very last page of the Tulliallan Kirk Session Records, just before a long gap of many years, that "Alexander Steuart and John Bruce complained that George Reid in Kincardine and Margaret MacClelland his spouse intruded into their seat in the Kirk." It is further written that Margaret appeared in person, armed with the foresaid disposition, and it is easy to judge how shrilly her voice had contended with the angry bass of her opponents from the concluding words of the minute—"Parties removed, and the matter discussed and further procedure delayed." A little way down the page is the following satisfactory remark—

"Bruce and Steuart, yr rights confirmed."

With this decision, the elder generation of Steuarts in Tulliallan fades from our view (although in the account book, traces of old Walter are to be found for a considerable time) and I cannot but think that their exit is most suitable to their character. They pass away struggling for their rights; and yet, even as the curtain falls, it rises again a little way, and we can recognize amidst a crowd of faces subdued yet triumphant, those of John Bruce and Alexander Steuart, who, seated in their own lawful dask, take part in the public thanksgiving held in celebration of the peaceful accession of

George the First, and the total overthrow of the Jacobite party. For poor Queen Anne has passed from the many troubles of her sorrowful life, and a Protestant king reigns in her stead, and Alexander Steuart, as he looks round on the crowded church, feels in his heart the other and larger meaning of the words—

“Bruce and Steuart, yr rights maintained.”

Part Fourth

The '15, and Afterwards

THE great thanksgiving was also, by order of King George, held in the old kirk of Logie; and while the Steuarts were rejoicing in Tulliallan, Archibald Ogilvy sat with troubled brow, listening to the rapturous prosing of old Mr Douglas. His hopes, which had been raised so high during the last days of Queen Anne, had been cruelly crushed by the unexpected downfall of the Jacobite party. To him it appeared small matter for congratulation that a German, unable to speak a word of English had seated himself on the throne of the Stuarts, and even as he returned thanks for the safe arrival of George of Hanover, his heart went out with unutterable longing to his exiled king.

And yet, the first bitter pang of disappointment over, it appeared that even yet there still was hope; and Archibald the Jacobite changekeeper was kept fully informed by his friends the lairds, as the days passed on, of the renewed preparations which were being made for the invasion of Scotland by the Chevalier. Hope lived again in his heart, and by the end of February 1715, he knew that all was nearly ready in the north—that a vessel had landed arms and ammunition in the island of Skye; whilst it was reported that the Chevalier himself would follow shortly. The month of June brought strange tidings, for in London the Jacobites had illuminated their windows in honour of their hero's birthday, and at the same time, the mob had gone about smashing the panes of the

Hanoverians, not even sparing those of the Lord Mayor. Nearer home in Dundee, the magistrates had forbidden any demonstrations of joy on King George's birthday; whereupon the Presbyterians, assembling themselves together, went outside the town and there drank to His Majesty, "a health to all his friends, and confusion to his enemies." Large quantities of horses were being purchased, it was said, in the south of Scotland, evidently intended for the use of cavalry; whilst the Highland chiefs were still importing arms. In July, it was known that fourteen officers of the guards, suspected of dealings with the Pretender had been dismissed, and that their places had been filled up by men loyal to the House of Hanover. Eight regiments of foot and thirteen of dragoons were immediately to be raised, and on the 29th of July, all Roman Catholics were ordered to remove from London and for ten miles round about, by the 8th of August. In Edinburgh preparations were also being made—"the few regular troops there went into camp; the train-bands were ordered to arms, and the city guard reinforced." The inhabitants of Glasgow "had already been brought to such perfection in the use of arms that they were not inferior to the regular troops, and thus were in perfect readiness for any emergency."

By this time, the commotion was general all over the country. Each little burgh or village was preparing to resist the expected invasion. Kincardine was even earlier in the field than Culross—in whose Records we read as follows—"The Council being informed this day, the 26th of July 1715, that the Pretender designs to invade Brittain, and that he should have taken sail about the 18th inst.; and understanding that the neighbouring burghs are keeping guard and putting themselves in the best position of defence they can, therefore think it expedient to ordain a guard to be kept every night, consisting of eighteen

men and two commanding officers. . . . The guard to be warned by officers to meet at the Tolbooth at nine at night, at beating of drum, and to continue till five next morning. . . . Also the haill fencible men betwixt the ages of sixteen and sixty to meet on the Sand Haven the morrow at two afternoon with best armour under pain of 20 sh. scots, intimation to be made by tuck of drum at eight in the morning. Also the Council discharge the boatmen to take any strangers over the water, or to bring them to this side without leave from the Magistrates, under the penalty of five pounds scots."

The good folk of Culross were full of zeal in the cause of Protestantism and of freedom, but not more so than the people of Lowland Scotland in general. Whilst all the Steuarts between the ages of sixteen and sixty, a goodly band in themselves, were marching and drilling in the town of Kincardine, their hearts full of the fire of old Covenanting days, the men of Cunninghame were mustering to the number of six thousand, on Irvine Moor; and in Greenock, two hundred and sixty men well armed, had responded to the call of their Minister. In Clydesdale, the Duke of Douglas had raised three hundred of his tenants: in the town of Dumfries, the inhabitants had risen, and placed themselves under the leadership of their Provost.

On the 15th of August, the news reached Tulliallan and the Carse that the Pretender—or the Chevalier, whichever they called him, had landed at Elie in Fife. On the 27th of the same month, the Council of Culross assembled in great alarm, they "having been credibly informed that the Pretender's standard is set up about the Braes of Mar. Fifty pounds' weight of powder to be bought, with lead conform to be sold to the inhabitants."

In the parish of Logie, special excitement prevailed, for sooner or later, Stirling Bridge, the Key of the Highlands, as

they called it, would in all probability be fought for in the approaching struggle. The portioners of the Carse, who discussed the situation in the changehouse beside the Allan, were filled, whatever might be their preference in the way of kings, with very melancholy forebodings as to the fate of the yellow corn now waving in the breeze on both sides of the Forth. It was portioners only who in those days frequented Brigend, for the Jacobite Lairds were all off with their followers to a certain great hunting-party in the north.

The next move in the national drama was the entrance of the Earl of Mar's troops into the town of Perth, a step by which the Chevalier became master of the Lowlands, more especially of Fife with its many seaports. This was terrible news for the Steuarts in the forest, who, through their intimate connection with Perth and Scone, were not long of learning further tidings of evil—"The whole of the public revenues in that place had fallen into the hands of the Jacobites, for which they granted receipts in the name of James the Eighth. The gentlemen of the county, who were favourable to King George, they laid under contribution, under pain of military execution. From the castle of Dunotter and from the town of Dundee they had brought up to Perth fourteen pieces of cannon, . . . the Earl of Mar was in high spirits, and thought the success of his enterprise no longer doubtful, for in addition to the fine army which he had now collected, Viscount Stormonth's son had just arrived from France with news of a powerful army about to come over from that country."

On the receipt of this news from Perth, the Black Colonel went about the streets of Culross in a state bordering upon distraction. There was a great cleaning and testing of the arms always kept in the old house on the Sand Haven, in the anticipation of a Jacobite rising; and a close watch was maintained by the choleric Colonel on a young gentleman

visitor, whose manner was regarded as suspicious. One morning at four o'clock, the vigilant host, who, owing to his anxiety, could not sleep, heard certain movements in the room overhead, which convinced him that his young friend was even then preparing to start for the hunting-party in the north. Hastily throwing on some of his clothing, the Black Colonel, sword in hand, burst suddenly into the upstairs chamber. As he expected, he found his guest all ready, attired for riding; and of the alarmed youth, he fiercely demanded if it was not his intention to join the Pretender's army. The young man admitted that it was even so. "Then," exclaimed Colonel John Erskine, throwing himself into a posture of defence, "your first step on that excursion shall be over my dead body." The victory remained with the older man.

Soon after this incident in the Colonel's Close, the news arrived there that four hundred Jacobites on horseback, each with a foot-soldier mounted behind him, had arrived at Burntisland at dead of night, and boarding a government vessel in the harbour, had seized and carried off to Perth a quantity of arms to the number of three hundred and six stand.

And now the country was thoroughly alarmed. The Act for encouraging loyalty in Scotland was proclaimed, and General Wightman, the Commander-in-chief, was ordered to form a camp in Stirling. The great struggle, it appeared, was to take place, as so many others had done, within a few miles of Brigend. The days that followed this new military movement were days of uneasy excitement in the Carse. Why, they asked—Jacobites and Hanoverians alike, for indeed the delay was inexplicable—why, they asked a hundred times, was Mar not already be-south Forth? Why spend week after week in Perth, issuing edicts, which he had no power to enforce, making feints against an enemy

inferior in strength to his own, and fortifying a camp, afterwards found to be useless?

About the middle of September Argyll arrived in Stirling, but even then the army of King George did not amount to two thousand men. Then, why in the name of wonder did the Jacobites not come south? Mar, however, let the time slip past, and soon reinforcements began to pour into Stirling, regarding which every day tidings reached Brigend. Now it was the Lord Provost of Glasgow, marching at the head of six hundred men; or Mr Turner, the Minister of Greenock, stepping briskly through the streets of Stirling with a hundred brave lads. Again, it was two hundred and twenty red-hot Presbyterians from Kilmarnock, and, again, seventy volunteers from the town of Hamilton. A few days passed, and then came other Ministers to keep Mr Turner company—Mr Simon Riddel of Tynron, Mr John Pollock of Glencairn, Mr James Hunter of Dornock, and a number of others whose blood still boiled at the remembrance of the thumbscrews, the boot, and the Grassmarket.

Fife and Kinross were now entirely in the hands of the Jacobites, and in these counties no meetings of Presbytery could be held; or if by stealth, a few Ministers gathered together, it was only for prayer, it being impossible to proceed to business—"the members not being come up, because of the present commotion in the country." Mr Ebenezer Erskine preached as much as possible in his church in Portmoak, praying almost at the risk of his life for King George, but being specially detested by the Jacobites for his loyalty to the House of Hanover, he was under the necessity of sleeping at the house of a friend at a distance from his own manse.

The harvest was very late that year, and in the Carse the portioners gathered in their grain in a very unpleasant state of mind. By an edict of Argyll, affixed to the door of Logie

church, they were forbidden to sell any of their crops to the rebels ; whilst by another order, issued a few days later by the Earl of Mar, they were commanded, under pain of treason, to abstain from supplying the troops of King George in Stirling.

Meantime, the Clans, who had no crops to lose, were gathering bravely up about Perth. On the 5th October, the Macintoshes joined Mar ; on the 6th, it was Huntly with five hundred horse and two thousand foot ; next day came the Earl Marischal, with three hundred horse and five hundred foot, and Seaforth was on the march with eight hundred horse and three thousand foot. More and more loudly did the Jacobites demand why did not Mar come boldly south to join his numerous friends in Northumberland and in the Lowlands ?

The Forth, they expected, would be crossed up in the direction of Kippen, where the river was not so deep, and in the changehouse, all comers from the west were eagerly questioned. And yet, when the great news came, it came not from the west, but from the east—over two thousand of the Jacobite army had crossed the Frith of Forth, and had landed near North Berwick. Next day these troops were marching towards Edinburgh, where the greatest consternation reigned : an express, indeed, had come to Stirling demanding that a number of the soldiers there might be sent at once for the defence of the capital. And now, if any of the Carse portioners had a few horses for sale, they were in luck, for three hundred troopers must be provided with steeds in hot haste—there was no time to haggle as to prices, as the riders had to be in Edinburgh that very night.

After the troopers rode off, only confused rumours arrived in Stirling and the neighbourhood . . . the Jacobites were in Leith, Argyll in Edinburgh. . . . Only eleven men in the latter place had joined the Highlanders. . . . The Jacobites were retreating by Musselburgh along the coast.

Then, another express came riding from Edinburgh. Argyll had sent to Stirling for four gunners, two bombardiers and some cannon and mortars to dislodge the rebels who had taken refuge in Seaton House. It was just at this critical time that, at last, news of a movement from Perth came down the steep road from Dunblane, and after throwing the hamlet beside the bridge into the wildest excitement, flew across the Corntoun Carse to the fortified town beyond. . . . "Mar is coming. He will cross the Forth at Stirling. He has begun his march in three divisions." Almost simultaneously, Mar's army arrived in Dunblane, and Argyll and his troops returned from Edinburgh to Stirling. A battle seemed imminent, but no sooner had the Jacobites succeeded in their purpose of withdrawing Argyll from the capital, than they quietly marched back to Perth, and the anxiety of those who lay thus unpleasantly between two fires was for the time being relieved.

By the beginning of November, there was great scarcity in the Carse. "I found," writes Mar, when at last he came south to pass the Forth, "I found all the country round about Stirling, where we had to cross, entirely exhausted by the enemy, so that there was nothing for us to subsist on there. . . . Under these difficulties, I thought fit to march back to Auchterarder, which was a better quarter, though not a good one neither. . . . In the meantime, I am getting provisions ready to carry along with me in my march, this being absolutely necessary about the heads of Forth. . . . The passage over the Forth is now extremely difficult; it's scarce possible to send any letters that way; and within these two days, there were two boats coming over with letters to me which were so hard pursued that they were obliged to throw the letters into the water."

How strange the Carse looked on those early November days. We can see the yellow stubble fields on both sides of

the Forth, which ought after harvest to have been filled with great flocks of sheep and cattle, attended by herds, wandering for miles over a country destitute of hedges, but which were this year absolutely empty. We can see the farm-towns with their stackyards already cleared of grain; the barnyards where not a single cock or hen was scraping about—and among the willows which fringe the winding Forth, bands of armed troopers searching for boats. The country was “entirely exhausted,” and if the two opposing armies continued much longer in their present position, starvation seemed to be inevitable.

This horrible stillness of expectation was suddenly relieved by a thunder-clap—the news of the Jacobite collapse at Preston. Fourteen hundred and sixty-eight prisoners had been taken, of whom the most important were being carried towards London, cruelly insulted as they went by the rabble. Why, the Jacobites exclaimed more passionately than ever, why was Mar still be-north Forth? Why then, would Mar not pass Forth?

Then there was a movement of the troops in Stirling Castle. They were starving there, and Argyll was sending away a detachment of dragoons and a battalion of foot to Kilsyth, and two hundred dragoons to Falkirk, where food, it was hoped, might be found. This was dismal tidings for the people in the Carse, for who would now protect them against the Highland savages, sure in their retreat from England to make for the heads of Forth? Poor Highlanders, yearning for their native hills; they never reached the heads of Forth—three hundred of them were taken prisoners, whilst of the remainder, nearly all were killed, or perished of famine or fatigue.

The alarm, when it did come, arrived from the Ochils. From the steep brig one day, the villagers could see distinctly across the open plain, a detachment of dragoons

making their way by the Lang Causeway, a paved road raised above the marshy, eastern borders of Corntoune, leading to the modern village of Causewayhead. These horsemen, under the leadership of Colonel Cathcart were in pursuit of a party of the rebels, who were marching on Dunfermline by way of Castle Campbell: next day it was known in the hamlet that the Jacobites had been completely defeated, and in the evening, Colonel Campbell returned to Stirling with seventeen prisoners.

In Perth also, Mar's army was threatened with starvation, and at last, on the 9th of November, he resolved to do, what he should have done long since—to pass Forth. Three days came and went, and then the Ogilvys standing at their gate in the Corntoune loaning, silently watched Argyll and his army slowly making their way across the Carse—winding round the east gable-end of Brigend—and then disappearing up the brae. The Stirlingshire militia and the Glasgow regiment, they were told, were left behind to guard the town of Stirling. In the course of the day, news came down from Dunblane that the Jacobites were also on the march, and would soon be in the Carse. The hours crept slowly on, and night came at last; and then, another November day had to be lived through in Brigend. It was to be hoped that King James would have his own again, but it was a mournful thought that at any moment, the red tartans of the dreaded Highlanders might appear on the steep road (now almost overgrown with grass) on the right bank of the Allan. Many times in the course of that weary day did Katherine Chrystiesone look out from the north door, at the top of the outside stair; and then after a long survey, return to hide away in still safer places her household treasures. It was curious that a Jacobite sympathiser should dwell so gloomily on the fact that there were but a hundred men in Stirling Castle, now that the Greenock lads were all out searching the banks

of the Forth for boats, and moving them over from the north to the south—away down as far as Alloa. And yet, in spite of anxiety and apprehension, there were three children, James, Margaret, and John to get ready for school, besides two little ones, William and Christian, who must stay in the house most of the day, for although so early in the season, the weather was bitterly cold, and the pool below the Paip's Linn was fringed with ice. Cold or not, the men of the hamlet spent that day on the brig, waiting, and watching, and listening; although Archibald Ogilvy, I fancy, walked up by the Allan to visit his sisters, Mistress Margaret and Mistress Agnes, Jacobite ladies both of them, of the most resolute kind, who in one of the pink or yellow houses of Dunblane, were living as best they might, through the weary hours of that day of suspense. He brought back news with him—Dunblane was full to overflowing with Argyll's soldiers . . . but Mar had been warned of this by the Laird of Kippendavie's wife, who had chosen as her messenger a little lame laddie, suspected by nobody. The Jacobite army, thus informed, had moved on, and as darkness was falling, had halted by the Allan; and when Archibald left, they were endeavouring to find out some farm-towns, in which to shelter from the piercing cold.

Night had now fallen, and unable to endure longer the biting keenness of the frost, the villagers returned to their own firesides, or sought the kindly warmth of the changehouse parlour. Not the corner parlour, for that lay empty and deserted, whilst the merry gentlemen, who so often had held their carousings there, Keir, Carden, Kippendavie and the others were now lying huddled close to their horses on the banks of the Allan, trying to keep warm, and each asking his own heart the question—"Who is to be King of Scotland—and where shall I myself be to-morrow night by this time?" In Brigend, their thoughts were with the lairds; and near by,

in the fine house just completed, Lady Keir and Lady Carden (so called after their husbands' estates in the pretty old Scottish style) were sitting up all night, unable to close an eye.

When his guests left the changehouse, Archibald, with more than his accustomed care, saw that all was secure about Brigend. He paused, I fancy, at the lower door, which opens into the three-cornered garden. Before drawing from its hiding-place hollowed out in the solid stone of the wall, the great, square bolt of oak, handled by so many generations, and none the worse for it all to-day, he looked out upon the blackness of the night. A great awe had fallen on the hamlet that night, and the unseen Allan, murmuring to itself in the silence, seemed to have learned a new note of death and doom, as if singing beforehand a requiem for the many souls about to leave earth's familiar green hills and running streams.

On the next day, Sunday, the 14th of November, the frost still held. It was impossible for any man, woman, or child in the parish to think of going to church, for at any moment the Highland savages might come tearing down the brae, flushed with victory, and eager for plunder. There was no work to do, so they stood about the brig and listened. Nothing was to be heard, but shortly after eleven o'clock word came down from Sunnyslaw that the sound of firing was to be heard up there, coming clearly, though faintly, on the frosty air. After the mid-day meal the watching and listening were resumed—this time a little higher up the hill: the firing was now continual, but the hours passed on, and still no tidings came from the field of battle. It was towards three o'clock that the unearthly silence was broken by a messenger, who came running from the north, calling out as he went, "Keir and Carden are both of them killed." They would have stopped the man, but he made for Keir House, where

the two ladies still waited. Before long, however, he found his way to the changehouse, bringing with him the terrible story of his reception up at the great house. Lady Keir had indeed burst into a natural agony of tears, but Lady Carden, dry-eyed and furious, had fiercely upbraided such weakness, shrieking out with ashen lips the awful words, "Madam, weep not; but rather rejoice that there is a hell for the Whigs." By this time the changehouse was full of pale-faced wounded men; whilst down the steep road, came slowly in retreat, one wing of Argyll's army, on their way by Corntoun to the bridge of Stirling. And now in the hamlet they were excitedly learning, piece by piece, the truth concerning the strange battle of Sheriffmuir, in which one wing of each army had been beaten, whilst the other was victorious. In less than half an hour the left wing of the Jacobite army had been totally routed, Argyll pursuing them as far as the river Allan. Here, however, the Highlanders had made so gallant a stand, and had attempted to rally so often, that three hours had elapsed before they were driven beyond the river. Meantime Argyll's left wing was in retreat across the Corntoun Carse.

This much they learnt in the Bridge of Allan; and then all the men and boys were off to the Sheriffmuir, where they found that matters had taken an unusual turn. "The right of the rebels, which had remained all this time inactive, seeing now by the retreat of Argyll's left wing, the field empty, ascended the hill of Kippendavie, where they stood with drawn swords for upwards of four hours, to the astonishment of Argyll's troops, who for an hour and a half had been retreating round the foot of the hill, and so near them that they could not have fired a pistol without killing some of them. Among the causes which the rebels assigned for their inaction was the conduct of Rob Roy, who commanded the Macgregors, and on the day of battle kept aloof, waiting only for plunder. Whatever the motive was for that inaction,

it was the salvation of the royal army, which might otherwise have been totally annihilated."

Next day also, we may be sure, was spent on the Sheriff-muir. Here strange rumours were abroad. When at dawn Argyll arrived on the moor, with the intention of resuming the battle, he had discovered that the Jacobites were away to Perth to ring the bells of that town, and to sing the *Te Deum*. . . . Keir was not dead after all, but would certainly lose his estates if King George got the upper hand. . . . And even as the men of Bridge of Allan had come climbing up the brae, they had met Argyll and his jubilant Whigs coming down, with their fourteen captured standards, six of the enemy's cannons, four waggons, and many jaded prisoners marching sadly along. For they also were victorious. The battle certainly had its humorous side, as all Scotland very quickly perceived; but on this Monday morning all was tragedy, and Archibald Ogilvy and his companions saw on that wintry day sights which ever afterwards most painfully haunted their memories. Towards Dunblane, on the banks of their own familiar Allan, they found many and many a new-made grave. Savage and unkempt creatures wrapped in tartan plaids were wading and searching in the icy stream. Every now and then one of these, with a wild and dolorous cry, hailed his comrades, and a stiff and ghastly form was lifted from the water. When they arrived at the farm-town of Linns the little party spoke with a poor trembling old woman, who shuddered as she told how she had seen eleven soldiers killed on her own midden before the door, after which the Highlanders had burst into the house with their bloody swords. They saw hundreds of dead bodies lying still unburied upon the frozen heather, whilst the poor people of the neighbourhood, sorry enough, but desperately hungry, were spreading on the ground the plaids of the dead Highlanders, into which they were emptying the stone of oatmeal,

carried by each man in his wallet. They looked, not without tears, upon an old man, who with the tender fidelity of a dog, watched beside the body of his young master. "And who might he be?" they asked very gently, to which the old man made answer, "He was a man yesterday." They were guided to a stone dyke by those who had been over the moor before them, by which lay the corpse of a dragoon, with the ten men whom he had slain single-handed, heaped up around him; and again they saw the body of an old Highlander with a bare curly head, and a plaid wound tightly round his right arm, in the midst of his nine slaughtered enemies. Then they were joined by some shepherds, who told what they had seen of the battle from one of the neighbouring Ochils. They had seen, as it were, a diamond-shaped patch of scarlet, gradually diminishing in a darker setting. This was a little band of red-coats surrounded by the Highlanders, and mowed down by degrees, one after the other, by the claymores of their adversaries.

Such things were felt by all in that countryside to be deeply tragic; and yet, so strange is life, the men and women of the Carse were able by-and-by to smile, and indeed to laugh, when one of their number sang in their hearing the new song about the battle—

"There's some say that we wan,
Some say they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I am sure,
That at Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was, which I saw, man:
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man."

The rebellion of 1715, as all the world knows, speedily collapsed, and was sorrowfully followed by numerous execu-

tions at Tyburn, and by a wholesale confiscation of estates. The doings of the Commissioners charged with the latter work came home with particular keenness to the portioners of the Carse, for Keir lay close at hand, whilst the Earl of Mar was superior of a great part of Corntoune. "The strangers," says Dr Robert Chambers, "very soon found that their business was not an easy or an agreeable one. There was in Scotland plenty of hatred to the Jacobite cause; but fighting at Sheriffmuir and putting down Episcopal chapels was a different thing from seeing an order come from England which was to extinguish the name and fortune of many old and honourable families, and to turn a multitude of women and children out of house and home. It was with no little surprise and no little irritation that these English gentlemen discovered how difficult it was to turn the forfeited estates into money, or indeed to make any decent progress at all in the business they came about." During the year 1716, many fussy officials stayed at the changehouse, whose talk was all of Keir's estate, "valued at about £625 payable in money," and of that of Mar, valued at about the same rental. There was much calculation in those days regarding the rent payable in kind, and long lists were drawn up, of which the following is a specimen—"Barley, 308 bolls . . . oatmeal, 426 bolls, 2 firlots, 1 peck . . . malt, 5 bolls . . . wethers, 16 at 5s. 6d. each . . . geese, 19 at 1s. each . . . 184 capons, at 8d. each . . . hens 530, at 6d. each . . . cheese, 2 stone at 3s. 6d. the stone . . . butter 4 lib at 3d. per lib."

It will be seen that at the time of the Fifteen, Archibald Ogilvy was still on the Jacobite and Episcopalian side; and exactly when he came to change his religious opinions, is hardly to be discovered at this time of day. In the year 1717, however, circumstances of peculiar trial, in all probability brought his mind into a state of intense seriousness, and inclined him to an interest, new perhaps, in the great battle which now burst

out with fresh fury in Scotland, and more particularly around the Ochils.

Early in the year, smallpox, then the scourge of the country, was raging in the Carse, and would appear to have entered Brigend. How many of the family sickened, I do not know. The parents had probably suffered before from the loathsome disease, and now it was the turn of the children. The Ogilvys in those days walked in the valley of the shadow of death, and how deep their sorrow was, we can tell by two short entries in the Burial Book of Logie parish—"1717, March 3rd," it is written, "Child of Archibald Ogilvy at Bridge of Allan." . . . And again, "March 15th, Child of Archibald Ogilvy at Bridge of Allan." The two children then laid in their graves by the west wall were John, a boy of eight years old, and Christian, the baby of the family, who had just completed her third year. There is little need to enlarge upon that long-past sorrow, or to speak of the days spent that spring to the intolerable music of the Allan, by the father and mother, who have so long since folded their children again in their arms. Still, the imagination dwells on the cruel pain which attended death from a disease so horrible. We feel how in their comings and goings for many a long day, and at times, even till they saw them once more, the hearts of the parents were wrung by the memory of sweet little faces, terrible in illness, unrecognizable in death, willingly hidden from sight at last by the coffin lid.

Just one month and three days after the second child had been carried in her little coffin through the garden, and by Blawlowan to the churchyard, a son was born to the Ogilvys, who on the 18th of April, was baptised by the name of his dead brother; the sponsors being George Wilson and Thomas Campbell, who had stood in the same relation to the other John.

In those April and May days, the human heart being

unchangeable, the Allan most certainly sang all too continually of the mystery of birth, and life, and death; and go where the father might—about the house, up the river-side, through the stackyard, or over his own green fields, the two dead children went with him. There fell on him a great sickness of the sunshine, which rests with equal gladness on a living man or on his new-made grave. At such times, Archibald Ogilvy questioned the unheeding future; saying, who in the times to come will know of me and of my sorrow? What comfort was there powerful enough to reach that inmost, silent spirit of a man, in which in all ages, the real fight is lost or won?

The first outside interest which broke in upon this profound melancholy was the memorable Assembly held in Edinburgh, in the month of May, in which were considered in one day, the case of the heretical Professor Simson of Glasgow, and the case of the Presbytery of Auchterarder. In these latter years, the Evangelicals had been saying many things most shocking to the party afterwards called the Moderates. They had dared not only to assert "that the Father hath made a gift of salvation to all mankind, that whoever of them shall believe in His son shall not perish"—they had further declared "that the fear of punishment and the hope of reward were not fit motives of the believer's obedience . . . but that the sweet tokens of God's love bestowed upon such in the way of close walking with God (in this life) are to be reckoned rewards. . . . Good works, may rather be called a believer's walking in the way of happiness, than the way itself."

This was horrible indeed according to the High Calvinists; but worse was to follow. The Presbytery of Auchterarder, alarmed by the teaching of Professor Simson, gathered themselves together for the purpose of drawing up a theological statement, afterwards called in derision the Auchterarder

creed ; and in this expression of opinion, they to a certain extent erred in judgment, and probably also in temper. For in those old days, the Truth was a club in the hand of its happy possessor, with which, above all, he sought to brain his opponent. Unfortunately, that contemptible creature also wielded a similar weapon, which *he* was misguided enough to call the Truth—and the result of this state of things was painful enough, in all conscience. That the Truth should have survived the treatment of its own warmest champions is surely the very strongest proof of its divine reality. . . . “In this list of propositions for the subscription of candidates,” says Dr M’Crie, “there was one to this effect, ‘I believe it is not sound and orthodox to teach that we must forsake sin in order to our coming to Christ, and instating us in covenant with God.’ The proposition was unhappily worded ; for the duty of every sinner must no doubt be to forsake sin. But the good men of Auchterarder plainly designed to guard against the legal strain of preaching according to the Baxterian system, which teaches repentance and obedience are necessary as prerequisite qualifications, in order to warrant our coming to the Saviour.”

Whatever the good men of Auchterarder may have meant, it is evident that they had themselves to blame, if a belief so stated, prejudiced many worthy men amongst their opponents against the other doctrines, as beautiful as they were true, which they held.

In the great Assembly of 1717, Professor Simson, who afterwards went on to deny the divinity of Christ, was gently rebuked, and admonished, “not to ascribe too much to corrupt human nature” ; whilst the brethren declared “their utmost abhorrence of the aforesaid proposition of the Presbytery of Auchterarder as unsound and most detestable.”

Mr Thomas Boston was present at the Assembly, but

through natural timidity was not able to stand up as boldly for his opinions, as he afterwards wished he had done, when he found himself in his quiet manse at Simprim. . . . "Poor I was not able to open a mouth before them in that cause, although I believed the proposition to be truth, howbeit not well worded. . . . At that time sitting in the Assembly house and conversing with Mr John Drummond, minister of Crieff, one of the Presbytery of Auchterarder, I happened to give him my sense of the Gospel offer, the same being contained in these words—'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' and in these—'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' . . . and withal, I told him of 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity.' After my settlement at Simprim, said I, as I was sitting one day in a house there, I espied above the window-head a little old book, entitled 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity,' which had been brought home by the master of the house from England, he having been a soldier in the time of the civil wars. This book I relished greatly. I found it come close to the point I was in quest of, and to show the consistency of those things, which I could not reconcile before."

Thus, it came to pass that Mr Drummond of Crieff read "The Marrow," which he lost no time in lending to his excellent friend, Mr James Hog, of Carnock, not far from Tulliallan. This work, published in 1646, by Mr Edward Fisher, the son of an English knight, and a Master of Arts of Oxford, mightily pleased Mr Hog, so much so, that before the end of the year he had published a new edition, which immediately spread all over Scotland, until soon there was not a pious home in all the land without a well-thumbed copy of "The Marrow of Modern Divinity."

A pedlar brought the little book one day to Brigend, for that was the way in which our forefathers bought their

literature; and I like to think of Archibald Ogilvy and his wife, sad-hearted, poring over the "Marrow," of a Sunday evening, in the garden beside the Allan. They found, I do not doubt, as thousands of their fellow-countrymen did, both profit and consolation in the quaint pages. The style appeared to them "frank and pleasant," whilst "the dialogues between Evangelista, a minister of the gospel, Nomista a legalist, Antinomista an Antinomian, and Neophytus a young Christian came home to their hearts with freshness and power." There was no teaching in this little book, with which Archibald had not been familiar all his life. The "Marrow" was penetrated from beginning to end with the same Evangelical doctrine, which his mother had taught him in his childhood, the simple New Testament doctrine, which had fallen from the lips of her beloved Bishop in the old days in Dunblane; and yet, he would pause now and then in his reading, in a sort of bewilderment to ask himself, was it possible that he had ever in all his life heard of such things before?

The next time the pedlar came round to the changehouse, I fancy a purchase was made of Mr Boston's "Fourfold State," and of Mr Ralph Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets"; and thus it came about that although he did not yet break with any of the old family traditions, Archibald Ogilvy had taken the first steps on the path which led to such important changes later on. His experience was an instance of that curious law in the spiritual world, by which a man, shaken in his indifference, goes far afield in search of that truth, which has been lying unnoticed for many years at his own door.

I do not know if several of the propositions of the "Marrow" struck Archibald as being "the truth, howbeit not well worded," or whether it ever occurred to him that when a flower has been successfully dried, and gummed flat to a sheet

of cardboard, with its name neatly inscribed below it in the correctest of Latin—the glory of its beauty and of its fragrance is lost—that there are mysteries, which being inexpressible, suffer by translation into language, and ought to remain unspoken in the heart that has received them. Most probably not, for he was a man of his own century ; and his was an age which craved a cut and dry theology, expressed in the language of the exact sciences. And yet, as we consider the “ Marrow ” from a distance, the idea occurs very strongly to our minds—had the Moderates ever read the New Testament at all, when they afterwards “ found contrary to the Holy Scriptures ” such passages as these, which appeared to Archibald Ogilvy, as he read by the Allan, “ a bundle of sweet and pleasant Gospel truths,”—“ As Paul and Silas said to the jailer, so I say unto you, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ; that is be fully persuaded in your heart that Jesus Christ is yours, and that you have life and salvation by Him ; that whatsoever Christ did for the salvation of mankind, He did for you . . . none of us ought to distrust ourselves, but believe that it doth belong particularly to himself. . . . Go and preach the Gospel to every creature under heaven. That is, go and tell every man without exception, that here is good news for him—Christ is dead for him. Even so our good King, the Lord of Heaven and earth hath, for the obedience of our good brother Jesus Christ, pardoned all our sins.”

Perhaps no religious work, in spite of the bad opinion of the High Calvinists, otherwise the Moderates, ever produced such a ferment in any country, as the “ Marrow ” did in Scotland ; indeed it is not too much to say that for years, the history of the “ Marrow ” was the history of Scotland. It came to the Steuarts in the forest, as to their enemy in Brigend as a comforter in time of trouble. Shortly before

the publication of the English writer's book, Mr Mair had stirred all their hearts by one of his wonderful sermons on the text—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," and before next morning, he was dead. The mourning in the whole countryside was deep and universal, for a better man had never lived; and Mr Ralph who loved his teacher so well, expressed the feelings of all who knew him when he penned the following lines, often afterwards repeated by the Steuarts—

"He was a burning and a shining light,
In doctrine ardent, and in practice bright.
Sweet in his converse, sober in his talk,
Meek in his worship, modest in his walk ;
In pulpit did a holy hero prove,
In private intercourse a harmless dove.
In him lamb-meekness, lion-boldness shone,
Bold in his Master's cause, meek in his own.

With this sweet theme, he closed his pulpit work,
Thus crowned his Lord with glory of the whole,
Then to His loving hands resigned his soul,
Which now its heavenly Tabor top has reached.
To praise the glorious grace which here he preached.
With that to preach, thought time too short always,
Thinks now eternity too short to praise."

Even Patrick Walker, who was hard to please, had a good word to say of "worthy Mr George Mair, who, when he went north to preach Christ, never touched the Sin of Prelacy, nor any of the rest of our national Abominations; for if the Lord were pleased to bless any word that came out of his mouth to the thorough Conversion of any poor perishing soul, all these would come in their own time."

It was in April 1720 that the Assembly resolved to grapple with the hideous errors of the "Marrow"; and for this end they appointed a Committee "under the imposing

name of the Committee for Purity of Doctrine." Four ministers were speedily summoned before this tribunal, and, of course, these four men were next door neighbours of the Steuarts and the Ogilvys, whose fortune it was to live in the very centre of the great Marrow controversy. Mr Warden of Gargunnoch and Mr Brisbane of Stirling were the ministers of the two parishes immediately to the south of Logie; whilst eastward, along the Forth, the near presence of Mr Hog of Carnock, the editor of the celebrated work, and of Mr Hamilton over in Airth, brought the warfare up to the very borders of Tulliallan.

In the month of May the Assembly utterly condemned the "Marrow" "under the five following heads, viz., that assurance is of the nature of faith; that the atonement of Christ is universal; that holiness is not necessary to salvation; that the fear of punishment and the hope of reward are not proper motives of a believer's obedience; that the believer is not under the commanding power of the law."

Nowhere in all Scotland was this decision received with greater sorrow and anger than in the Covenanting parish of Tulliallan, and in no other place did the people know more surely to whom they should look for defenders of the Doctrine of Grace. Foremost among these defenders would of course be the three disciples of their own beloved Mr Mair—Mr Thomas Boston, the shy, delicate, earnest preacher, who used so greatly to enjoy the Communion seasons at Tulliallan, they knew might be depended upon; and also the laughter-loving Mr Ralph Erskine, whose course they had followed with a vigilant and affectionate eye; and his stately and majestic brother Mr Ebenezer, whom they had watched with more of distance and reverence. And by a curious coincidence, it so happened that whilst the three foremost champions of the "Marrow" were the dear friends of their own Minister, the chief leader of the opposition, in

those days, was none other than the famous witch-hunter, Mr Allan Logan, now translated to Culross. In Mr Mair's old manse Mr Allan had, with deep abhorrence, read the "Marrow of Modern Divinity"; and the volume appeared to him to teem with the most detestable heresies, so much so, that invoking the aid of Principal Haddow of St Andrews, he entered heart and soul into the battle.

It was on the 21st of May that the crisis came—a crisis so sharp that had not the Government interposed between the victors and the vanquished the Secession would have taken place thirteen years earlier than it actually did. It is impossible for us now to imagine the extreme violence of that theological warfare of the past. Innumerable pamphlets were written on both sides. Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine "were arraigned before the Synod of Fife, for having disobeyed the Act of Assembly of 1720, forbidding the preaching of Marrow doctrine, and were strictly enjoined, on pain of heavy censure, to observe it in future." Mr Boston, down in Simprim, was constantly writing long letters to Mr Hog of Carnock; which letters, when read, were to be sent on to Mr Ralph; and, finally, a meeting was arranged in Edinburgh, at the house of Mr Wardrobe the apothecary. There were present at this meeting, Mr Boston, the Erskine brothers, and a few other Ministers, "and it was agreed," writes the former, "that there should be a representation to the Assembly about the 'Marrow,' the forming whereof was committed to Mr Ebenezer. . . . On Thursday, at the Assembly, our Representation was read, after which Mr Hog spoke. Then followed a flood of speeches, by which we were run down, no man standing by us. Next day things went better for us. Particularly Mr Williamson did, in a point of debate, fairly lay Mr Allan Logan, and I was encouraged by the success of an encounter with Principal Haddow."

Owing to the sudden illness of the Commissioner, the great Marrow Controversy was not finally settled till the following year, by which time the whole matter had become still more intricate and involved; twelve queries having been put to the Marrow Men by their opponents, to which a reply was made by Ebenezer Erskine, in "twelve answers forming one of the most condensed and luminous pieces of divinity to be found in our own or any other language."

I like, in imagination, on the 21st of May 1722, to follow old Walter Steuart, and his grandson James, through the green forest, and out upon the table-land above Culross, to the spot where the old smiddy, now ruinous, looks forth upon a glorious panorama of hill, and wood, and water. The day was one of intense and sultry heat, and over Edinburgh, towards which the old man steadfastly gazed, there rose great masses of copper-coloured and livid clouds. Frequent flashes of lightning played about Arthur's Seat and the Castle Rock, whilst across the water came the echoing sound of terrible peals of thunder. In the minds of the Steuarts, quick to seize upon the imaginative aspect of any event there seemed something almost supernatural in the mighty storm of that day, in the midst of which, Moses descended anew with the stone tables of the Law, and Sinai with the noise of thunder silenced the voice from the Cross at Golgotha. Eye-witnesses told them later how unearthly had been the scene in the Assembly House, when, the angry clamour of fiercely disputing tongues having died away, the twelve Representatives stood up in solemn silence, to receive the rebuke of the Moderator, and to be told once more that a Christian Church considered it was a heinous heresy to teach that Christ died for all men. Think how they felt in the forest when they heard of Mr Ebenezer, and Mr Ralph, and saintly Mr Thomas Boston, and nine other like-minded men standing up like criminals in the Assembly House,

their faces at times almost unseen in the great darkness, and again suddenly illuminated by the lightning, which played about the windows. How strange a day in the history of their beloved Church of Scotland, when the Moderator, his voice contending with the continuous rolling of the thunder, enjoined all Presbyteries and Synods to see that no Marrow doctrine be taught within their bounds. . . . "And considering that the brethren desire that the Act of 1720 should be repealed, the Assembly does refuse the same. . . . And the Assembly do appoint me as their Moderator, in their name to rebuke and admonish them; and though their offence deserves a much higher censure, yet the Assembly forbears it in hope that the great lenity used towards them shall engage them to a more dutiful behaviour in time coming."

Part Fifth

From Tulliallan to Bridge of Allan

ON the 29th of August 1732, two persons sat waiting in the lower part of the square tower of Culross Abbey ; one of whom was a young man of proud and intelligent bearing—the other a woman, meek and poverty-stricken, named Janet Craich. Alternate sunshine and shadow played upon the stone floor, as the branches of the two plane trees outside were stirred by the breeze—and on the patches of light and shade, the eyes of the young man were meditatively fixed. All at once, a loud explosion of angry voices from an inner chamber changed the dreamy expression of the blue eyes into one of keen and sharp attention, whilst even the limp and dolorous countenance of Widow Craich betrayed slight signs of interest and excitement. Above the confusion of sounds, the listeners could at times distinguish the arrogant tones of the Black Colonel ; then the milder accents of the Minister calling in vain for order ; after which, in a partial stillness, a rough voice shouted out, over and over, certain words of defiance. Suddenly, the door burst wide open, and a man in a furious passion stumbled tumultuously into the tower, and apparently addressing the numerous pigeons which fluttered overhead, declared with imprecations that no oath would he take. The beddal quickly closed the door, but not before the keen eye of the young man had taken in a picture, which caused him to smile maliciously—a picture of the Black Colonel indignantly haranguing the Minister—of John Halkerston, William Drysdale, Bailie Law, and James

Rollock, all very angry, and all talking at once—and of the clerk with indignant quill inscribing in the Records that John Gibson, offered an oath, had refused to take it, had behaved insolently and ungratefully, and had been removed . . . and called back, he added, as the beddal, opening the door once more, summoned the culprit back from the tower. How long the second scene with John Gibson lasted, I have no means of knowing—all was not over, I am sure, until the young man outside had testified the keenness of his impatience by much shuffling and whistling, as well as by sundry assaults with fragments of stone and lime upon the pigeons overhead.

At last his turn came, and his business being, luckily for him, of a purely formal nature, the interview of young James Steuart of Wanrighead with the Kirk Session of Culross was of the briefest and most satisfactory description. He was a young man, who in the flower of his early manhood, could look the laird, the Minister, and all the Elders of the parish full in the face with those pure eyes of his ; whilst as a matter of course, the clerk was already writing down the words—“29th August 1732, A testificate granted to James Steuart.”

The affair was soon arranged, and young James was already striding through the forest, by the time that widow Craich was hirpling down the Back Causeway to her garret ; her sorrowful soul filled with unaccustomed content, for had she not at last been “put in the weekly roll, to receive five shilings scots ?”

Let us follow for a short way through the forest, this young man of twenty-two, as he treads his cheerful way, looking on each familiar scene with well-pleased eyes, and yet not sorry to go away from the old surroundings into the unknown future. He passes the little ruinous West Kirk among its tumbled sea of green graves ; many a time he and his cousin Robert have rushed past the low walls with terrified steps in

the gloaming. He crosses the outskirts of the great wood by a short cut, halting to look once more at the tomb of the three children, buried there because they died of the plague. The branches of the thickly-planted trees meet overhead, the sunlight plays to and fro on the old grey through-stone, on which such bitter tears once were shed. "Here lyes," he read, although he knew the epitaph by heart, "here lyes Robert, Agnes, Jane Balds, Children was to John Bald, girdle-maker, burgess of Culross, who departit of this lyf in the Visetaseon, 24th September, Ano 1645." The young man takes a last look of it all, examining with a certain fellow-feeling, the sculptured crown and hammer, the device of such as work in iron. Then whistling merrily, he goes on his way through the forest, glancing with kindly recognition on the sandy track leading towards his old home, the Praybrae; yet keeping to the narrow road which ascends the rising ground towards the north. At the head of the brae, he pauses regretfully, and gazes for a time on the glorious range of all the Ochil Hills, stretching from east to west; with their ever-changing lights and shades, the most expressive of all Scotland's many mountains. In a dip of country too wide to be called a valley, lie undulating fields and many a farm-town and fine house, nestling among trees—Branstone, Luscar, Comrie, Inzievar, Longlays, Middle Grange, East Grange, Burrowin, Blinkerie—every one of them familiar to young James Steuart from infancy. Behind him, and to his left, stretches the forest, part of it the original forest which covered old Caledonia, and down below, yet raised on its own little plateau in the midst of all this loveliness, stands the home he is about to leave—Wanrighead, now Righead. I have been told by those who live there now, that although in a fine summer, the ridge on which the house is built looks dry and parched enough, yet the ground is inclined to be marshy, and before it was drained was almost a bog—hence

the name the Wan Rig Head, evidently given to the farm from the cold grey-green of the surrounding rushes and willows.

At what date John Steuart and Marion Ronald had moved to Wanrighead, I do not know—sometime between 1714, when their youngest child Margaret was born, and the 20th March 1730, when their daughter Hannah married her cousin James Crocket. In any case, the short removal from the original settlement in the forest was hardly a change of residence, being merely an overflow of some two or three families of the increasing Steuart Colony into the nearest farm-town of their own laird, the Black Colonel. The lands of both farms, although they lay in different parishes, were cultivated by all the Steuarts in accordance with the old run-rig system.

As to the time and manner, in which the older generation of the Steuarts finally left these beautiful scenes, with one exception, that of Robert, I know nothing. Although a fitful record of mortcloth dues was occasionally kept in the two parishes, no deaths of Steuarts are contained in the irregular pages; and later on, when Mr George Anderson begins his curious statistics in 1747, the interest of our story has moved elsewhere. Otherwise we might have been interested by the intelligence that such and such a Steuart died of a sore craig, of the chin-cough, of the consumption, of a sudden pain in the side, of a lingering distress, of a squinancy, or of a swelling of ye Pox. One sorrowful entry indeed there is in Mr Anderson's medical register relating to the death of a poor young member of the family, overtaken by mist or darkness on the treacherous sands of Tulliallan,—"Lost at the shoar James Steuart, aged 18, 19th December 1759."

By the time that his grandson left home, good old Walter Steuart must have passed away from the world in which he

had seen so much trouble and sorrow. In 1725, when he was a veteran of about eighty-five, we find him, like his father, still "perfecte of mind and memorie," entrusted by the Kirk Session with the management of the old weary business anent Sands and his bond; and the same year, he was able at least, to oversee the "thacking of the schoolmaster's house." The following year 1726, the old man was busy about the beddal's thack—and then there comes the last entry in the treasurer's book; a very sad one, for it shews that struggle as he might, Walter Steuart died, as he had lived, ruined as regards this world, for conscience sake—"Item, lent to Walter Steuart by order—33 lib."

Thus died one of the saints of the earth—a man who many and many a time had said to himself with Thomas Boston, after converse with the beloved Minister of his choice—"I thought I had loved Christ but too little, which I would have been content to have reformed. . . . I found in myself a great desire to love Christ. . . . In the evening while I sat musing . . . I proposed the question to myself—Art thou content of Christ alone? Wouldst thou be satisfied with Christ as thy portion, though there were no hell to be saved from? And my soul answered *yes*."

Walter Steuart died deep in debt—but he died content with Christ alone; not content with himself however, for he thought he had loved Christ but too little, in which he would fain have been a better man. Did we know him now, his soul might appear to us an over-cultivated garden. With his rugged intolerance and his High Church opinions as to Church Government, we might feel ourselves entirely out of sympathy. Whilst however, we discovered in old Walter Steuart the faults of his time, and many of the failings of humanity, we should, I am inclined to believe, acknowledge in him great spiritual superiority. We, with our larger acquaintance with the intimate connection between body and

spirit, might at times be inclined to attribute his blinks and his frames, his raptures and his darkness, to some explainable physical exhilaration or depression ; whilst we should see the unwisdom, I suspect, of such frequent fastings and vigils for one who fared so poorly every day. Yet surely, there is much to be learned in our easy and unascetic days from those sometimes stern saints of old, whose habit it was to devote the evening of their life to constant prayer for those of their blood who should come after them, as long as the world should endure.

At the time of the last mention of old Walter in the account books of the parish, young James Steuart, who now succeeds his grandfather as the hero of my homely story, was fourteen years of age ; it is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that the influence of the old man had something to do with the aftercourse of the boy's life. He and his six-weeks older cousin Robert, the son of Walter the younger, were no doubt the daily companions of their grandfather ; the eager listeners to the old man's stories of the past—stories of the days when the ancestors of the little lads sat on the throne of Scotland, stories of the glorious Covenanting struggle, of the wonderful Communion in the forest, and of the deliverance brought by the great Prince. Stories too, of the beautiful old home by the Allan, and of the bad man who lived there now ; and above all, stories of Mr Ebenezer and Mr Ralph Erskine, and of the good fight they were carrying on for the Doctrine of Grace in poor Scotland. Before their grandfather died, James and Robert, I feel sure, had fought every boy of Mr Allan Logan's congregation, who shewed face in the forest, in defence of the Doctrine of Grace.

Young James was brought up in the midst of the great Marrow Controversy ; whilst at home he breathed an atmosphere most keenly intellectual, amongst men and women

who in the intervals of field and household labour, discussed in the language of theologians, the loftiest themes respecting the nature of God, and the eternal destinies of man. The boy may at times have found such subjects wearisome, but he liked Mr Ralph's Gospel Sonnets, which he knew by heart. They appeared to him first-rate poetry, and much easier and pleasanter than the Shorter Catechism—and certainly there is about these verses, a certain sprightliness and well-marked rhythm, suggestive of the tapping toe of one who played with a firm stroke, upon "the wee sinfu' fiddle," as indeed the Minister did, when his Elders were not within hearing.

"Come down, Zaccheus, quickly come,
Salvation's brought into thy home ;
In vain thou climbst the legal tree,
Salvation freely comes to thee.

"Thou dreamst of coming up to terms,
Come down into my saving arms ;
Down, down, and get a pardon free,
On terms already wrought by me.

"'Tis I, says one, 'bove all my race
Am debtor chief to glorious grace ;
Nay, says another, hark I trow,
I'm more obliged to grace than thou.

"Stay, says a third, I deepest share
In owing praise beyond compare,
The chief of sinners, you'll allow,
Must be the chief of singers now."

It will be seen that James Steuart was brought up in an atmosphere well calculated to sharpen an intellect naturally acute, and which although intensely religious, was yet fitted to cultivate a tendency, originally strong, towards a combative and captious disposition. He was, in short, a thorough Paip—a regular chip of the old block; and he early chose a craft which

required not only great intelligence and skill, but a knowledge of mathematics. Latin, he also learned at the parish school ; a fellow-scholar, we read with some amusement, a collier's son, a young hereditary slave having given great offence by certain lampoons written in that ancient tongue. He also wrote an exquisite Italian hand, flexible and yet firm, specimens of which are still in existence. One of these letters, curtly addressed to an unknown person, who is designated "Sir," I give (it being short) as an example of the terse and somewhat ironical style of this member of the Papal family ; and also as shewing how excellent an education had been bestowed upon the young millwright, in days in which many gentlemen of birth, and nearly all ladies of the same rank, wrote and spelled no better than the poorest men and women of the present time. The letter, which bears the date 3rd May 1785, is as follows—"Regarding the misunderstanding begun and carried on betwixt us by lies and false Reports, we are not to expect a Miracle to be wrought to cast out that Evill spirit, but are to be in the use of means appointed for that purpose. This you have always refused to do. Also when these lies began, they were always referred by you to the Last Judgment, but if we refer all to that Day—some of us will be kept from certain Valuable Privileges, which we are entitled to as men and as Christians. If you cannot comply with my reasonable demands, there must be other means taken, which we cannot expect to be honourable to both parties. You'll please let me know by your answer to me what you mean to do in this matter, and immediately, for time is Precious."

I have gone over some of the influences which helped to make James Steuart the strong man he afterwards became, but there was another, not the least important, the old smiddy on the hill-top, the nearest house to Wanrighead, that home of mingled blackness and fire, of flying sparks and clinking

iron, which working on the boy's imagination, changed the descendant of six generations of portioners, and made of him an engineer. It was to the neighbouring smiddy, that on wet and stormy days, James made his way. There were ash trees about it, and a garden to the south, with a hawthorn hedge. Outside, there was a stone stair leading up to the west gable, a red-tiled roof—and round and round, the most magnificent views imaginable.

After he learned to delight in the stern warfare between fire and iron, young James found something wanting in his playground, the forest—there was nothing there worthy of the name of running water. It was poor sport damming up the ditches, which in fine weather were altogether dry ; and with all his work, there were many days on which the boy's mimic mill-wheels stood entirely idle. Then old Walter would tell his grandson of the Tay and the Allan, till James was familiar with every pool of the river the old man used to wade in as a boy, and could have found his way through every room of the changehouse, with its thatched roof and white-washed walls. It would be no surprise for me to learn that even in boyhood, the young Paip had made up his mind that his future home should be Brigend, beside the Allan. Had it not been so the lad might surely have found employment in Culross, the great centre of the girdle-making trade, or in Kincardine, now emerging from its former miserable poverty by the honourable way of ship-building—thanks to the “Black demented Union.”

Young James Steuart, after he sought and obtained that testificate from the Kirk Session of Culross, removed to the borders of the Carse of Stirling: partly from business reasons, partly from the attraction of a neighbourhood so romantic and interesting, and partly from love of the old home. Partly also, I believe, that he might have the privilege of attending the preaching of Mr Ebenezer

Erskine ; and this perhaps, was the most powerful motive of all, for Mr Ebenezer, now Minister of Stirling, was the hero of the Steuarts, the champion of all that they held dearest.

In May 1729, Professor Simson had again been accused, this time of a heresy very closely resembling Socinianism, and had been gently rebuked by the Moderate majority, who thereafter turned to the more congenial work of stamping out Evangelicalism, by means of their powerful weapon—Patronage. It mattered not that the Act of Queen Anne, which restored Patronage, had done so in violation of the Articles of the Union ; it mattered not that unpopular, and sometimes unworthy men were actually thrust into pulpits by the aid of soldiers ; it mattered not that the Assembly was deluged by petitions from Presbyteries and Kirk Sessions all over the country. The Moderates had a simple way of dealing with such canting hypocrisy—they passed a tyrannical Act of Assembly absolutely forbidding all such petitions and protests to be read, or even in any way recorded. The Church of Scotland, as represented by the Moderates, was simply an infallible body, whose doings were not to be called in question by any mere men. This state of things must be borne in mind when we come to consider, what at this day seems to us, in happier times, the very lamentable behaviour of the Seceders in this frightful religious quarrel ; for nothing so embitters even the best of men as the impossibility of obtaining a fair hearing.

On the 16th of May 1732, shortly before James Steuart followed his hero to the neighbourhood of Stirling, the majestic figure of Ebenezer Erskine arose in the General Assembly, and in his usual impressive tones he thus spoke —“ Moderator, I find by the reading of the minutes, that the Dissent that was entered yesterday by some members of Assembly was not marked. I crave that it may be

marked, this being a privilege common in every country. Moderator, I consider this Act of Assembly to be without warrant from the word of God, and inconsistent with the acts and constitution of this Church since our Reformation. . . . I insist that my dissent be marked in the Records of this Assembly."

In vain did Mr Ebenezer speak. The Assembly absolutely refused his request. Burning with indignation, the Minister of Stirling hurried home, and on the following Sunday, having given out his text—"And the government shall be upon his shoulders," he proceeded to expose the high-handed tyranny of the Moderates in a sermon, the fame of which flew over the whole country like wild-fire.

Am I wrong in supposing that from the moment that young James heard the sound of Mr Ebenezer's war trumpet, his mind was made up? I think not. Three months after that great sermon was preached, the ardent young millwright was settled in Lawhead, situated it is true, in the parish of Lecropt, but within a few minutes' walk of his great-grandfather's old house at the brig. The windows of Lawhead looked southward, and in his leisure moments, James could feast his eyes on Stirling, which lay across the plain. There stood the old Castle, the home of his ancestors the kings, and a little way down the long ridge, rose a church spire—the spire of that champion of the truth, Mr Ebenezer Erskine.

Could James Steuart revisit Lawhead, what amazement, what terror indeed would fill his heart. Where the familiar house and workshop stood, he would find an inexplicable glass-roofed building, open at each end to every wind of heaven, in the midst of which run double rows of iron rails, strangely riveted to a level roadway, curving through the kailyard and garden. As he gazed in stupefaction north and south, the earth would suddenly shake with approaching

thunder, and recoiling in horror to the spot on which his own anvil once stood, the millwright of the past would behold the flying entrance and exit of an express train ; the stupidest third-class passenger in which, could tell him something about the Forth Bridge, little calculated to restore him to calmness.

The Intelligent Reader has rightly guessed. Lawhead occupied the site now covered by the station of Bridge of Allan.

Let not, however, the engineer of the present day look down upon his predecessor of 1732, for if his science has advanced with gigantic strides since those old times, in some respects, to use a modern phrase, James Steuart was more truly an all-round man than any of his successors. As Richard Jeffries says—"I cannot help regretting that the country millwright with his skill, his fine thought, his sense of just proportion, no longer exists. He was a master of his craft, and the mind he put into it made him an artist. Of all workers, he employed the greatest number of tools. There seemed no end to his chisels and augers, some of the latter of immense size." Jeffries writes of later days. In 1732, long before the opening of large ironworks, the social position of the millwright ranked very much higher ; he was indeed the only engineer in the country, and his work was of the most important description.

Such a man, intelligent, well-educated, skilful and enterprising, was James Steuart ; and in the years on which he now entered, his life was full of eager interest, penetrated by the unselfish joy of patriotism. For his beloved native land was awaking from her long dark night of poverty and oppression. The Highlands had been opened up by excellent military roads, and everywhere manufactures on a scale hitherto unthought of were springing into existence. Not to speak of corn-mills, there was now on both sides of

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the Ochils, a constant demand for waulk-mills, in which the woollen cloth woven at home by the weavers was brought to be beaten thick and firm by great wooden hammers. Many a time, as James Steuart rode to and fro among the green hills, on business connected with the building of mills, scanning with practised eye the clear streams, his thoughts went back to the patient poverty of his early home. His own life was certainly happier, in so far as activity and prosperity bring happiness. It was all so supremely interesting too—a knock any day at the door of Lawhead meant the visit of a miller, and this visit meant a workshop full of busy hands, some hammering the red-hot iron, some planing and sawing sweet-scented wood—meant also great, growing ghosts of mill-wheels, rows ever lengthening of gigantic wooden hammers, and shining piles of new iron machinery.

When all was finished, there was great joy. A company of the miller's friends arrived at day-break to give him what they called a rake. Each brought a tumbler, that is to say, a species of rude cart, having solid wooden wheels, like a child's toy of our day; and the anxious-minded millwright knew no peace till his precious machinery was conveyed to its destination, often long miles from Lawhead. For in the neighbourhood of the Carse, the roads were still atrocious, being only mended when quite impassable, with river gravel brought from a distance in sacks, carried by horses. Imagine the misery of a Paip, who was also a skilled craftsman, who for months had thrown his whole soul into his work—imagine his misery during such a journey, over such roads, and with vehicles so suggestively named. Better days, however, were in store for the distracted millwright, for Mr Ramsay tells us—"As early as the year 1735, William Stirling, merchant in Dunblane had a cart with proper wheels for transporting goods. And a short time after, James Henderson of Airthrey got another, which was much wondered at

in the parish of Logie ;” and although James Steuart could not be on speaking terms with the friend of Archibald Ogilvy, I have no doubt he looked with the most intense interest on his wonderful new cart.

For James Steuart (the Paip was his name in all the countryside) had not in the very least forgiven Archibald Ogilvy ; and for him, Brigend possessed an uncanny fascination. There rises before us the vision of a keen face gazing down with a strange expression from the brig upon the changehouse ; a sight sinister and disconcerting at first for Archibald Ogilvy, that man of peace, unconscious of any wrong-doing. For thirty years however, he had gone in and out of Brigend, liked and respected by the Hendersons, the Campbells, the Wilsons, and the Kers—so after all, why should he fash himself for any glowering Paip on the auld brig ?

Archibald was now in his sixtieth year and Katherine a portly dame past her prime. As sometimes happens in the history of a family, the Ogilvys had again been called to pass through trial, and again to experience consolation, in a manner which caused an old wound to bleed afresh. Six years after they buried the two children, and found comfort in a new-born infant, they lost their daughter Janet, at the interesting age of twelve, and once more a few weeks later, there was sent to soften their grief, another daughter, Katherine, the youngest of the family. This child was baptized, not by Mr Douglas, but by his successor, Mr Duchal, regarding whom, curious details have come down to the present day—“He was a west country man, a good and holy pastor, his manner being striking and pathetic, yet so nervous and diffident he was that he seldom preached without shaking and perspiring greatly.”

When therefore James, the millwright, used to stand about the brig dreamily gazing at the Paip’s Linn, he not infre-

quently, in those days, met the unconcerned stare of a fair-haired little girl, the youngest of a group of children, who threw stones into the river, and navigated rafts thereon, exactly as the Steuarts used to do, close upon a hundred years before. He heard them calling each other by name in their games, and knew that the Little Lass was Katherine, and that Patrick was the next in age. Christian was the girl about five years older than the Little Lass, whilst the two big lads were William and Patrick. Margaret and James were already married.

As a parishioner of Lecropt, James Steuart ought by rights to have attended the church of Mr Stark, the parish Minister, but he, of course, never thought of such a thing—Mr Stark being one of those who had been forced upon an unwilling people. “The Minister of Lecropt,” says Mr Ramsay, “though a worthy man was not liked by his congregation.” The same writer then goes on to give some curious details of the strangely inconsistent conduct of the Black Colonel, in connection with the settlement at Lecropt. “Colonel Erskine, although the patron of a number of churches, never exercised his right; yet at the request of the Keir family, he exerted himself strenuously for Mr Stark, to whom the parishioners were violently opposed. One of the ministers wishing to tease the Colonel, asked him how they could settle a man whom his friends the Christian people opposed so strongly. To which he answered very angrily—‘Christian rascals!’”

It will be seen that even had James not been such an admirer of Mr Ebenezer, there was nothing to attract him in Lecropt; nor had Mr Stark, at variance with his Session, the power of compelling the attendance of his unwilling parishioners. The millwright was therefore a free man, and as such, he was at liberty, when Sunday came round, to wend his way across Corntoune, and over the classic bridge of

Stirling to the kirk of Mr Erskine ; and as he went, he fell in with numerous little bands of wayfarers, who since early dawn had been tramping along on the same pilgrimage. They were all in a state of ferment, each recurring Sabbath being for them a day of glorious strife and battle. A month after Mr Ebenezer's celebrated sermon against the action of the Assembly of 1732, he had ridden north, his people were aware, to act in his turn as Moderator of the Synod of Perth and Stirling ; and the sermon which he preached on that occasion fully justified the expectations of his attached congregation, for as we are told by his biographer—" Mr Erskine expressed himself with great freedom against the growing defections in doctrine and government ; and in particular against the law of Patronage, and the Act of the preceding Assembly. . . . These faithful remonstrances could not be endured. . . . Three days were spent in keen debate ; and at last, when several of Mr Erskine's friends, overcome with fatigue had withdrawn, the Synod, by a majority of not more than six voices decided that he was censurable for some indecorous expressions in his sermon. . . . Against this deed, Mr Alexander Moncrieff of Abernethy immediately entered a dissent, which was adhered to by twelve ministers. . . . Yet the Synod proceeded in the cause, agreed to rebuke Mr Ebenezer Erskine, and at the same time appointed the Presbytery of Stirling to enquire anent his after behaviour at their privy censure and to report to the next Synod."

And now, Mr Ebenezer found himself closely watched ; every member of his own Presbytery being thus constituted a detective against him. He could neither move nor speak with any freedom—a state of things most galling to a man naturally proud and imperious. At the next meeting of Synod, which took place at Stirling in April 1733, it is not surprising that "the accused minister could not be prevailed to express regret for his public remonstrance against the

acts of the Assembly." A petition signed by fifteen Elders of the Kirk Session of Stirling was laid before the Court, humbly beseeching that the sentence passed against their Minister might be reversed; but according to the high-handed policy of Mr Ebenezer's opponents, the Synod refused even to read it. These circumstances—the watching and spying, and the arrogant and tyrannical refusal to accept the petition of the Elders must also be borne in mind, when later we find ourselves wishing that so excellent a man had acted differently.

In a fever of excitement, the people in the neighbourhood of Stirling awaited the next meeting of Assembly, and calmness was certainly not restored when it was known how matters had gone in Edinburgh. The Assembly by a majority of votes, "found the expressions vented by Mr Ebenezer Erskine to be offensive"; and thereafter, rebuked and admonished the Minister of Stirling at the bar. According to the usual custom in such cases, a protest was handed in, to which three Ministers, Mr Wilson, Mr Moncrieff, and Mr Fisher had added a written adherence. This document would have been passed over with the utmost disdain, had not a choleric member of Assembly chanced later in the day to lift it from the floor, to which it had fallen. After perusing the petition with a darkening countenance, this individual had exclaimed—"Moderator, I must draw the attention of the house to an insufferable insult done to its authority."

And so at last, a protest of Mr Ebenezer obtained a hearing, with the result that he and his three friends were ordered to express sorrow and repentance before a Commission to be held in August; and in the event of a refusal, all four Ministers were to be suspended from the ministry.

During the three months which followed, nothing was spoken of in the whole countryside but the case of Mr

Ebenezer. Petitions were prepared in his favour by his Kirk Session and by the Magistrates of Stirling, as well as by the Presbytery of which he was a member. All was in vain ; the Commission suspended the four protesting brethren, whilst the same court, meeting again in November, passed a sentence still more severe —“losing their relation to their charges, declaring their churches vacant, and prohibiting all ministers of the Church of Scotland to employ them in any capacity.”

Almost immediately afterwards, the celebrated meeting took place at Gairney Bridge, when after a day spent in prayer, the four Brethren constituted themselves into a Presbytery under the leadership of Ebenezer Erskine.

In consequence of an action so decisive, we should expect to hear that the large congregation in Stirling would begin to meet in the open air, or would at once engage in the erection of some suitable shelter—but, strange to say, nothing of the sort was done. In 1733, the Secession took place—and yet it did not take place. For about six years longer, James Steuart was to cross the Carse and was to worship as a member of the Established Church ; whilst for a period nearly as long, Archibald Ogilvy and his family were to wend their way as usual to Logie Kirk. And yet, although the severance was not quite complete, those six years and many, many following years were to be as full as they could possibly be of wrangling and jangling, and of strife and contention. Families were to be rent asunder, ancient bigotries were to be revived ; and the very best of men, whose hearts were full of zeal for the Gospel, were too often entirely to mistake the very first principles of the teaching of the New Testament.

It would appear that the Church of Scotland was somewhat startled by its own temerity in thrusting out the four Ministers, for in 1734 the Evangelicals were able to exercise

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a certain influence, and "the Assembly of that year discovered a conciliatory spirit. Besides rescinding the two Acts offensive to the four Brethren, both of which were declared to be no longer binding rules in this Church, they passed an Act authorising the Synod of Perth and Stirling, without pronouncing any judgment on the legality of the former proceedings of the Church courts in relation to this affair, to restore the four Brethren to communion and to their respective charges."

Now, this was an extraordinary concession. It will be seen that the Moderates, who had throughout acted in a tyrannical and high-handed manner, expressed no regret for their past conduct. Still, their present action confessed that they had been in the wrong, the triumph was all on the side of the Four Brethren; and it is impossible to avoid asking the question whether Ebenezer Erskine did not in 1734 miss a great opportunity, and show himself deficient in magnanimity. Ought he not to have in a spirit of Christian meekness consented to re-enter the Church of Scotland, even although it might afterwards have been necessary to leave her again? If he did wrong at this particular time (for good men, as well as bad, sow the wind and reap the whirlwind), he and the branch of Christ's Church which he founded certainly suffered for it in the future.

Already the state of things was terrible. Archibald Ogilvy, peace-loving though he might be, was drawn into the fray, and the family difference of opinion had already begun, which was afterwards to end in his being disinherited. It is impossible not to feel a certain sympathy with the two Jacobite Ladies of Dunblane at this trying juncture. The two spinsters, Mistress Margaret, aged in 1734, sixty-two, and Mistress Agnes, aged fifty-seven, knew no other world but the sleepy, little Cathedral town; and with increasing years their numerous prejudices and opinions had taken very

definite shape. I like to think that the two Jacobite ladies lived on in the home of their childhood, in one of the pink houses on the brae above the Allan, to which their father, James Ogilvy, took his bride, Jonatt Buchan, in the year 1670. They did so, I feel sure, and they undoubtedly belonged to the good society of the town, the members of which heard a great deal of the first Earl of Airlie, and of the glories of the ancestral House. The Jacobite ladies were also passionately attached to the memory of the saintly Bishop Leighton, by whom they had been baptized, and were staunch adherents of Mr Robert Douglas, the Episcopal Minister of Dunblane, "a pious, primitive man," Mr Ramsay tells us, "almost as ascetic as Leighton, whom he resembled in manner and disposition, though not in parts, and who preached for many years to a small congregation, from whom he would take no stipend, saying he had enough of his own." In a word, it is not difficult to call up the shades of those two genteel spinsters of long ago, with their talk of Lords and Bishops, and their constant reference to "my brother Archibald" and "my brother Archibald's family." We can seat ourselves in their parlour, shaded by the trees of the Bishop's deserted garden, with its corner cupboards full of the old Ogilvy china, and the two spinning-wheels against the wall. Unseen we watch Mistress Margaret and Mistress Agnes greeting with ceremonious curtsies Mr Robert Douglas and a few other Jacobite ladies and gentlemen, and we shall tell no tales, if before they part, they all pass their wine-glasses over the carafe, and reverently drink to the health of the King over the Water.

What, I ask the Gentle Reader to consider, was the indignation of these ladies when they learned that the Minister of Stirling had refused the offer of the General Assembly; that this haughty descendant of the Earls of Mar actually required that before he re-entered the Church his fellow-Ministers

should humbly confess that all their past conduct towards himself had been sinful and iniquitous (iniquious, Mr Ebenezer spelled the word), . . . "Archibald," I hear them exclaim passionately, "Archibald, the patience of Job could hardly endure the insolence of Mr Ebenezer."

To which their brother replied, although in homelier phrase—

"Mr Ebenezer's unquestionable integrity is graced by the fortitude and dignity with which he has maintained his cause."

The discussion was renewed at each meeting, and waxed hotter and hotter.

"Mr Ebenezer," the sisters affirmed, "is no orator. His pulpit eloquence is suited to the taste of his ignorant admirers, who love to hear him hunt a metaphor through all its mazes, and inveigh against the Defections of the times. The loudness and harshness of his tones accord well with his inflammatory topics, and make a deep impression upon the lower classes, who regard him as the champion of their rights and privileges. His pulpit performances are as ridiculous as the interludes of the Middle Ages, which in spite of their absurdity, delighted the multitude beyond measure."

"He has a strong but pleasant voice," replied Archibald hotly. "His eloquence is easy and natural. His address, far removed from everything austere, is at once grave, alluring and impressive. His whole demeanour in the pulpit, in short, is characterised by a singular dignity, well suited to the important message he announces. His numerous admirers can hardly speak without rapture of his noble and dignified appearance. As Mr Adam Gibb said to Mr Robert Campbell, if you have never heard Mr Erskine preach, you have never heard the Gospel in its majesty."

"We have no doubt, Archibald," was the impatient reply of the two Jacobite ladies, "Mr Ebenezer's blunt

rustic manners do not hurt him in the esteem of the people, as they are at present much prepossessed against polished ministers. Now, the Bishop——”

“Blunt rustic manners!” retorted Archibald, springing to his feet, “Polished ministers, forsooth! Bishops indeed! —By his grandfather, Mr Ralph Erskine of Shielfield, Mr Ebenezer stands related to the ancient house of Mar, whose origin is lost in antiquity.”

As the Quick-witted Reader has already perceived, I have amused myself by putting into the mouths of the brother and sisters a few highly contradictory opinions regarding Mr Ebenezer, drawn from certain authorities, consulted in the course of these researches. To the Reader, however, I leave the task of breaking down these pompous periods into the homely Scottish tongue, and of garnishing the remarks on both sides with a goodly number of the strong and uncomplimentary expressions, in which our racy vernacular is so rich.

And yet, in spite of all Archibald’s warm sympathy with the principles of Mr Ebenezer, he and his family still continued to attend the parish Church of Logie, where at intervals a little Glen of Bridge of Tullibody, or a child of James Ogilvy and Christian Donaldson of Bridge of Allan, was duly brought for baptism. The fact is, Mr Duchel, good nervous man, “was confessedly the ablest and most excellent pastor in the Presbytery of Dunblane in those days. The soundness of his doctrine could only be equalled by his love for his people; whilst the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian, were conspicuous in his actions and language.”

Mr Duchel, who was a man of peace, resolved at this crisis to do his duty as a Minister as usual, and to avoid in his dealings with his flock all discussion on vexed subjects. Poor man, he meant well, but in his case, silence, usually esteemed the highest wisdom, led to unforeseen results. From the point of view of his congregation it was perhaps irritat-

ing when the whole countryside was convulsed over the last intrusion case, and Mr Duchel came a-visiting, to find the Minister inquiring nervously for the health of every man, woman and child; yea, of every horse and cow in the farm-town, and yet completely silent on the Defections of the day. And again in September 1736, when everyone in Logie parish was half mad about the legality or illegality of complying with the King's order to read in all the churches in the country the Act anent the murderers of Captain Porteous in Edinburgh, how strange and annoying it was that Mr Duchel's one anxiety seemed to be concerning the weather and the harvest. In these troubled days, when, as Mr Ramsay says, "passion seldom failed to beget passion," it was felt to be highly improper that inside Logie kirk, and Logie manse, there reigned an atmosphere absolutely humdrum and undisturbed. Mr Duchel *would* continue to hammer away as usual about the uninteresting personal sins and weaknesses of his excited people, without even once preaching upon the Defections (always with a capital) which were flooding the land. Archibald Edmond in particular, a bumptious and combative man, glowering angrily in his corner, felt this conduct of the Minister most keenly, and would declare in the kirkyard that some day he would make Mr Duchel speak his mind. Before long it was admitted that Archibald Edmond was the coming man in Logie parish, and that hard after him there followed these three—Robert Duncanson, John Hendrie, and John Crawford.

Of a Sunday afternoon, those earnest souls would sometimes step across the Carse to Stirling, and listening with glowing hearts to the fervid words of Mr Ebenezer, would forget the insipidity of Mr Duchel's morning discourse. People were beginning to dare to wander from their own church occasionally; and as the little group of portioners in their tartan cloaks went over the plain, and through the

narrow, rough-paved streets of Stirling, they fell in with men and women from thirteen different parishes, all of them with serious faces, all of them talking eagerly and earnestly. Some of them had been walking since before day-break ; many of them had come twenty miles to hear Mr Ebenezer. As we join them, scraps of their conversation reach our ears—the intrusion at St Ninians—the intrusion at Denny—the intrusion at Portmoak—the intrusion at Muckart—Mr Ebenezer—Mr Ralph—and above all, and continually, the comprehensive word Defections. And indeed, these men and women could hardly speak too severely of the class of Ministers, who all over the country, were being thrust upon the unwilling people of Scotland by the Moderates ; one of whom, a Professor, had just published a pamphlet entitled “The Apostles no Enthusiasts.” Let a modern writer tell us from what sort of ministrations, those weary pedestrians had escaped when they travelled to Stirling to hear Mr Ebenezer Erskine—“This handsome, idle young minister found small amusement in his parish, and sought it eagerly elsewhere. He did nothing but the compulsory duties of marrying, baptising and preaching. Twice each Sunday he had preached—vain repetitions that fell from careless lips upon deaf ears. The sick died with scant prayers to ease their going ; the funerals were hurried often ; the baptisms delayed. . . . His parish and its people were to him a bugbear and a bondage, to be forgotten as best might be, and he joined himself to pleasure gaily. He was not strictly speaking a sober man. . . . But souls from the parish appeared before God none the less, and gave in the account of things done in the body, without reference to the aids of the Church.”

No wonder that the people of such parishes rose long before dawn, and walked till they were weary, to hear the sermons of Mr Ebenezer ; and no wonder that the preacher's

heart burned within him, as he passionately denounced the sin and shame of the Church of Scotland, when, by the help of soldiers, she thrust such men into many of her pulpits.

But Mr Duchel of Logie! I hear the Fair-minded Reader exclaim; and indeed his, I must confess, was a hard case. For years he had laboured amongst a people whom he truly loved. His doctrine was as sound, his life was as pure, as the doctrine and life of Mr Ebenezer himself, and yet Mr Duchel knew that the feelings of his parishioners were changed towards him. Poor, gentle Mr Duchel had a vein of passion in him too, and in those days, could hardly bear to go into Stirling for fear of encountering a majestic, clerical figure, striding like a soldier down the crown of the causeway—the figure of that intolerable Mr Ebenezer Erskine, who demanded that the General Assembly should depose all the men who had obtained a living through Patronage, before he, forsooth, would condescend to return to the bosom of the Church.

Time passed on, and the souls of Archibald Edmond and his friends became more and more troubled, for so far as they could see, their Minister seemed perfectly unaware of the existence in the land, of any such thing as Defection. In the beginning of the year 1738, it was noised abroad that at last, Archibald Edmond was going to force the Minister to speak. The worthy man's evenings were spent in writing, in correcting, in tearing up, and in re-writing. Questioned as to the meaning of so much penmanship, Archibald replied that he was "engaged in drawing up a paper for the help of his memory, as subject of private communing with his minister, relating to the public Defections, and any share he judged the minister had therein, with a declared design, mentioned in the said paper, to pave the way to his continuing to join his ministry with greater freedom and edification."

The said paper being at length completed, Archibald Edmond, one winter evening, presented himself at the manse door. Mr Duchel no doubt received him with decent cordiality; but after a brief and half-hearted conversation on the state of the weather, the visitor suddenly produced from his pocket the document, which had of late engaged so much of his attention, and clearing his throat began alternately to read, and to declaim. The result of Archibald's reading and speechifying was deplorable—"The minister, instead of endeavouring to instruct or gain his parishioner with a spirit of meekness by friendly communing, upon his reading the said paper, falls out into a passion . . . and carries the said paper before the Session."

Unhappy Mr Patrick Duchel—the very misery he had so carefully guarded against had found him out at his own fire-side; and now farewell to peace. On that wretched evening, the Minister must have experienced a veritable Turkish bath.

And now, the parish of Logie, and very soon the Presbytery of Dunblane, were in a blaze; and all men and women in the countryside had to range themselves in ranks, as the defenders either of Archibald Edmond or of the Minister. Archibald Ogilvy sided with his namesake, whose attempt, no doubt well-meant, to learn in a crisis of the history of his Church, the opinion of his Minister, was of course treated by the Session and the higher court as the most atrocious crime. High-handed tyranny all round—such was the only policy of that day. The said Archibald was promptly excommunicated; his sentence being read from the pulpit of Logie church on a Sunday. It is not wonderful that the unlucky man, whose child was to remain unbaptized until he repented, "judging himself injured . . . applied to the Associate Presbytery . . . who finding that the man had a good title to represent unto his minister what was aggrieving

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unto him . . . did therefore relax the man from the said censure, and appointed Mr Erskine to baptize the said child, . . . which was done, in the church of Stirling, upon the 10th day of August last, or one or other of the days of that month."

It was on the 27th of August, I rather think, that the said child was baptized; on which occasion, Archibald Ogilvy and all his family were present. "At Sterling," we read in the Register House of Edinburgh—"At Sterling, 27th August 1738, baptized Katherine, daughter to James Ogilvy and Christian Donaldson at Bridge of Allan, in presence of the congregation. Mr Ebenezer Erskine, minister." . . . And again, "At Sterling, 27th August 1738, baptized Katherine, daughter to Thomas Glen and Margaret Ogilvy at Bridge of Tullibody."

It was on Monday 28th of August 1738, I think, that Mistress Margaret and Mistress Agnes of Dunblane altered their wills.

Both parties in the great family quarrel had, I doubt not, much to say for themselves. Archibald could most solemnly declare that his decision in this matter had been the result of much earnest prayer, and of deliberate consideration. The Seceders, it was clear to him, were the true descendants of the Covenanters, nay of the Reformers and of the martyrs. It was the Moderates who had seceded from the purity of Presbyterianism; whilst equally guilty were the Evangelicals—dumb dogs that would not bark.

Thus far Archibald Ogilvy—and now what said his good sisters; who (considering that, they being Jacobites and Episcopalians, the great quarrel ought to have been beneath their notice) threw themselves, with a truly Catholic sympathy into the strife which culminated at their very door, in the Presbyterian city of Dunblane? What said Mistress Margaret and Mistress Agnes? They also solemnly asserted

that their decision in this matter had been the result of much earnest prayer, and of deliberate consideration. And furthermore, they indignantly declared (I here resume the ingenious device, to which I have already confessed), "that nothing could exceed the perverse industry with which the Seceding ministers sowed their tares. To their former congregations, they seemed to have some claim; and had they confined their attempts to the flocks of the unpopular clergy, none needed to have been surprised. But they were at equal pains to make divisions in parishes where there was not the smallest reason to find fault with the incumbents, who were precise, orthodox, useful men."

Thus were loving hearts driven asunder. Sunday after Sunday, Archibald Ogilvy and his wife and children walked over the plain to Stirling, with a goodly band of like-minded persons. In the now-tolerated Episcopal meeting-house in Dunblane meanwhile, his two sisters dropped many salt tears. On long bright afternoons, they sat silently spinning; thinking all the while of their nieces Christian and Katherine, who but for that weary Mr Ebenezer would even then have been filling the dull rooms with girlish talk and laughter—now they would never more cross the threshold of the little pink-washed house.

It may occur to the Intelligent Reader, as it has already occurred to the Intelligent Story-teller—is it not strange that the common interest and enthusiasm of the Secession did not bring about a reconciliation between James Steuart and the Ogilvys? I can only reply that no such change was worked. For one thing, the millwright was one of the Paips of Rome; brought up from childhood in the firm belief that Archibald Ogilvy was a self-interested, self-seeking scoundrel, who had deprived an honest family of its birthright. We know only too well how every conceivable circumstance in life can be twisted to fit in with some such

passionate prejudice. Archibald, it was pointed out to the Paip had nothing to gain, but rather everything to lose by breaking with Mr Duchel and the gentry. The answer came readily—"I know the man. He is playing some deep game, and hopes to advance his interests in some dark way as yet unknown to his neighbours." And when the great Disinheriting took place, and was quoted as a certain proof of Archibald's sincerity, the millwright, with a bitter laugh, made reply—"I know the man. The knave has overreached himself. He stole away that which belonged to better men ; and now he is paid back in his own coin."

And therefore it was that when the Seceders, in all the ardour of first love, walked over the Carse to the West Kirk of Stirling, it was with unconcealed contempt that James Steuart beheld his family of enemies sedately stepping southward toward the castle-crowned city ; exchanging as they went, grave salutations and earnest talk with this or that Kidstoune, or Duncanson, or Edmond. He cordially hated them all, the hypocrites ; down even to the very youngest, who in those days was no longer in the mind of the Paip, the Little Lass, but the Halflin Lass, for Katherine was now fourteen. Had any one whispered in James Steuart's ear, as he stepped proudly along between the novel, newly-planted hedges, hardly yet accustomed to the strange odour of the red clover, just introduced from England—had any one whispered, "My man, there goes the lass that is to be your wife," his reply, uttered with all the vehemence of the Paips, would have been—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing."

Once in church however, the Seceders had no thoughts to spare from the Minister and his message. Thrilling indeed at times were the scenes in the West Kirk of Stirling, for Mr Ebenezer was nothing if not dramatic. Like his kinsman the Black Colonel, who if he burst out in a rage to

remonstrate with the sea-weed burners on the shore at Culross, must needs arm his young grandson, the future Minister, with a sword, and ride out over the few yards of the Sand Haven as if to war—the great Secession Father had a keen eye to effect—and might indeed, have been known to fame as a great tragic actor, had a hundred and fifty little circumstances been other than they were.

What a Sunday, for instance, was that on which James Steuart and the Ogilvys spell-bound watched the culminating scene of the drama of the Five Elders. The Elders in question had objected to some of the Minister's stringent regulations anent admissions to the Communion ; so much so that they absented themselves from several meetings of Session, for which conduct, they had been "gravely and judiciously rebuked." As every mortal did in those days, who did not get everything his own way, they wrote a protest, which being carried to the superior Church courts, the Moderates in their turn, declared that the Five Elders, who had been rebuked, were the *only* Elders of Ebenezer Erskine's church—the other twelve, they ordered *not* to stand beside the "plate" at the door of the West Kirk on Sundays.

On Sunday the 25th February 1739, it was the Five Elders who stood at the plate as the congregation threw in their free-will offerings—I should think they wished that they had not done so, before the day was over—for after the Minister had proceeded for a time as usual with the service, an awful moment came. Mr Ebenezer, drawing himself up to his full height, called aloud with all that stern majesty, for which he was so remarkable—"In the name of God, the Lord of Hosts, I summon the five pretended Elders by name and surname, Henry Christie, William Maben, Robert Banks, Andrew Miller, and Henry Allan, to appear before the judgment seat, to answer for your conduct, by which the comely order of the house of God is disturbed, discipline is broken,

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profanity encouraged, the collections are withheld, and the poor are starved. . . . And I further warn all in the congregation to beware of countenancing these five men as lawful officers in the church, as you would not be partakers in their sin and punishment."

It is not difficult to understand the feelings of the Commission of the Assembly, who viewed the protest against the Five Elders in so odious a light that they made it a special article of libel against Mr Erskine, whose complete severance from the Church was now resolved upon.

It was now war to the knife between the Seceders and the Church of Scotland. For some reason, good Mr Duchel was looked upon by the new sect with special bitterness, and it was felt that in his parish a campaign should forthwith be held. "By the appointment of the Associate Presbytery," writes Mr Ralph Erskine in his diary, in April 1739, "I was present at Logie, where some of the brethren kept a fast." . . . "At Logie," exclaims Mr Ramsay indignantly, "a tent was set up, from which Ebenezer and two of his colleagues held forth for days to a great audience composed of all sects and parties."

Those open-air meetings were a source of great joy to the people for miles around. Seated on the young, spring grass, they listened with rapture to the impassioned discourses of the elder brother; or, with a softer delight, to the curious cadences of Mr Ralph's voice, which, as it rose and fell, mingled harmoniously with the sighing of the wind overhead. The two brothers indeed exercised a most extraordinary influence over those who heard them. . . . "No one knew better than Mr Ebenezer how to bring Christ and the sinner together;" whilst as for Mr Ralph—did he not hold his own people spell-bound, on the evening of one Communion Sunday (the Kail-pat sermon, they called it ever after), until on returning home at midnight, the good-

wives prepared at that untimely hour the afternoon meal?

It must not be supposed that at those great "tent" preachings no thought of earth ever intruded. Even had such a thing been possible, there were pretty frequent intervals, during which strict young men of the most earnest Secession principles might, with perfect propriety, steal an occasional glance at the maidens, wrapped in their tartan plaids. But the millwright's blue eyes, if they fell upon the maidens at all, did so in a frank and friendly manner, which meant nothing in the world; a fact now beginning to irritate the matchmakers of the countryside. In the old days men so invariably married at thirty years of age, that if anyone became a husband some years earlier or later, we may be sure there was something unusual in his circumstances or character. When we find, therefore, that the millwright did not marry till he was thirty-four, we may be sure there was a special reason for a celibacy so prolonged. We shall soon see what were the difficulties which later hindered a marriage on which he had set his heart; and, meantime, there was probably a considerable debt to pay off, for the Steuarts had fallen into such deep poverty that it must have been no easy matter to start the young man in a skilled craft, requiring capital and a great outlay in all manner of delicate tools and instruments.

There was in all likelihood another reason—the Paip intended to bring his bride home in triumph to Brigend, although there seemed, however, in 1739, little hope of that. Archibald Ogilvy had now been the tenant of the changehouse for the long period of thirty-seven years; and with the new proprietor, George Henderson, he lived on the same cordial footing as with his old friend the Executor. It was clear, then, that George Henderson would neither let nor sell Brigend to any foe of Archibald Ogilvy.

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In the course of the thirty-seven years during which Archibald had been the tenant of Brigend some important changes had taken place. Change-keeping was no longer what it had been in the days of old James Steuart; little by little the fashion of entertaining in their own houses was creeping in among the gentry; whilst the Jacobite lairds, of course, held aloof from one who had forgotten the traditions of his family so far as to join the Secession. Fidelity to religious conviction, I can well believe, put the finishing stroke to the good man's declining fortune; and it was probably soon after the Secession that the business of Brigend had so much fallen away that the old house was divided in two. About this time, at all events, we find George Wilson, the godfather of one or two of the Ogilvy children, occupying the east half of the dwelling along with John Wilson, his son, a man destined to play an important part in the events of the next years.

At this time Mr Ralph Erskine was engaged in a very interesting correspondence with Mr George Whitefield, who, attracted by what he heard of the earnest piety of the Seceders, had written first to the Minister of Dunfermline. The correspondence of those two good men, which may be studied in Mr Ralph's "Life," is full of interest, and is, moreover, not to be perused without some inward sense of the comic, being, so to speak, the meeting of Ancient and Modern. In Mr Whitefield we recognize a familiar type of the present day—the English Evangelist, emotional and gushing, with his "*dear* Mr Erskine," his liberal talk of non-essentials, and his warm-hearted desire to co-operate "with *dear* Christian people," in whatever corner of the vineyard they may be found. A strange contrast this from the excellent Seceders, walking steadily backwards, and meditating at this very time a renewed signing of the National Covenant as the only effectual cure for the manifold Defections of the land.

"I hope," wrote Mr Whitefield, "I hope my love will find acceptance with your dear brother and all the Associate Presbytery. I should be glad to sit at their feet and be taught the truth more perfectly." . . . "I am glad," said Mr Ralph in his answer, "that the 'Marrow of Modern Divinity' has been useful to you." . . . "Your sweet criticisms and remarks on my sermons," replied Mr Whitefield, "were exceedingly acceptable and very just. I have but one objection to make—your insisting only on Presbyterian government, exclusive of all other modes of worship. . . . I should be glad to know who are those martyrs to which you refer, and of what nature those Covenants were which you mention."

Who were the martyrs? Of what nature were those Covenants? Oh, that some really great painter would attempt to depict the face of Mr Ralph Erskine as he read, in the manse at Dunfermline, those artless interrogations of that typical ignorant Englishman, Mr George Whitefield.

It was in the unkindly May of the wretched summer of 1740 that the Erskines, and the four or five other Ministers of the Associate Presbytery, were finally deposed by the General Assembly sitting in Edinburgh. The Sunday but one after this event, as the Ogilvys and James Steuart made their way over the Carse, and neared the town, they became aware of an unusual stillness in the air. By order of the magistrates the ringing of the church bells had been forbidden. On arriving at the churchyard they found a tumultuous crowd gathered about the walls, the gates of the burying-ground and the doors of the church being securely fastened. Cries arose of "Force the locks," and there was an ugly rush towards the gate; when the tall, dignified form of the Minister was seen coming over from the manse, in gown and bands, carrying, as the custom then was, the pulpit Bible. At once, in his grand, peremptory way, Mr Ebenezer

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declared that he would permit no violence. The crowd fell back, and gazed silently on the stern, drawn face of their Minister, who, after scanning for a few moments the vast multitude, "lifted up the pulpit Bible, and in a manner awfully solemn and impressive, protested, as in the Divine presence, that he was pursuing the path of duty, and that not he, but his opposers were responsible at the tribunal of God for the events of that day. . . . Thereafter, the people quietly retired to a convenient spot, where public services were held as usual."

Thus, because so many of her Ministers knew not how to preach the Doctrine of Grace, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland was rent in twain. By preaching the Doctrine of Grace may she not again be made one?

The great and good men thus driven from the Church most certainly had their faults, of which Ralph Erskine, at least (a sweet-natured man, if ever there was one) repented very sorrowfully. As he himself specially speaks of his own want of Christian charity towards the Ministers of the Church of Scotland, henceforward considered their "enemies," we need have no hesitation in gently condemning him. That the Seceders regarded the Moderates in that light we can hardly wonder, for the more unworthy of them were the enemies of all good. Their profession was to them no more than the means of making an easy living; and there was but one doctrine in which they truly believed—their own monstrous version of the doctrine of Election. How could the earnest Seceders regard such men as their friends? The sad thing is that those good men made no distinctions—and that the Ministers, as Evangelical as themselves, who remained in the Church of Scotland were also their "enemies." In this want of charity however, the Seceders only followed the fashion of their day, and of their country. The national nerves had been entirely unhinged by the long, cruel years

of persecution, during which they had learned to look upon the Truth as something to be striven for, and contended for, and struggled for—and upon all those who differed from them, as cruel and relentless enemies, which in truth they for the most part were. The faults of those early Seceders were, to a great extent, the faults of their time; for unfortunately the evil which through bad government had poisoned the very blood of the country, like some malignant fever could not be healed, but must increase in violence, and work its own cure by running its course.

Thus we find Mr Ralph Erskine earnestly writing to Mr George Whitefield, and inviting him quite frankly to come to the aid of The Associate Presbytery against her enemies of the Church of Scotland. . . . “Come over to Scotland and help us. Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, for the enemy comes in like a flood. . . . We look to you for building up the fallen tabernacle of David in Scotland. . . . If you would company with us, preach with us, and accept of our advices in your work in this country, it might contribute much to weaken the enemy’s hand, and to strengthen us.” . . . “It will be wrong,” replied Mr Whitefield, “to join in a reformation as to Church government, any further than I have light given me from above. If I am quite neuter in my preaching, I cannot see how it can hinder any design you may have on foot. I love and honour the Associate Presbytery, but let them not be offended if in all things I cannot immediately fall in with them.”

Faint rumours of a hitch in the negotiations may have reached the Carse; but it was not until August 1741, that all the truth was known. It was at that time, that Mr Whitefield, at a conference of the Seceders in Dunfermline let fall this shocking expression—“that as for preaching, he could refuse no call to preach Christ, whoever gave it; were it a Jesuit priest or a Mahometan.”

The next news came as a crushing blow. Mr Whitefield had decided to preach in connection with the Evangelicals of the Church of Scotland, who received him with great joy, not only on account of the good he was likely to do, but also for the sake of clearing themselves from the accusation of lukewarmness and Defection, so freely brought against them by the Seceders. "The Associate Presbytery," wrote Mr Whitefield to a friend in New York, "are so confined that they will not so much as hear me unless I join them. . . . They proposed to discourse and set me right about the matter of Church government, and preaching the Solemn League and Covenant. I replied they might save themselves the trouble, as settling Church government and preaching about the Solemn League and Covenant was not my plan. . . . One in particular said he was much affected ; and dear Mr Erskine desired they would have patience with me, for that having been born in England, I could not be supposed to be acquainted with such matters. . . . I said I had indeed never studied the Covenants, being too busy about other things, as I judged, of more importance. Several replied that every pin of the tabernacle was precious. . . . After some talk, I asked them seriously what they would have me to do . . . and why I was only to preach for them. Mr Ralph Erskine said because they were the Lord's people. I then asked whether there were no other Lord's people but themselves ; and supposing all others were the devil's people, they certainly had more need to be preached to. . . . The end of all this was an open breach. I retired, I wept, I prayed ; and after preaching in the open fields, sat down and dined with them, and then took a final leave."

It was in the following summer, that the great revival took place at Cambuslang. The little village was thronged, and at one celebration of the Lord's Supper, held on the green slopes beside the burn, there were present "two hundred

communicants from Edinburgh, two hundred from Kilmar-nock, two hundred from Irvine, and severals from England and Ireland," besides a very great number of persons from the neighbourhood.

This great work of Mr Whitefield, although very real, was accompanied by numerous cases of a hysterical nature, which would of course, be at once sternly repressed by any modern preacher; but which in those days, were rather supposed to enhance the value of a revival. Had these manifestations occurred in connection with the Associate Presbytery, they would have been hailed with triumph; but as it was, the Seceders were so horrified that they appointed the 4th of August 1742 as a day of solemn fasting and prayer to be held by all their congregations. Let us find our way to Mr Ebenezer's new kirk in Stirling. Here we are in the midst of a very great crowd of most earnest folk, all inwardly joining in the fervent petitions of their Minister, who entreats the Lord not to deal in anger with Scotland "for the countenancing of a priest (he would have been a Minister had he joined with you, Mr Ebenezer)—of a *priest* of the Church of England, who hath sworn the oath of supremacy and abjured the Solemn League and Covenant, nor to suffer to continue the symptoms of delusion attending the present awful work of Satan upon the souls and bodies of men."

Yonder by that pillar stands young Katherine Ogilvy, a lovely girl, half hidden in her tartan plaid; endeavouring most conscientiously to exclude all worldly thoughts, and to follow every word of Mr Erskine's interminable prayer. Katherine, however, is only eighteen, and the task is very difficult—but how is it that James Steuart, a mature man of thirty-two, who might be expected much more than an inexperienced girl, to have grasped the full awfulness of the state of things at Cam'slang; how is it that he stands before us

entirely unaffected? His head, far from being reverently bent towards the floor, is unmistakably turned in the direction of the above-mentioned pillar; whilst his intensely blue eyes are fixed upon the fair face framed in the Ogilvy tartan plaid, with a rapture as intense as if there were no Satan luring men and women to their doom on the Braes of Cam-buslang.

A strange thing has in these days come to pass; and James Steuart is madly in love with his enemy's daughter.

The Reader, well versed in the ways of Cupid, will at once perceive that through the eye only, could James have learned to love the daughter of Archibald Ogilvy. When a man in spite of himself and contrary to all his family traditions, and personal intentions, finds his heart drawn towards a woman, whom he can only know by sight, it must be because that woman's face is very fair. But, besides the general knowledge that only a very pretty girl could suddenly turn the course of a bitter hatred, and take by storm the heart of a strong-willed man, who never had the chance of even speaking to her; I have good reason for believing that Katherine was beautiful with that beauty of form and colouring most likely to catch the eye of a young man—say standing on the brig. Bearing in mind the hint given concerning the fine looks of Katherine's maternal relatives, the Chrystiesones of Dunblane, and also the good looks of most of her own children, I have little difficulty in imagining how she looked at sixteen or seventeen, when first the amazing fact burst upon James Steuart that enemy or not, Archibald Ogilvy's daughter was no longer the Halflin Lass, to be passed almost unseen; but the Bonnie, Bonnie Lass, without whose love he could not live, and whose image haunted him night and day. The two sons of Katherine Ogilvy represented two entirely different types; although both were handsome men. John was a thorough Steuart; *buirldly* in figure, pale-skinned, fine-

featured, with dark hair and "blue, blue eyes." Robert the younger, was altogether of another style, being in age "a portly, florid, fair-haired man." Translate the image called up by these words, from manhood to womanhood, from age to youth—and how pleasantly there smiles upon us the well-grown, fresh-coloured blonde, who stole away the heart of the millwright. Exquisite colouring was the style of beauty found among the Chrystiesones, and a grand-niece of Katherine, who in age resembled a lovely china shepherdess, had a complexion so perfect in youth, that an enamoured swain on one occasion, suddenly rubbed her cheek with his handkerchief, as the best means of settling the vexed question whether or not the beautiful girl was indebted to art. And yet another descendant of one of Katherine's brothers was popularly known as Bonnie Bell from her fineness of feature, and the lovely bloom, which she also preserved to extreme old age.

Such a fair girl, with a colour so dazzling, might well captivate James Steuart as he loitered on the brig. For that gable-window of the corner parlour, afterwards found so convenient by lovers of a later generation, had, I cannot help believing, something to do with this old love-affair. It was a window from which a young lass, if so minded, might say a kind word to a young man on the brig, through the rushing and sounding of the Allan, and nobody be any the wiser. It pleases me indeed to think that this window began the whole matter. Suddenly thrown open on a sweet spring morning, it revealed to James for the first time the Bonnie Lassie of his dreams—for the Halflin Lass of former days had last appeared to him as a tangle of golden hair down below in the garden by the Allan. The climbing fruit-trees on that fair morning circled the end window with tender green leaves and clusters of red and white blossom, which the millwright had been regarding with

the malignant interest of one who would some day wrest the old home from its wrongful owner.

All at once, as I have said, the window flew open, and Katherine in all her fresh young beauty stood startled, in a frame of apple-blossom—to meet with an involuntary burst of laughter, so sudden it all was—the moody stare of her father's enemy.

Many a time afterwards, in the years of waiting, if I am not greatly mistaken, did the lovers throw kind words and looks across that little sounding chasm. He, on his part, commanded the front of the house and the garden below—and if anyone came along—why, he was looking at the Allan; whilst she by a glance, could warn her lover if any blue-bonnet or plaided head was ascending the west side of the steep brig.

These were strange days for James Steuart, in whose life the impossible had come to pass. It was certainly no new thing for him to stand motionless for an hour at a time, in some gaunt mill, half-filled with new iron and wood-work. At such times the workmen, with the best reason in the world, respected their master's privacy. As they well knew, everything now depended on one keen eye, and on one acute brain. A mistake of a hair's breadth, and the strain of the machinery, wrongly adjusted, would wear out its own framework, and the force of falling hammer or turning mill-stone would be worse than wasted. It is no wonder then, that in these days, the millwright should, as many a time before, stand deeply musing in the midst of his new machinery, the fruit of long and hard labour in the workshop of Lawhead. What is singular is, that amid all that rising and falling, and thumping and grinding, only one thing was by him clearly discernible—a sweet, laughing, young face; and that his only whispered observation, after long and earnest scrutiny of the new work was—"That Bonnie, Bonnie Lass."

Part Sixth

An October Evening

BEFORE me stands a water-colour of Brigend, as it once was. The quaint old house, as there represented, stands in the melancholy stillness of an October evening ; its smoke rising straight upwards in the frosty air. Around, the trees are brilliant in the red and yellow tints of autumn, softened to faintness in the fading daylight ; whilst the sunset hues overhead are reflected in the river quietly flowing under the bridge and below the garden wall.

It is on such an evening, in the famous year 1745 (at the very time that Prince Charlie is charming all hearts at Holyroodhouse) that the Gentle Reader is invited by me to enter the corner parlour, in which, as in the picture referred to above, a fine red fire is burning cheerfully. Not that the family in Brigend ever thinks of habitually using the best parlour ; such luxury being indeed unknown amongst even the foremost gentry in the land, who as a rule live snugly in their bedrooms, where they hold all but their formal entertainments. Still, in damp autumn weather, rooms must occasionally be aired and warmed, and for such a purpose, we shall suppose the fire to have been kindled on this particular chilly evening. Brigend no longer lights up, and looks out its best linen and crystal for distinguished travellers. Brigend is no longer a changehouse ; and the passing by of great gentlemen from the north, such as my Lord Airlie with his Highlanders bound for Edinburgh is a mere matter of curiosity. "What wad auld James Steuart hae said to

that?" more than one man questioned of his neighbour, as my lord and his men went clattering past the time-honoured Jacobite howff. Within the best parlour, all is changed. The spindle-shanked black mahogany is gone, and new furniture from Stirling reflects the dancing firelight. On the mantel-piece lies a little brown shell snuff-box with its silver lid; a sacred relic now, it would appear.

The sound of a solitary spinning-wheel whirring somewhere downstairs seems only to intensify the death-like stillness of the house; and Katherine Ogilvy sits motionless at the gable window, watching the endless train of red and yellow leaves, which come swirling down the river from the glen. Only melancholy thoughts are possible on such an evening; and when we come to look more closely at the sweet face, faintly tinged by the sunset glow, we are struck by its expression—an expression of mature experience, of already accomplished joy and sorrow, not to be looked for at the early age of twenty-one. Very seldom, it is true, have a few short years brought to one so young, such intensity of life, such fulness of love, such fulness of suffering as to Katherine. Now—as she pensively watches the emblems of man's frail mortality, so swiftly carried along by the river, so undistinguishable in their multitude—the latter emotion is uppermost. She sees herself, three times within the short space of a year and seven months, looking down from that very room upon the dolorous bearing forth of a coffin across the familiar door-step, through the garden, and round the corner of the lane. She seems to feel the falling of the withered leaves on those new graves by the west wall. Then comes the remembrance of some faint trivial words about the world fast fading from before dim eyes, or of some wan, patient smile on dying lips—a remembrance which, far more than greater things, fills the heart with a rush of sorrow, unbearable if it were not that love even stronger, comes hand

in hand with grief. But if tears fall quickly at the thought of the dead, they fall faster still at the thought of the estrangement of the living; for of all her family, one only now acknowledges Katherine as a sister; and when the last coffin was carried from that house, words were spoken which will haunt her for ever.

It is almost dark when a deeper shadow falling on the window causes Katherine suddenly to start to her feet. A horseman in a tartan riding-cloak has paused on the old familiar spot—it is James her own goodman, who makes up for all. Before the master of Brigend has reached the front door, his young wife, running quickly downstairs, has snatched up her infant from the cradle at old Agnes Dougal's feet, and with smiles, holds her up as a welcome to her father.

Part Seventh

How it all came to Pass ; a Story which takes a little Time to tell

WHEN James Steuart made to Archibald Ogilvy a formal offer for his daughter's hand, I cannot tell, but *how* he did it, I know very well. How does a well-to-do, arrogant, young fellow bid a back-going old scoundrel rejoice and thank his stars that an honest man is willing to marry his daughter, in spite of the drawback of her parentage? In such a manner that the father-in-law elect, and his infuriated sons, with difficulty refrain from violently assaulting the self-satisfied suitor; briefly and strongly assert in his hearing that they would sooner see the girl in her grave, and sternly order the maiden never even to look at her lover again. The Strong-minded Reader may think it mean-spirited on the part of Katherine; but she submitted, being indeed of a gentle and yielding disposition, otherwise the Paip had never fancied her.

The furious anger of James Steuart may well be imagined. At times, he called Katherine a heartless jilt, and declared he could with ease forget her. It was on these days that he quarrelled with everybody, and wrangled in acrimonious tones concerning the vexed question of the signing anew of the Covenant. But one glimpse, as he went whistling over the brig, of a woe-begone face, quickly changed all that; James could have seen with indifference the burning of the Covenant at Stirling cross by the hand of the common

hangman, and his one thought that day was that the old rogue, her father, could not live for ever—that indeed, he was already failing fast.

In the midst of all this tumult of feeling, there came a day, a great and solemn day of fasting and prayer, when on the 28th of December 1743, Mr Ebenezer preached one of his moving and impassioned sermons in the presence of a vast assemblage of Seceders. "It appears to me," he cried—"It appears to me that the place of the begun resurrection of the Covenants should be the town of Stirling, where that faithful witness, Mr James Guthrie, minister of this place was stoned and otherwise maltreated and abused by a malignant party, for his faithful adherence to the covenanted reformation, and who also suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. . . . We do now recognize the lasting obligation of the Covenants, we regard the contempt with which they have been treated during the unhappy reigns of the two Brothers as a heinous provocation to God, and we lament all the sins of the nation as receiving a deeper dye, from the circumstance that they were a violation of the public vows resting on Scotland as a covenanted land." Thereafter all the ministers present, to the number of fifteen, united in acknowledgment of sins and engagement to duties, and subscribed the engagement or bond, in presence of the numerous assemblage.

This scene filled James Steuart with a wild enthusiasm; none the less so that the Seceders were divided amongst themselves as to its propriety; and there arose before his mind's eye, endless battles to be fought with the enemies of the truth. And yet, the millwright's heart was hardly so set upon the upholding of Scotland's Covenant as it should have been; for rather less than a fortnight before, on the 15th of December, there had been a funeral from Brigend

Archibald Ogilvy would trouble him no more. To the impetuous self-will of the Paip, the way to happiness seemed now to be clear; and yet, when next he met Katherine by stealth, away far up the glen, he found with irritation, that things did not go smoothly between them. It was impossible to doubt the love of the broken-hearted girl, and yet, the tears she shed were for the man he hated, whose death filled him with keenest satisfaction. She seemed also, to feel that her father's will was binding still, even when he was in the grave; and how could she ever hope for happiness, she asked, either here, or hereafter, if she forgot those last solemn words of warning? To such agonized questionings, James replied sometimes with anger, sometimes with outbursts of tenderness—finally, as Katherine piteously cried out for time, wailing that her mother too was dying, he unwillingly consented for a brief season to leave her in peace.

Katherine was right; her mother also was about to leave her. Katherine Chrystiesone indeed only survived her husband about two months; then she too was laid to rest in Logie churchyard on the 22nd of February 1744. After the funeral, there naturally took place the serious consideration of the future, in this case specially demanded by the circumstances of three young people, unexpectedly left orphans. Thomas Glen and Margaret Ogilvy had come over from Bridge of Tullibody, and Archibald's three married sons were also present; James, now a grave Seceder in his fortieth year, with his wife Christian Donaldson; John, and Mary Hutchison of Lecroft, whom he had married three years before; and William, accompanied by his wife, Isobel Menteith. In the steady gaze of those eight pairs of eyes, Katherine read her doom. Patrick, James the eldest brother observed gravely, was very young to carry on his father's business; still come

June, if spared, he would be twenty-two, and he was willing to do his best, if only his sisters would stand faithfully by him. Christian, a fragile girl of twenty-four, glanced nervously at her younger sister, and hastily said that at all events, she would do her duty by Patrick. Katherine looked at Christian's delicate face—then thought of her love; and no doubt hesitated. Men and women of all ranks, in those days, expressed themselves with brutal directness of speech; and their particular will was always the Lord's will. The poor girl was threatened, tormented, villified, and her lover's character torn in pieces. She was told that in marrying James Steuart against the express command of her parents, she would commit the most deadly sin against God. Was it not enough that by her wicked and undutiful conduct she had hastened the end of her parents? Would she also kill Christian? Would she ruin Patrick? Would she break all their hearts, and make a public scandal; for if she married that perverse enemy of the whole family, not one of them would ever speak to her again. Little wonder if in the end, the unhappy Katherine gave way, and sobbed out that she too would do her duty by Patrick.

If I know the Paip aright, and I fancy I do, for months he passed his false love on the brig with a stony glare. She, poor young lass, worked hard and tried to forget, but at times, when no one was looking, she leaned over the garden wall and let many a salt tear fall into the kind whispering Allan; and for every tear she shed for her father and mother, she dropped ten for James, who now hated her as much as he had once loved her.

This lasted till the harvest came on, and all the neighbours were drawn out of the hamlet to the yellow corn-fields of the Carse. Then somehow or other, Katherine at the open window amongst the ripe apples, saw love after all in James's

eyes, and their plans were made. For the arrangements of these young folk could not, from the very nature of things, have been long a-making. James knew the gentle creature with whom he had to do, and gave her courage no time to cool. It may well be, that a week before she was his bride, Katherine imagined herself to be the most miserable of women.

As for proclamation of banns and such-like formalities, they were out of the question; as well take the family into confidence at once—and then good-bye to pretty Katherine, for good and all. It was a mad step certainly for a strait-laced Covenanted Seceder to take, but Cupid laughs at many things besides locksmiths; and in those days, the one thought of James Steuart was how best to get hold of one of those enemies of the truth—an Episcopalian clergyman.

How did it all come about? inquires the Sympathetic Reader, with some degree of eagerness, I trust. Dear Reader, would that I could tell you that. Two young men friends were, I know, taken into confidence by the millwright; but certainly a woman *must* have had her finger in a pie so romantic; and I am strongly of opinion that in this most interesting crisis of his life, James Steuart sought the aid of Katherine's Episcopalian relatives at Dunblane. Only some very extraordinary link in the chain of life could have united so closely the Old Jacobite Lady of Dunblane, the survivor of the sisters, of whom stories are still told in Brigend, and the strict Seceder household at Bridge of Allan; and it seems to me that the bond is simply and naturally explained on the supposition that in the hour of their darkest trouble, the lovers turned with the confidence of despair, to the Disinheritors. I can fancy James Steuart seated in the shady parlour, pouring out in short, quick sentences, his anxiety and distress; I can see

the two good ladies, Mistress Margaret, now seventy-two years old, and Mistress Agnes, sixty-seven ; romantic Ogilvys, both of them, their pale cheeks flushed, and their old eyes shining, as they listened to the story of a Seceder's love. Forgetting, for the moment, that young James was a Whig, and worse still, a Whig whose head was full of the mischievous delusions of Mr Ebenezer Erskine, the sentimental old ladies could only feel that before them was a kinsman cruelly crossed in love—a Steuart too ; and when, they asked, with meaning looks, when had a Stuart ever appealed to an Ogilvy in vain ?

So, after this interview, James rode on at break-neck speed round by the back of the Ochils to Perth, where he had another earnest talk with John Reddoch, a young married man, lately come into a good deal of property, owing to the death of his father, Deacon Reddoch. During his short stay in Perth, James, if so minded, had the opportunity of consulting his friend's uncle Patrick Reddoch, the writer ; and whatever may have been the opinion of the lawyer, from John Reddoch himself, the lover met only with warm sympathy, and assurances of help. The next wild ride was across the Ochils, and by the ferry-boat over the Forth to Falkirk ; where from Thomas Turnbull (with whom I am not so well acquainted as with John Reddoch, but who no doubt was a very good fellow in his own way), James received a warm welcome and the promise that he would, without fail, stand by him on "the twenty-seventh, nixto-come."

Late that evening, Bridge of Allan was startled in its early harvest slumber, by the sharp sound of a horse's hoofs. Someone was riding furiously through the hamlet, and over the bridge. Many a one shuddered at the eerie sound, and thought of the de'il ; but only Katherine Ogilvy, who had never slept at all, knew what it meant, and that her James had gone by, with his face pale as death, and his teeth firmly set.

It was on the 27th of September 1744 that Mr Robert Douglas, the apostolic old man of Dunblane, irregularly and secretly married James Steuart and Katherine Ogilvy ; although at a later day, angry men, driven furious by James Steuart's intolerable insolence and pride, wilfully misread the shaky handwriting of a very aged man (the minister of Dunblane Episcopal meeting-house being then over eighty), and declared that they knew no such person as Mr *Peter* Douglas. Let the Gentle Reader amuse himself, as I have done, by writing the two names Robert and Peter indistinctly with a trembling hand, and he will no doubt succeed in making the two names almost identical. It certainly was by an Episcopal clergyman that the lovers were united in matrimony ; there was in 1744 no Secession minister and no parish minister of the name of Douglas in Scotland ; and, moreover, as the marriage was kept a profound secret until the following spring, Katherine's absence from home on the 27th of September had been of short duration, and had excited no suspicion.

It was then in the little Cathedral city on the banks of the Allan that James Steuart and Katherine Ogilvy became man and wife ; and as by this time the Episcopalians of Scotland used the Book of Common Prayer, the very words in which they plighted their troth are known to us. There were only present, I can well believe, the two tremulous old ladies, Mistress Margaret and Mistress Agnes, and the two witnesses, John Reddoch of Perth and Thomas Turnbull of Falkirk. All was very quickly over ; the millwright and his friends went off by the road to Lawhead ; whilst the bride, with many a tear, and yet with a strange joy at her heart, found her way home alone by the side of the Allan. When at last she came to that amphitheatre of lovely, broken hills, amidst which the river flows through green pastures towards the old bridge, Katherine paused and con-

sidered with strange feelings the wonderful thing that had come to pass since she had left yon grey-roofed house by the water-side. Then she slipped off her new gold ring, and wrapping it in her marriage lines, put both together into her bosom.

It must have seemed to Katherine as if Christian and Patrick could read in her face the great secret that she was married; but a visit to Dunblane was to the dwellers in Bridge of Allan an everyday occurrence, not calculated to arouse any suspicions amongst a community who boasted of no merchants of their own, and who must needs go up the river, or over to Stirling, to do all their shopping.

After the 27th of September, life went on as usual at Brigend. Christian went coughing about her work; Katherine's heart ached at the sound, yet she too went bravely about her daily task. The Ogilvy brothers and James Steuart scowled at each other when they met; and, indeed, there were many dark looks exchanged in those days in Bridge of Allan. "Acrimony of speech, sourness of temper, and reluctance to perform good offices"—these melancholy words of the minister of Lecropt describe the condition of the people in the little hamlet in the year 1744. And yet villagers must gossip, and when the adherents of a corrupt Establishment had coldly withdrawn to one end of the brig, and the Seceders, with contemptuous glances, had taken up their stand at the other, both sections of the Christian Church looked down upon Brigend, and fell a-talking of how George Henderson had refused a good offer of James Steuart the millwright, but that it was thought he would sell the change-house to John Wilson. Then they went back upon old stories, recalling the Auld Paip with his pride, his fine manners, and his domineering ways. They counted up the many years Archie Ogilvy, so peaceable and kindly, had lived quietly in the old house by the waterside. They spoke

of the young Paip, disliked by most of them ; he was his great-grandfather over again, they said as they chuckled gleefully over his discomfiture in the matter of Brigend. For George Henderson had sworn a great oath that he would never sell the house to the enemy of his father's friend (and his own), whose first deed would be to turn Archie Ogilvy's children out of doors. . . . Now, however, if John Wilson were to buy, the villagers said, it would make no difference at all. He would bide as heretofore in the eastmost end ; young Patrick and the poor lassies in the westmost.

The next scene in our little drama took place "on the 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand, forty and five, and of the reign of our Sovereign George the Second, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, the eighteenth year." The time indeed is still more minutely specified in the Register House of Edinburgh, it being "between the hours of two and three in the afternoon upon the above day and year."

On the occasion in question, Established Church people and the Seceders no longer maintained their separate positions on the bridge ; but on the contrary, mingling freely, elbowed each other viciously and fought for the best view of the interesting transaction going on below. And indeed a perfect stranger might have stopped to gaze with amazement upon the enormous proportions of "Hugh Pearson of Kippenross, esquire, Baillie in that part," for as Mr Ramsay tells us, "in these days there were three things remarkable for size about Kippenross—viz., the laird, the great plane-tree, and a bottle which was occasionally brought into the room by two men on a barrow." The villagers gazed with deep respect on this huge mountain of a man, for he was not only a landed proprietor of consequence, but one of the hardest drinkers amongst the hard-drinking gentry of the countryside. "Keir having asked a gentleman whom

he met near Calder how Kippenross was, the other answered, 'Very well. He got a christening t'other day at James Russel's; and if he gets a burial or two, it will put him on to Yule!'" Besides Kippenross with his corpulent body, and "honest good-humoured" face, there were present several other persons in the garden of Brigend,—Andrew Willison, the notary public, Mester William Coldstream, schoolmaster in Dunblane (a Master of Arts, as his title proclaims) Harry Christie, chirurgion in the same town, and John Wilson looking rather uncomfortable, and holding in his hand an important-looking document, which the eager spectators above, understood to be "a disposition made and granted in his favour by George Henderson portioner of Airthrey, dated the 14th day of February, instant." In this supposition, the gazers on the bridge were perfectly correct. The principal paper held by John Wilson (for I gather that he and Andrew Willison between them carried several documents), was indeed a disposition by George Henderson, in which were inscribed by Thomas Duthie, writer at Dunblane, "three pages on stamped paper with a marginall note." By this deed "the said George Henderson for the causes therein specified sold and disposed to the said John Wilson . . . All and whole that tenement of land on the east side of the Bridge of Allan bounded betwixt the tenement of Land pertaining to James Henderson, portioner of Airthrey on the east side of the common way leading from the Bridge of Allan to Stirling on the north parts, as also that piece of waste ground lying betwixt the said tenement and water of Allan. . . . Likeways all and whole the yard at the brig of Allan presentlie possessed by the said John Wilson and patrick ogilvy. This yard being bounded by the yard pertaining to Robert Henderson of Blackdub . . . also by a house lately possest by George ffisher, weaver, . . . all within the Barony of Airthrey."

After some little prompting from the notary public, John Wilson was observed by the excited crowd overhead, to hand the above rigmarole to Kippenross; at the same time uttering some words inaudible by reason of the noise of the water of Allan, but which, as it was a fixed formula, all knew to be to this effect that the said John Wilson required the said Kippenross "to set about and perform the duties of his office." Which the enormous laird proceeded at once to do, "by receiving the said disposition into his hands and delivering the same to the notary public to be openly read and published to the witnesses standing by." . . . "Which," said Andrew Willison, on presenting the Sasine underwritten to be registrate at Stirling on the 26th of the month—"Which accordingly I did." The villagers on the bridge watched with intense interest the rapidly moving lips of the notary public, who towards the end of his reading, with positive cruelty, required of Kippenross the performance of a duty of his office, not so easy as the handing of a piece of parchment from one man to another. It was a sight worth looking at, to see the overgrown gentleman stooping three several times to lift a stone, and to scrape up some earth, first from the ground of the tenement, then from the yard or garden, and lastly from the waste piece of land.

Poor Kippenross's "honest good-humoured face" must have been of apoplectic hue by the time that James Steuart crossed the bridge, and looked down with those keen blue eyes of his on the scene below. For it was a very strange circumstance, that although none of the men and women standing on the steep brig that day mentioned such a thing at the time, not one of them ever spoke in after days of the memorable buying and selling of Brigend, without dwelling on that awfu' look James Steuart gi'ed as he gaed yont to Lawhead. To some, it recalled the lightning from the heavens, to others it spoke rather of that dark pool that

slumbers so eerily a little way up the Allan. By most however, the Scriptures were ransacked for a parallel, and here for once, members of the Establishment and Seceders were agreed. It reminded those Biblical students of the look the devil gave when he saw Adam and Eve turned out of Eden. Also of the look of Jacob the Supplanter, and again of the look of Judas Iscariot.

As for me, my personal opinion is that such recollections were purely imaginary, and that the Paip of Rome went over the Water of Allan that February day, with his usual imperturbable expression, whistling softly to himself as he went. It is not the man who possesses a strength of will and a resolution of purpose so positively terrible, who goes about darting lightning glances, or frowning like Judas the Betrayer. I can better believe the other story, that when Katherine, poor gentle girl, saw James Steuart go by that day she turned as pale as a ghost; and left the open door, from which she had been watching the proceedings in the garden. As for Christian and Patrick, the villagers used afterwards to tell with pity, how they stood smiling and nodding kindly congratulations to their old friend John Wilson, as he received the stones and earth from the hands of Kippenross. In those old steadfast days, when tenants lived on for hundreds of years in one house, or on one farm, a change of landlord was a trifling matter, and the young changekeeper and his sister gave no thought to the Whitsunday term.

The affairs of the young people of Brigend must, in these days, have been as exciting to the whole countryside as any three-volumed novel. No sooner was the house sold, than it became known that the Ogilvys had received notice to quit in May. When eagerly questioned, John Wilson, I doubt not, had many plausible things to utter—he was wae to disturb Archie Ogilvy's bairns, but Patrick and the lassies

were young, and the business back-going. They were doing their best, poor things, but it was hardly to be expected—and in short, a man with a family must consider himself as well as others. . . . A more substantial tenant would no doubt be forthcoming.

Patrick stormed and declared he wasna that young; and had the rent ready to boot. Christian wept, and grew thinner and weaker, and Katherine went about working harder than ever, with a scared look, which told of inward torture.

But even this great news was as nothing compared to the rumours, which in the beginning of April began to be whispered about in Bridge of Allan. It was on the seventh day of that pleasant month, that Mr Duchal engaged in prayer in the little Session House at the end of Logie kirk; there being present, Robert Galloway, James Bryce, Henderson of Blackdub and Chrystie of Sheriffmuirlands. "Thereafter one of their number," we are mysteriously told (Blackdub I fancy, the old family friend of the Ogilvys, the son I suppose of the Executor), who had been bursting to tell the great news all the time the minister was praying—"One of their number represented to the Session that James Steuart and Katherine Ogilvy had some time ago made an irregular marriage." A great burst of talk followed this announcement; the worthy Elders of Logie shaking their heads, hoping it might be as the young people said; and yet not without an eager desire that Seceders after all might be caught tripping. Finally, as the Records inform us, "the Session appointed them to be called to compear before them this day se'enight and to produce their marriage lines."

Now, by what earthly power did the Kirk Session of Logie compel James Steuart to appear before them? He as a Seceder, was free from their jurisdiction; and had he been guilty of any moral wrong, it was to Mr Ebenezer and

his Session that he was answerable. As it was, the irregular marriage was perfectly valid, and required no recognition by the Church of Scotland to make it more binding. The millwright might therefore have followed his natural inclination to snap his fingers in the face of Mr Duchal and his Elders, without doing the slightest injury to himself or to Katherine. The temptation was no doubt strong, but James Steuart was a far-seeing, long-headed fellow; like all his race, as prudent as he was romantic. Circumstances might some day occur, in which his children or their descendants might require to give proof of this marriage, and supposing the lines, in the course of years to have perished from off the face of the earth, what would be the dismay of the future inquirer on finding in the parish register no proof that any such union had taken place. Therefore, entirely to suit his own personal convenience, the Paip resolved that he would—not appear before—but as a mere matter of business, wait upon the Kirk Session of Logie; and lest this step should fill the Minister and Elders with unholy triumph, the Seceder determined not to go upon any day of their appointment. Nor, of course, should he take Katherine with him. Most certainly not. There was no scandalous carriage in this affair, no case for Church discipline; and even had it been otherwise, it was to the authority of Mr Ebenezer's Kirk Session that he and Katherine were amenable; not to that of the corrupt and time-serving Establishment, whose very dust they had shaken from their feet. No, his wife Katherine should not stand trembling before the Minister and Session of Logie.

These bold and determined speeches went the round of the parish, kindling in Seceding bosoms a fire of admiration and expectant delight; whilst on hearing the same, the people of the Establishment shook their fists, and confounded the insolence of the Paip of Rome.

On the 24th of April, James Steuart, who had obtained from Katherine the precious lines, walked briskly over to Logie kirk. The Elders had flocked to this meeting in full force, for as the offender had not chosen to be present on the day they had fixed, they had a shrewd guess, from their knowledge of the man, that he would appear on the day they had not fixed — “21st April, 1745,” wrote the clerk hurriedly, “James Stuart having been cited, was called, and compeared”—that was his foolish way of putting it.

The proud-faced Seceder stood erect in the midst of the Kirk Session, his blue eyes freely expressing the contempt and defiance he felt, as they rested on the different Elders, on Robert Galloway and James Bryce, on Alexander Bonar, John Kidston, Thomas Anderson, and the others. Here indeed, to use the language of Mr Ebenezer Erskine, was “one of the Lord’s oppressed heritage groaning under the arbitrary proceedings of the present judicatories.”

James Steuart continuing to look hard at the Elders, they, at length, in their turn, fixed their eyes on good Mr Duchal who, no doubt, “shaking and perspiring greatly,” as his manner was, abruptly “interrogate” of this objectionable young man, “if he was married, and what evidence he could give thereof?” James Steuart, it is written, “answered he was, and shewed marriage lines which declared he was married to Katherine Ogilvy of the Bridge of Allan, on the 27th September 1774, by Mr — Douglas, minister, before John Reddoch in Perth, and Thomas Turnbull in Falkirk.”

The marriage lines went slowly circulating round the little Session house; examined through spectacles, and even upside down, by angry men who would fain have denied that the intolerable Paip of Rome was married at all. One and all, they shook their heads over Mr *Peter* Douglas, minister, for so they all read the name of Bishop Leighton’s successor. And, indeed, if they had not all been well

acquainted with the old man, they might well have done so; if, as I suppose, the excellent man had scrawled with trembling hand the name Robert as follows—the capital with a large head and a defective tail, the second letter in the old style, like an *e*, almost but not quite tied in a knot on the top, the final *t* sprawling on its back, to all appearance a flourish after the letters *er*, with the stroke which should have belonged thereto straggling backwards to the ill-made *b*.

It was a splendid opportunity for *stunckard* conduct all round. The Paip, of course, rejoiced to stand in the midst with sealed lips; whilst the Elders of Logie glared upon the man, who defied the authority of the Church; and professed to doubt if he, James Steuart, were married at all. Meanwhile, the clerk's scraping quill inscribed on the page of the Records, words which were meant to sting, not only this Seceder, but all Seceders, and most of all Mr Ebenezer, who had dared to set up his tent in the parish of Logie. "The Session"—so the clerk wrote, "being somewhat non-plussed whether to sustain the lines or not, because none of them knew anything about the said Mr Douglas, declined to sustain the lines till they took it to their furdur consideration."

When Katherine heard of the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, she was heart-broken; and, indeed, the circumstances of the poor girl might have moved a stone to pity. No doubt they did so move all who came about Brig-end in the weary seven weeks of suspense which followed. Many a goodwife condoled with the weeping Katherine, as with trembling hands she unfolded her marriage lines, and displayed the gold ring her James had put on her finger. They *hoped* it would be all right; and to be sure, it would be a terrible thing if it were not. But who ever heard of a real, right marriage, if the Kirk Session would not sustain the lines? Then Katherine would weep anew,

although she never doubted her husband's honour; and poor Christian would sob till she coughed; and the neighbours sadly shaking their heads, would declare, as they went through the garden, that the poor lassie was dying; this affair of Katherine was killing her; and the Paip had much to answer for.

As for James, it was a drawn battle between him and the Kirk Session; and for all the women's tears in the world for more than a month, neither of them would move an inch. Five weeks, and six weeks, dragged slowly away. One young sister was visibly dying, and the mental torture of the other was so extreme that it would have surprised no one had her reason given way, or had her sufferings been ended in death. The whole countryside cried shame. Then in the seventh week, each side gave way a step—but not before Harry Chrystie, the chirurgian of Dunblane, who as Katherine Chrystie's kinsman, I doubt not, attended the dying girl at Brigend, declared in the strongest of language that James Steuart and the Minister and Elders of Logie, one and all, deserved to be hanged for murder. Blackdub, the old family friend was, I fancy, the go-between; whilst William Ogilvy, the only one of the brothers James Steuart seems ever to have been able to forgive, a gentle-natured man, in delicate health, would appear at this time to have obtained an influence over his brother-in-law. The result of these negotiations in the second week of June, was that the Kirk Session admitted that they, on their side, were well acquainted with the identity of Mr Douglas, the Minister, and would sustain the lines, without further reference to the disputed Christian name—if only James and Katherine would appear at a meeting on the 9th to hear an announcement officially made to the effect that their marriage was valid. To this, for Katherine's sake, the Paip was forced to consent, and on a leafy June day, he and his wife, with the

strangest of feelings, walked openly together through the familiar cottages of Bridge of Allan, and along by the beautiful wooded hills to the old kirk of Logie. "June 9th, 1745. James Steuart and Katherine Ogilvy compeared this day before the Session." The care-worn and sorrowful looks of the pretty young wife must have excited a feeling of sympathy in the little assembly; and as for nervous Mr Duchal, he as usual became flustered, and nervously put to the pair before him an uncommonly foolish question—"Are you willing," he asked, "to accept of and live with each other as married persons?" "We are willing," they both replied, "wherefore the Session sustained their marriage."

So far, all had passed off in a manner not displeasing to the dignity of the Paip, but now, he drew himself up haughtily, and frowned darkly, whilst poor Katherine meekly drooped her head like a fading lily—for is it not further written in the Records of Logie—"and they being seriously rebuked by the Moderator for the irregularity of it, was dismissed."

I often try to imagine to myself the homeward walk of James and Katherine along by Airthrey Bank; he moody and angry; she gently trying to win a smile or a kindly look from the man of her heart. Their marriage was sustained; at all events, that meant the lessening of a terrible strain; and now poor Katherine, sorrowfully indeed, but with comparative calm could walk hand in hand with Christian through the valley of the shadow of death. I cannot think that the young wife went home to Lawhead with her husband on that eventful 9th of June, but rather that she stayed on in Brigend with her sister, who passed away towards the middle of July.* In those long summer evenings, when the day-light lingers on through the night, there

* "Christian Ogilvy in the Bridge of Allan, buried 16th July 1745." Register of burials.

were quiet talks between the two girls, of days to come when Christian should be where time is no more ; when children unknown to her should play the old games in the garden by the Allan, and Katherine should laugh again and be glad. Then, it seems to me that James would step in ; now in reality the master of the house, yet so tender in the sick-room, so gentle, so unlike the hard man known to the Elders of Logie, that Christian would greet her father's enemy with a smile, and sitting hand in hand with her new-found brother, would tell him also of the song that the river seemed to sing to her dying ears in the night.

Poor Patrick Ogilvy, it was hard upon him that James Steuart had now the right to walk in to Brigend, even without knocking, if it so pleased him. And yet, I cannot think that he ever did so enter the house, made sacred by the near approach of death : at this time of waiting, I would rather believe, that he acted for the love of Katherine, with the refined and delicate instincts of a man, to whom had been handed down the traditions of high descent and chivalry. So, at least I read the fact that James Steuart did not step in as master of Brigend on Christian's funeral day, but took his sorrowful wife away with him for a brief season to Lawhead.

Whilst Christian lay a-dying, poor Patrick, whose career had been so suddenly blighted, and who was so soon to be left alone in the world, had resolved upon a bold step, that of immediate marriage at the unheard-of age of three-and-twenty. Talking over the matter sadly enough on those long summer days to the sound of old Daniel Morrison's mill-wheel, he found in the miller's daughter, the same spirit of devoted unselfishness, which after "the '15," had saved the life of Stirling of Keir. Friends gathered round the desolate young bridegroom, and George Henderson, the late owner of Brigend, very willingly lent the young couple the sum of

£100, through the Kirk Session of Lecropt, as I discovered with feelings of great interest, from some careless jottings regarding "annual rent," on the outside sheet of the baptismal register of that parish.

It was in all probability on the 16th of July, on Christian's funeral day that notice was given to the Minister of Lecropt regarding the proclamation of banns; for his wedding with Agnes Morrison took place on the 6th of August; and in that interval, as the Precise Reader will perceive, there is just space for the three necessary Sundays. After the marriage, the young people went up the brae to Blawlowan, then, a cluster of cottages and houses; there entering upon a life of much trial, for which, let us hope, they found consolation in mutual love and sympathy. The guests in the mill of Keir that August day hardly mentioned James Steuart's name, so intensely were they excited over the great news that Prince Charles Edward had, on the 25th of the previous month, landed in Moidart where multitudes were daily flocking to look upon the young Chevalier, and to drink his health.

After this, for a time the Carse almost forgot the story of the Ogilvys and the Steuarts, for Bridge of Allan lay right in the line of any army marching down from the Highlands to the Lowlands, and the memory of the last rebellion had left in the countryside an abiding terror of the kilted savages, who dwelt beyond the mountains. In these days of excitement, the one thought of James was to keep from Katherine the wild and alarming rumours, continually arriving from the north and west; a task which even the Paip must have found almost beyond his power, accustomed as he was to bend men, and women, and circumstances before his iron will. It was on the 16th of August* that the first-born

* August 16th, 1745. Katherine, lawful daughter of James Steuart of Lawhead and Katherine Ogilvy. Witnesses — William Ogilvy and James Christie.

child of James and Katherine was baptized by Mr Ebenezer Erskine, and as the rite was then performed almost immediately after birth, we may suppose that the infant was only a few days old, when she was carried across the Carse to Stirling; a premature airing which might do no great harm in the height of summer, although in winter sometimes attended with fatal consequences.

It would appear that no difficulty was raised about the baptism of little Katherine Steuart, and this surely is remarkable, considering that an irregular, and above all, an Episcopal marriage was, if possible, even more abominable in the eyes of Mr Ebenezer and his Session, than it was in the estimation of the Minister and Elders of Logie. Of course, James Steuart had a previous interview with Mr Erskine, anent the infant's baptism, and this little visit to the manse of Stirling is one of the incidents of my story, on which I would gladly receive definite and full information. But, alas! the Past is silent; and I must again fall back upon fancy, and upon such knowledge as I possess of the unchangeable human heart.

I need not be tedious nor long-winded, for the Clear-sighted Reader will already have perceived that to go contrary to the Kirk Session of Logie was indeed a sweet privilege to Mr Erskine and his Elders; and having thus lightly indicated the less worthy motive, which in the matter of Katherine's baptism, influenced the great Secession Father, I turn with pleasure to that other side of Mr Ebenezer's character, which caused him to listen in his study that evening, even with tears, to the story of James Steuart and Katherine Ogilvy.

With the general outlines of the tragic love-affair over at the Bridge of Allan, the Minister was already familiar; and yet there was something in the fresh recital of the little drama of love, and death, and marriage, and birth, from the impassioned lips of one of the principal actors therein, which went straight

to the great, loving heart of the listener. Mr Ebenezer, in public life so often contentious, arrogant, and wrathful, was in private the tenderest of husbands, and the most loving of fathers. Those dusty, old manuscript sermons over in that corner were all scribbled over with notes of the toys and little gifts he was to bring the children from Edinburgh ; whilst the very desk on which his elbow rested, contained the diary, into which had flowed the very fulness of his heart's love.

So, when James Steuart, finding words fail him, suddenly exclaimed, " Sir, ye ken what it is," Mr Ebenezer saw before him, not the millwright of Bridge of Allan, but Alison Turpie his first love, walking in the old garden at Portmoak, " that sweet creature which was the desire of mine eyes ; that sweet and fruitful vine, which grew by my house-side ; my worthy Dear ; the instrument in bringing me to an acquaintance with Christ and religion."

Mr Ebenezer did indeed ken what it was, and so it came about, I fancy, that James Steuart found it almost an easy task to justify his conduct in the matter of the irregular marriage. Otherwise, the young couple might have found themselves in a disagreeable position ; for to quote again from Mr Ramsay, who held the Seceders in abhorrence—" Let us do the Seceding clergy the justice to say, that in their practice none were more disposed than they to make their hearers virtuous and honest. Their discipline for breaches of morality and decency was, if anything too severe, to judge from their lives and converse, one would have thought that they trusted much to their good works, and little to faith."

After the Paip departed on his homeward walk to Lawhead, now blessed by the presence of wife and child, I can imagine that Mr Ebenezer remained for a little space, very quietly resting in his arm-chair, his eyes fixed dreamily upon the floor. He was walking in the manse garden with his

worthy Dear, whilst round them played the children they had lost. His "dear, sweet and pleasant child Isabel Erskine" was there, of whom her father carried to the grave the remembrance that "she and I being alone, a few days before she fell sick, I took her on my knee and dandled her, and she being very fond of me, took me round the neck and kissed me; which engaged my heart very much." Little Ralph again lay a-dying before him, who "about half an hour before his breath went out, became perfectly calm, and being laid down on his back in the cradle, his eye appeared bright and lively, his countenance serene and pleasant. An air of Heaven and glory appeared in his very face. After his breath was gone, I was called to return thanks, which I did . . . but when I came to say that God had plucked one of the sweetest flowers of the family, my heart burst out into tears, so that I was able to go no further." Then it was Henry, his first-born, "his pleasant, blooming child," who in passing away "cried out frequently, 'O! Father, Father, pray, pray, pray with me;'" and then "another pleasant pledge, a child of five years of age, his name Alexander, to whom my affections were exceedingly knit, and I was comforting myself with having him after Henry's death, but it seems the Lord's will not to allow me to settle my affections on anything here below. . . . I hope to be gathered unto Christ with my little ones ere long. I have had a sore parting, but they and I, I hope, shall have a joyful meeting. They will welcome me to those mansions of glory above; and they and I, with all the ransomed will join in an eternal hymn and hallelujah of praise unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."

Such, many a time, were the musings of that grave, stern man, Mr Ebenezer Erskine; but in the month of August 1745, sad thoughts, if they intruded, were not indulged in, but were resolutely thrust aside. So, even now,

I see the Minister of Stirling spring hastily to his feet, and snatching down his hat, hurry away with his long swinging strides to the Castle, to inquire what was the last news from the north, and if His Majesty's Government was fully aware of the country's great danger. From the north, there was as yet little news beyond the fact that Prince Charles Edward had landed ; and as to the south—Mr Erskine was already aware that the Government had (on the 6th of August, Patrick Ogilvy's wedding day), put a price upon the young Pretender's head—the large sum of £30,000.

Katherine Steuart was baptised on the 16th August, and on that very day, civil war broke out in Scotland, a slight skirmish having taken place in the neighbourhood of Fort William, between Prince Charlie's troops and the King's soldiers. Three days later a scarlet silk banner with a white space in the centre, the standard of Charles Edward was unfurled "amidst a perfect storm of pipe-music, by a cloud of skimmering bonnets, and by a loud and enduring shout, which in the language of a Highland bard, roused the young eagles from their eyries, and made the wild deer bound upon their fell."

But before this great news had time to reach James Steuart, whose mind in those days was clouded with anxiety for his much tried Katherine, he learned that Sir John Cope, the Commander-in-Chief of Scotland was on his way to Stirling, with fourteen hundred men, four pieces of cannon and a thousand stand of arms. It seemed indeed, as if the poor young creature, already tormented beyond endurance, was now to be denied the peace and quiet absolutely necessary for her recovery ; and if I knew more than I do of Katherine Ogilvy's life, I should learn, I suspect, that ever after this troubled time, she was more or less of an invalid. From the time that her baby was a few days old, it must have been impossible to hide from the young mother the terrible danger

in which the hamlet stood ; for once more, Bridge of Allan lay like a feeble grain of corn between two great grind-stones—right in the track of two opposing and advancing armies.

On the 20th of August, Sir John Cope and his army slowly marched past Brigend, accompanied by a great train of black cattle to serve as food for the men ; and in a day or two there passed a cavalcade of a hundred horses carrying panniers of bread, which all the bakers in Edinburgh, Leith and Stirling had been incessantly making for a whole week. Then came a few days of gloomy waiting and watching, after which dismal tidings came down from the north. The Highlanders were all for Charlie. Sir John's baggage-horses were stolen through the night. He was obliged to leave hundreds of bread-bags behind him. He was distracted by all sorts of false intelligence. The Pretender's army now numbered three thousand strong, and divided into two parts they were even now on their way to overwhelm the King's troops.

At a council of war held on the 27th, it was proposed that Cope's army should retreat upon Stirling, but after a few days of uncertainty, our friends in Bridge of Allan heard that after all, the general had gone on by forced marches to Inverness.

Then down came Charlie and his Highlanders from the mountains,—for now there commenced, as Robert Chambers tells us, "that wild and unexampled tissue of intrepid adventure, which impressed Britain at the time with so much terror, and eventually with so much admiration. Charming every Highland heart, clad in tartan, the Prince came marching along amongst glens and mountains, side by side with his men, enquiring into their family histories, songs and legends, completely fascinating the simple and poetical people, who could conceive no greater merit upon earth than accomplishment in the use of arms, accompanied by a taste for tales of

ancient glory. . . . Even half a century after they had seen him, it was impossible to find a surviving fellow-adventurer, who could speak of him without tears and sighs of affectionate regret."

Early in September, Prince Charlie was in Perth, and the alarm in Stirling was extreme—with very good reason, for the defences of the town were in a deplorable state. An even greater terror reigned in Bridge of Allan, whilst further up the river, hope rose high in the bosoms of the Old Jacobite Ladies. In those days of early autumn what preparations were made by Mistress Margaret and Mistress Agnes for the suitable reception of the young Chevalier and his Highlanders. What pulling forth of old-fashioned silken attire from the aumrie, what washing and doing up of ancient lace. And at the same time, what apologetic concealment of their mother's silver spoons, what careful hiding of family relics in the loft; for "the simple and poetical people," who accompanied their beloved Charlie, had, as the good ladies well knew, the keenest possible eye for such trifles. It was on the 11th or the 12th of September that Mistress Margaret and Mistress Agnes beheld Prince Charles Edward, and probably had the honour of kissing his hand; and yet, such is the vanity of all human expectation, it was with a sigh of heart-felt relief that the Jacobites saw the departure, on the 13th, of their yellow-haired laddie and his mountaineers. Never had the quiet streets of Dunblane witnessed so horrible a Pandemonium. Motley crowds of Highlanders rushed about the little town, robbing and pillaging, in spite of the efforts of an old man, one of their leaders, who, mounted on a black horse, went riding up and down, shouting in vain for order. Great was the loss of the townsmen during the two days' stay of the Prince at Balhaldie House; for much was taken, and very little paid for. One fancy of the simple and poetical people, innocent in itself, was a great annoyance to the good-

wives of the neighbourhood. Whenever a well-filled churn was discovered, it was at once surrounded by a crowd of unkempt savages wrapped in scanty tartan, who eagerly devoured all the cream. On one door, a little way out of the town, says a book on the history of the Dunblane, the name of which I have forgotten, are still to be seen the marks made by the muskets of a greedy crew, maddened by the knowledge that a select party of their comrades was enjoying, under lock and key, a feast of cream.

It was Mr Ebenezer Erskine, who in those anxious days, kept up the fainting spirits of the townsmen of Stirling. The Minister and Colonel Gardiner were constantly together, consulting how the wretched defences of the town might best be strengthened; whilst Sunday after Sunday the former preached upon the same text—"And I saw and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given to him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer."

The 13th of September was a day of alarm and distress in the hamlet by the Bridge. Charles Edward and his Highlanders moved from Dunblane—and passing by the very door of Lawhead, crossed the Carse to the Ford of Frew, where to the horror of the Paip, they passed Forth, unopposed by Colonel Gardiner's dragoons.

It was in the year 1745 that James Steuart and Katherine Ogilvy moved into Brigend; and as their infant was now a month old, it is more than likely that the passing away of the Highland thieves (so they regarded the Prince's followers in the Carse) was the signal for the flitting; for certainly such a step would never have been taken so long as those gentry were in the neighbourhood.

But what a flitting! Katherine experienced all that curious mingling of turmoil and deadness, familiar to others, who also have found, in some sharp crisis of their lives, that nothing

happened as had been expected. Even the song of the Allan was hushed, for the season had been almost without rain. And if any neighbour dropped in for a few moments it was not to talk, as would have been natural, of the father and mother and sister, who were gone, nor even to praise the baby's beauty, but to pour forth excitedly the last details brought across the Carse from the Ford of Frew. They had all gone over on floats; the young Pretender first, a very pretty lad, it seemed, who stood waving his sword, and welcoming with gay smiles and words each company of bare-legged loons that wan be-south Forth. Then this gossip went and another came (how could a house ever be redd up with such a steer?). "Colonel Gardiner is gane furth frae Stirling, and is retreating to Edinburgh. . . . Charlie has moved from the muir of Touch, and must even now be crossing the field of Bannockburn." And even as this neighbour talked—an appalling sound came suddenly across the Carse, a sound which the low-ceiled rooms of Brigend once on a day had echoed back often enough, but had now almost forgotten—the firing of cannon from Stirling Castle.

At that moment, Charles Edward Stuart was indeed crossing the field of Bannockburn; and a few days later he was bowing from the window of Holyroodhouse to a great multitude, who were cheering and waving in front of the old palace, so long forsaken.

Before the sad October evening, on which Katherine watched the red and yellow leaves floating down the Allan, all these things had happened. The battle of Preston had been won by Charles; Mr Ebenezer's dear friend, Colonel Gardiner, had been slain; all Presbyterian Ministers had fled from Edinburgh, and gay balls were being held within the gloomy walls of Holyrood. There was hardly a day that Highland chieftains and their followers did not pass Brigend, on their way to the Capital; whilst a strong body

of troops under Marshal Wade were on their way north from England.

At this time of distress and alarm, following as it did on many months of sorrowful agitation, it must have seemed to Katherine Ogilvy that her heart could never be light again. But the Bonnie, Bonnie Lass was naturally merry ; and in days to come she was yet to be happy. A story has come down from the past, in which she, who shed so many tears, appears before us, in company with her dear love James. Both are in fits of laughter, and the cause of their laughter is the Old Jacobite Lady of Dunblane.

Part Eighth

The '45

How unfortunate it is that the Paip of Rome, instead of preserving with the utmost care a considerable number of papers all relating to the numerous fierce, polemical disputes of the neighbourhood, which were so frequently referred to him as a man of education, had not employed his undoubted talents, and his fine Italian handwriting, in the keeping of a diary of the '45. As it is, we are obliged to turn to the *Scots Magazine*, under the heading of "Domestick history," where we read as follows—"23rd December, Accounts from Stirling say that there were then in that neighbourhood 800 Highlanders from Perth, quartered at Doune, Dunblane and Bridge of Allan."

So, after all, poor Katherine's worst fears were realized, and the young house-keeper, terrified and heart-broken, saw her new plenishing abused by bare-legged savages, who stole and devoured, and called out to each other all over Brigend in a strange, unknown tongue. It was all very well, in after years, to laugh over the orders issued by the Highlanders, but it was no laughing matter at the time—"You'll put down a pread, Matam—and a putter, Matam, and a sheese, Matam, and a tea, Matam—shentleman's preakfast, Matam." This was funny enough when all the shentlemen were safely at home again among their mountains—at the time, it was a very dreadful experience. Even Robert Chambers admits that "in Scotland where hospitality was a virtue in daily

exercise, the free quarters required by the troops of the Prince formed a grievance."

By the end of the year 1745, Charles had been in England, and compelled by a sudden terror, which had seized upon his home-sick followers, had even with tears, returned to Scotland.

In the early days of the next year, small bands of terrifying creatures continually passed Brigend, on their way to the north, "whether deserting or marching to Perth was not known"; whilst, on the other hand, bands fresh from the Highlands as frequently came travelling south, on their way to Glasgow by the Ford of Frew. The Highlanders coming from the north were wild-looking enough; but the poor wretches returning from England were positively frightful—"their hair hung wildly over their eyes, their beards were grown to a fearful length; and the exposed part of their legs was tanned deep red with the weather."

And now Stirling, in a most defenceless state, and almost destitute of soldiers, was to be attacked. Cannons were on the way from Perth, and a large quantity of powder and shot; the alarm in Stirling and throughout the whole neighbourhood being extreme.

Then did Mr Ebenezer Erskine arise in all his power and majesty, and call out the Seceder Regiment. Young Duncan Black was Mr Ebenezer's messenger, "a very active young man," his Minister declared him to be, "and of an extensive acquaintance with the Seceders both on this and the other side of the river, himself being frank for the service."

The Paip, we do not need to be told, was also frank for the service; and soon after Duncan Black had knocked at the door, Brigend was masterless. When James Steuart arrived at the old, historic bridge of Stirling, he was not surprised to find no means of crossing the Forth, for as he was well aware, one arch had been demolished; whilst both

up and down the river, every boat had been removed to the southern side. Duncan Black however, knew the watchword, and soon he and his Seceders were in Stirling, where a skilled engineer like the millwright met with a specially warm welcome. On the north and least protected side of the town, there was great activity; the walls were being repaired, all entrances to streets were being built up, trenches were being dug, and every preparation being made for a siege: the arrival therefore of an engineer, at such a time was indeed a joyful event. As for the millwright, his Covenanting blood was up, as he marched with determined step behind the blue banner of the Seceders, on which as it fluttered in the wind, these words could be distinguished—"For Religion, the Covenants, King and Kingdom."

On the 3rd of January, the Highlanders left Glasgow, and on the 4th they slept at Bannockburn, St Ninians, and Denny. And now at last, poor Katherine Ogilvy got rid of her unwelcome guests. For the men of Glasgow and Paisley, who had been guarding the south banks of the Forth, now hastened eastward to protect Edinburgh; so that the Highlanders be-north Forth, making a rush for the Ford of Frew, without difficulty joined the main army of Charles.

Brigend was empty at last, but what miserable days and nights did the poor young wife and mother pass in her desolate home, and what terrible rumours, hourly arriving, excited her fears to the point of frenzy. One day in particular, she ran out in terror to see a party of horsemen come galloping from the west; but to her relief they wheeled round to the left, and made for Dunblane. This was Lord George Murray, who had been down looking at the Forth, and considering how best to convey to the other side the cannon brought from Perth.

Meantime, there was little news from Stirling, and what little there was gave no comfort. The Provost and magis-

trates were of opinion that it would be well to surrender, as the town was totally unfit to stand a siege; whilst General Blakeney and Mr Ebenezer were for holding out to the last. It was in this exciting time before the capitulation of Stirling, that the Minister, now known as Captain Erskine, made the most striking and dramatic of all his appearances—"One night," we read, "when the rebels were expected to make an attack on the town, he presented himself in the guard-room, fully accoutered in the military garb of the times. . . . Those who happened to be on guard the same night were surprised to see the venerable clergyman, and recommended him to go home to his prayers. 'I am determined,' was his reply, 'to take the hazard of the night with you; for the present crisis requires the arms as well as the prayers of all good subjects.'"

On the 6th of January, Provost Christie and one of the Bailies had an interview with Charles Edward at Bannockburn House; and the following day they communicated to the townspeople the terms of capitulation, which they had made. Some of the citizens were inclined to agree to these proposals, but "the greatest part were for defending the town till General Hawley and his army should arrive . . . and the contest at length grew so high that the Convener of the Trades and Mr Erskine took a protest against the capitulation, to which the greater part of the town adhered."

This meeting at an end, down came General Blakeney from the Castle, in a fine fury—"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "be true to your religion, King and country, and defend your posts to the last extremity; and if you are overpowered by the enemy, make a handsome retreat, and I'll keep an open door for you."

In spite however, of the great enthusiasm of a part of the burghers, the Provost again went out the same afternoon to Bannockburn House; on hearing which, General Blakeney in

furious anger, called the militia up to the Castle. Most of the volunteers, seeing that the case was desperate, followed the militia. And now was the time for the Seceders to show what stuff they were made of; their blood was up, and at once, placing sentinels at the forsaken posts, they prepared to defend the town as best they could.

All night long, Mr Erskine went about, sword in hand, encouraging his men to hold out; but at midnight, the terrible news reached the brave little band, that Provost Christie had finally resolved to deliver up the keys to the Pretender. A messenger imploring for help was sent to the Castle, but he only brought back the angry answer—"Gentlemen, as your Provost and Bailies think the town not worth their notice, neither can I. I will take care of the Castle."

When four thousand Highlanders came pouring into Stirling in the afternoon, there was nothing for it but escape. Mr Ebenezer saved himself with the greatest difficulty, and James Steuart more easily made his way home, a very wrathful man.

And now, the kirk of Mr Ebenezer was profaned by the presence of Highland savages, and on Sundays the Seceders had to seek out their beloved Minister, who was hiding "on the north side of the Forth near Alloa."

Those were singular Sundays certainly, on which the Seceders walked in an ever-increasing company, to the wood of Tullibody. Just as they started from the hamlet, wild cries broke the stillness of the Sabbath morning, and the steep road from Dunblane, in a moment, was alive with many-coloured tartans, tangled locks and fierce glancing eyes—some troop of Macdonalds, or Frasers, or Farquharsons, or Macintoshes was on its way from Perth to Stirling. Our Seceders, having grimly watched the passing of the Highlanders, started on their long walk; and as they went, they

saw the white puffs of General Blakeney's cannon, directed against the battery of the rebels beside the church; whilst the solemn reverberation of the frequent firing chimed in with their eager talk. It may be that the cannon ball, afterwards cherished as a relic of the '45, fell very near James Steuart's feet on one of those Sunday walks—at all events, he found it in the Carse, at the time of the siege of Stirling Castle.

During the long walk by the foot of the green Ochils, this strange accompaniment to conversation was seldom a-wanting; for when the firing from Stirling Castle grew distant, other cannon were heard more and more distinctly down the Forth. Two sloops of war, it appeared, were firing upon a brig, which the rebels had seized, and as the Pretender's battery over in Airth was chiming in, the cannonading from the direction of Alloa was almost continual.

Memories of the 17th January 1746 still linger in Brigend. The day broke clear and fine. Everything was quiet, for the firing from Stirling had ceased. As the day wore on, the winter sunshine faded and the sky became more and more overcast; whilst the wind, speedily increasing in violence, whistled eerily in the chimneys. Rain began to fall in torrents, and the men who had been out to hear if there was any news from away by Falkirk, came straggling home, wet to the skin. They sat and talked, whilst the sky grew blacker and blacker, and the howling wind drove great sheets of rain across the Carse, and the Allan came roaring down under the brig, and over the Paip's Linn, in a rapidly increasing spate.

At half-past three on this dismal afternoon, a tremendous outbreak of firing came sounding across the Carse; distinctly heard in Brigend above all the noise of wind and water. In about quarter of an hour, it died away. That was the Battle of Falkirk.

Early next morning, the army of Charles Edward arrived in Stirling with thirty prisoners, and claiming to have won a great victory. Certain it was, that the King's fine army was retreating upon Edinburgh. "From the commencement to the break of the battle there passed little more than ten minutes."

The siege of Stirling Castle was resumed, and went feebly on; and on the 30th of January, the Duke of Cumberland arrived in Edinburgh, which he left the next day for Stirling.

The 1st of February was another of the days not yet forgotten in Brigend. . . . "I reviewed the whole army," wrote the Duke to the Lord Justice Clerk, "this morning before we marched. . . . Our scouts brought us in some stragglers, who said the rebels were repassing the Forth in a good deal of confusion. . . . On our march we heard two great reports like the blowing up of some magazine—the rebels had blown up a very large quantity of powder, in the church of St Ninians, before they went off."

The same day, Mr Ralph Erskine, sitting in his study in Dunfermline wrote — "February, 1746 — Being Saturday, Prince William, our King's son went out with a great army towards the enemy lying between St Ninians and Stirling. But this morning, the rebels being filled with fear, hasted over the Forth and fled; but before they went, they blew up their magazine that was placed (they say) at St Ninians, which made all the country round to shake, even the length of this place."

Having perused these chronicles of a Royal Duke, and of a Minister of the Gospel, we naturally inquire whether Brigend has preserved any record of that terrible explosion, which caused the old house by the Allan to tremble to its very foundations. Many a neighbour in those days, looked in to talk over an occurrence so startling, but the experience

of Tibbie Rankine only, the Steuarts have judged worthy of being handed down to the ages to come. The friend in question, who lived up at Sunnyslaw, on that Saturday morning was busily baking oat-meal cakes for her children, her mind the while full of gloomy forebodings; for her house had been emptied already by the Highlanders, and she feared that before long another such visitation might take place. With a dejected step, Tibbie Rankine moved towards the fire, carrying in both hands a large round oat-cake, which she was about to lay upon the girdle—when all of a sudden—and twice over—the house shook and trembled violently, and the crockery danced and rattled on the kitchen shelves. Tibbie dropped the cake as if she had been shot, and pointing to the uncooked fragments, exclaimed in bitterness of soul—"Eat that, Bairns, for it's the last meat ye'll get. The Highlanders hae blawn up Stirling Castle."

As no other details of the great event of the 1st of February 1746 have been preserved in Brigend, we may suppose that by the whole countryside, it was acknowledged that Tibbie Rankine's apostrophe over her broken cake was, for terseness and true dramatic feeling, the finest utterance of its kind in Logie parish.

For the people of the Carse saw nothing romantic or interesting in the wearers of the white cockade, who had eaten them out of house and home—I have been told in Brigend that "although stories still live in the memory of old folk of 'the days when the Highlandmen ran,' the Jacobites seem only to have been regarded as lawless reivers." It would appear, that even after the Duke of Cumberland had driven the army of Charles to the north, a few stray Highlanders, loath to leave the fertile Carse, haunted lonely spots. The Steuarts were told of one such instance at least, by the travelling tailor—the victim being a widow, who lived in a solitary croft on the slope of Demyat, where she was daily

robbed by a hungry Highlander. The tailor one day had the courage to reprove the stranger, but judged it wise to be silent when the stalwart sorner drew his dirk.

A few hours after the blowing up of St Ninians church, the news was received in the Carse with great thankfulness that the army of Charles was fording the Forth at Frew, and with all speed retreating to the north. Very soon, the Steuarts saw them for themselves—a sorrowful rabble hurrying homewards to the mountains; and that same day, came tidings to the hamlet that the remainder of the King's army had arrived in Stirling—and, as if enough of excitement had not been crammed into one short day, at night the whole eastern sky throbbed with a great red light—Linlithgow Palace was burning to the very ground, set on fire by the carelessness of the English soldiers.

And now Mr Ebenezer was safely at home again in his manse at Stirling, where he found two very flattering letters awaiting him; one from the Marquis of Lothian, offering his son Lord Robert Kerr to be Colonel of the Seceder regiment; and the other from the Duke of Cumberland, thanking the Minister for the zeal he had displayed in his Majesty's service.

That Candlemas Sunday was a proud and a happy day for the Seceders, who gathered together once more in their desecrated church, and there thanked God for His gracious deliverance. It was a strange Sunday too, for no sooner had the Seceders stepped out of church, than they found themselves carried along by a great crowd—not exactly cheering—but certainly uttering a variety of suppressed exclamations, which came not far short of such an unsuitable demonstration. The cannons up at the Castle burst out firing, over and over again; and a splendid coach came along the causeway, drawn by twelve horses, in which sat a jolly-looking young man, with a round face, who bowed

this way and that—Bluff Bill by name, otherwise His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

The excitement, after this great Sunday, moved away from Stirling to the north; and James Steuart was at liberty to return to his usual winter work, so long interrupted. In the workshop of Brigend lay carefully piled up a great quantity of beautifully hewn stones, which had been brought up the Forth in a foreign vessel, and carried in carts across Corntoune, to the Bridge of Allan. It would take forty or fifty of these pieces, fitted together with the extremest nicety, and cemented with plaster of Paris to make a single mill-stone. Such was the work reserved by the millwright for the long winter months.

And yet, although it was now the proper thing to return to work; and although James Steuart daily announced his intention of setting to, in right good earnest to "thir miln-stanes"; steady work was as yet, quite impossible. How could a millwright give his undivided mind to a toil so patient and laborious, when across the Carse, the engineers of his Majesty's army were busy, night and day, repairing Stirling Brig, for the passage of the army? It was surely the duty of a loyal Hanoverian to step over, and see how that work was going on.

It was a wonderful day in Brigend, that house which lay so well in the line of Scotland's history, when after the bridge was restored, the King's army came slowly over Corntoune, preceded by the Argyllshire Highlanders and a body of dragoons. Then came more foot soldiers, and then the round-faced Duke of Cumberland, who was hailed as a deliverer by the whole district, so lately harried by the Highlanders.

The Duke and his army had passed by, and yet thir milnstanes were neglected; for being in the direct line of all news from the north, the Bridge of Allan for some time

longer, was much distracted. How could a man settle to his mill-stones, when two or three times a day, the cry arose of news, more news; or how bestow upon the forty or fifty foreign fragments the close attention necessary to their proper adhesion, after having gazed upon the stern, proud, old face of the Duchess Dowager of Perth, who had just ridden past a prisoner surrounded by a party of dragoons?—or it might be, after watching the marching past of Prince Frederick of Hesse with his Hessians, “remarkably handsome, good-looking men, with long fair hair, which they combed whenever they sat down to rest?”

At last came the news, long delayed, of the battle of Culloden. That night, James Steuart at family worship, poured out his very soul in thanksgiving to the Almighty. All danger to the Protestant succession and to the liberty and freedom of his beloved native land was at an end.

Meantime, how fared it with the two Old Jacobite Ladies of Dunblane? We shall best understand their lamentable state of mind, by turning to the pages of Dr Robert Chambers—“Many unhappy Jacobites were found next morning upon their couches in a state of insensibility. Some of the ancient gentlewomen whose daily prayers for fifty years had included the restoration of the Stuarts, and whose wishes had been wound up during the progress of the insurrection to a state bordering on insanity, never afterwards rose from the beds upon which the affecting intelligence had laid them, but continued, so long as they lived, shrouded from the light of day, and inaccessible to consolation.”

Such, by the kind permission of the Sympathetic Reader, I shall suppose to have been the fate of Mistress Margaret Ogilvy, who when the dreadful news of Culloden reached her was a woman of seventy-four years of age. As the family history speaks only of one Old Jacobite Lady of Dunblane, it is in every way convenient to believe that the elder sister

died broken-hearted, not long after the total ruin of her bonnie Prince. Poor Mistress Agnes was more to be pitied than her sister ; for the burden of her heart, as she sat alone with folded hands, beside her spinning-wheel, was the cry of the Highlanders, "who in despair, rather than in terror, when all was hopeless, refused to fight any more, and stood wailing like children—Prince, ochon ! Prince, ochon !" With stony face, she listened to each terrible detail of that bloody carnage ; for the English troops, maddened by the ignominious defeats they had experienced, had killed for the mere sake of killing ; and when they came back to Inverness, looked more like butchers than soldiers. The bannocks, so hopefully baked by the goodwives of Inverness for the conquering Highlanders had been devoured with brutal jests by the conquering Englishmen, all red with blood. And it was for this that London and Edinburgh were illuminated, and trembled with the roar of triumphant cannon !

Those days were sad indeed, not only for the Jacobites, but also for all Scots. Bluff Bill had now a new name—Butcher Bill ; and even Tibbie Rankine could forgive the Highlanders, when she heard how the poor, miserable wretches would now often "approach the shambles where the soldiers killed cattle for their own use, and with the humblest air and many entreaties, beg permission to lick up the blood of the slaughtered beasts." Once again, the militia were stationed at the Ford of Frew, and at all the ferries on the Frith of Forth, so that not a single Highlander might escape ; whilst a terrible period of revenge and massacre began, during which castles and houses were burnt, cattle were carried off, and every man who fled from before the soldiers was shot dead.

In the month of June, the King's army came south past Brigend, having burnt on its way all nonjurant Episcopal churches. With them the soldiers carried more than twenty

standards taken at Culloden, which were afterwards burnt by the hangman at the Cross of Edinburgh; the Prince's flag being carried by the executioner himself, whilst the others were entrusted to chimney-sweeps. For once, the Seceders felt an unwonted thrill of sympathy with the Established Church Ministers in Edinburgh, who, in spite of their loyalty, refused to read, at the command of the Duke, a proclamation anent the apprehension of the rebels.

The millwright and his neighbours could never have believed that they would receive so coldly the return of that army, whose going forth had been so glorious. A great deliverance had no doubt been wrought, and the burning of Prelatic meeting-houses might be a deed worthy of applause; but how was it possible to receive with congratulations men who had deliberately cast aside the laws of civilized warfare, and who had slaughtered the wounded and dying? Foremost in these outrages, they bitterly remarked, were the cowardly dragoons of Hawley, who had run so fast at the battle of Falkirk.

Continually that summer down the steep brae came the sad processions of prisoners on their way to Stirling and the south. Katherine Ogilvy could at least offer, with tears, a cup of cold water and say a word of comfort to the droves of poor, miserable creatures, who would return no more to the Highlands; and who, under burning suns, in tropical plantations, would croon Gaelic songs about Charlie, and weep as they thought of their heathery hills. Or it would be a huge coach, guarded by dragoons, that went lumbering round the two sharp corners at Brigend; out of the windows of which leered a strange, wicked old face—the face of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. Hateful as were the looks of the old scoundrel of eighty, who could gaze unmoved on the helpless cripple, whom they had torn out of his shelter in a hollow tree, and were taking away to London to a traitor's death? There

they went, day after day—Lord Kilmarnock, Sir John Wedderburn, Francis Farquharson, James Stewart, Duncan Macgregor, and many and many another, until it seemed as if the Dunblane road, coloured with tartan, had become like the Allan in October, carrying out to the great, unknown ocean unending chains of red and yellow leaves.

Then came the executions. There were newspapers by this time, and magazines too, well written and wonderfully modern in tone ; and these in due time filtered their way out to Bridge of Allan, and were read in Brigend by James and Katherine. “The trials of the rebel Peers,” such were some of the headings—“The Earl of Kilmarnock’s speech”—“The Earl of Cromartie’s speech”—“A list of the rebels tried at York”—sad reading indeed !

My fancy dwells on one of those still autumn mornings, when the first fallen leaves are playing about the Paip’s Linn. The *Scots Magazine* for July, well thumbed, almost read to pieces indeed, after having been handed about in Stirling, after having visited St Ninians, Bannockburn, and Blair-logie, has at last reached Bridge of Allan. The whole hamlet is clamouring for the tattered sheets, and the millwright has left the workshop, and is hastily reading aloud to Katherine, who is sewing for the baby, the following words to the sound of the Allan—“A young lady of good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and been equally loved by Mr James Dawson, one of the unhappy Gentlemen who suffered yesterday at Kennington Common ; and had he been acquitted, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of his marriage. Not all the persuasions of his love’s kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution—she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her ; and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by two friends. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she

knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out—‘My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee. Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together,’ fell on the neck of her companion, and expired at the very moment she was speaking. . . . As to the manner of her death, I leave the physicians to account for that. . . . I shall only say, the story very much affected me, as I doubt not but it will you, and all who hear it.”

Part Ninth

James Steuart and Katherine Ogilvy

FOR nearly seven years, little Katherine was the only child in Brigend. Then the two sons of a strangely spasmodic family were born—John, on the 12th of February 1752, and Robert, three years later. Nine years afterwards, twin daughters, Mary and May, made their appearance in the millwright's home; and as there were no other little ones who died, it will be seen that at all times of their history, the Steuarts of this generation presented an odd contrast as to age and size, and must have been in this respect, a cause of amusement to their neighbours.

By the time that James Steuart took his first-born son over to Stirling for baptism, Mr Ebenezer Erskine had a colleague and successor, the son of his brother Ralph, "who proved an eminent blessing to his uncle and to the congregation." As Mr James had only been ordained six weeks previously, it was of course the venerable Ebenezer Erskine who officiated on this occasion. Although in rather failing health, the millwright's beloved pastor still carried himself with his old proud and stately air—and yet, on that hoary head, there now rested a horrible curse, the curse of no infidels or enemies of the Lord, but of many sincere Christian men, who until lately had loved and honoured Mr Ebenezer as their leader. For now, on mild evenings, the men of the hamlet by the Allan gathered themselves, no longer into two, but into three groups, each of whom hated the other with an envenomed intensity, happily beyond the comprehension of their suc-

cessors. Malignant glances now darted about on the old brig between the benighted adherents of the Church of Scotland, and between the Burghers and the Antiburghers, who if possible, detested each other more cordially than they both abhorred the members of the Auld Kirk. There is no exaggeration whatever in these words ; for modern writers of all shades of religious opinion vie with each other in deploring, I had almost said in execrating, the terrible state of matters amongst the Seceders after the " Breach " of 1747.

Immediately after the Rebellion, it had occurred to certain members of the Associate Presbytery (constantly on the lookout for some principle for which to suffer, and cause others to suffer), to consider minutely the terms of an oath, lately sworn by the burgesses of three cities in the Kingdom—viz., Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth. " I protest," ran this oath, imposed in 1745, " I protest before God and your lordships, that I profess and allow with my heart the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorised by the laws thereof. I shall abide therat, and defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Roman religion called papistry."

One would have supposed that in this strongly Protestant formula, the Seceders would have found a sweet morsel to roll under their tongues ; and that, as at this period of their history, they had no objection to the Establishment principle, there could have been no objection whatever to the oath in question. We learn however from Dr Mackelvie, that " two different views were taken of its import—the one that it was tantamount to the approval of the corruptions of the Establishment, against which the Seceders had borne testimony, the other that it was only an approval of the religion itself, not of the manner in which it might be established or professed."

For about three years, and indeed much longer, a terrible

quarrel raged ; the very centre of which was Stirling. At the Synod held there in April 1747, the Burghers (those who approved of the Burgher oath) bitterly complained that their opponents had imposed new and unwarrantable terms of Communion ; whilst the Antiburghers accused their adversaries of having relinquished the Seceder testimony. At about midnight, after a stormy debate, the Secession Church was violently rent in twain. The scene was certainly most melancholy, and yet one of the Ministers present, largely endowed with the sense of humour, declared at a later date, with hearty laughter—"The votes were taken in a perfect chaos of absurdity and confusion."

There were now in Scotland, nineteen Antiburgher and twelve Burgher Ministers ; the two Erskines having chosen the path of common-sense and moderation. The Antiburghers, having hastily retired from Stirling, journeyed to the capital, where they resumed the Synod so abruptly brought to a close—a step most strongly condemned by the Burghers, in "an Act declaring the nullity of the pretended Synod that first met in Mr Gib's house in Bristo, April the tenth, 1747."

This action of the Burghers so greatly incensed the Antiburghers, that they decided to proceed against their brethren with the highest censures of the Church. They therefore summoned the Erskines and their followers to appear before them on the 5th of April 1748 ; and the culprits failing to obey this order, the Antiburghers proceeded to pronounce sentence of excommunication ; deposing all the Burgher Ministers, and declaring their churches vacant.

In the month of July, it was announced that the Burghers "persisted in their contumacy," and on the 9th, in the church in Bristo Street, Edinburgh, the two Erskines and their adherents were thus cursed (after a sermon preached by Mr Gib), by Mr Brown the Moderator—"I, by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, the alone King and head

of His Church excommunicate you, and declare you to be of those whom the Lord Christ commandeth to be holden by all and every one of the faithful as Heathen men and publicans, and I deliver you unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that your spirits may be saved in the day of the Lord."

As to Mr Ebenezer and Mr Ralph, although greatly distressed by the apparent shipwreck of the Secession, and pained by the alienation of those dear to them, they were not perturbed by the excommunication of the Anti-burgher Synod.—"I got my ministry," said Mr Ralph with earnest simplicity, "from our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, according to His own appointment. . . . And therefore, I dare not lay it down at the feet of any man on earth, that may presume to rob me of it." At the same time, the tender heart of Ralph Erskine was almost broken; for although Harry and Jamie were on the right side, his second son was with those who considered his father as "a heathen man and a publican." . . . "You may be sure," he wrote to Harry, "it was as a sword piercing my heart to see that Johnny was sitting in the midst of them."

This unhappy and sinful controversy was indeed a canker eating into once united families, and destroying all peace of mind. Invited by his kind father to visit his old home, and requested to conduct the devotions of the family, this same Johnny had the cruelty to pray "that the Lord would restore his father to his former usefulness." Who can wonder that on rising from his knees, Mr Ralph, with bitter irritation, inquired, "In what respect am I less useful now than I have formerly been?"

And yet, this great trial set Mr Ralph a-thinking; and words new to any of those good men fell from his lips in the pulpit of his brother at Stirling. Inquiring into the causes of the Breach, and questioning what sin of the

Secession Church might have brought about so great a calamity, Mr Ralph, I think, put his finger on the real cause of the evil—"Untenderness towards those we left behind when we made secession from them, our not dealing more kindly with them, praying more for them, and bearing more with them. . . . If in these respects, the bond of brotherly love was too soon broken, the Lord is righteous in ordering such a breach among us."

It is satisfactory to know that such words from such a man fell upon the ears of the Paip of Rome, who was, as I should have expected, from a descendant of the Sober Presbyterians, a strong and determined Burgher. He was not inattentive to the teaching of Mr Ralph Erskine I trust—and yet I cannot truthfully say that he ever became a tolerant and charitable man. For although, henceforward, we find him striving after a larger freedom of conscience, these very strivings were too often marked by extreme heat, and a most passionate impatience.

When kind and sympathetic Mr Ralph, most sincerely anxious to practise what he preached, dropped in to take a conciliatory cup of tea with one of the Ministers, who had made over his body to the Evil One; and when Mr Patrick Mathew, softened by so much sweetness and gentleness, invited Mr Ralph to conduct the evening worship; what must those Antiburghers do, on hearing of an event so well-pleasing in the eyes of Him whose servants they professed, far beyond all others, to be? They must needs suspend Mr Patrick, "because in August last, he employed Mr Ralph Erskine to pray in his family, he being under the greater excommunication." It is most satisfactory to know that Mr Patrick faced up boldly to the Antiburgher Synod holden in Bristo, and "accusing them of tyranny and oppression, justified his conduct and withdrew."

Of course, the Antiburghers deposed Mr Patrick Mathew—

equally of course, he was received with acclamations by the Burgher Synod at Stirling.

Thus from their earliest years, the Steuart children found themselves surrounded by the same intensely religious atmosphere, in which their most unchanging family had lived ever since early Reformation times. Their parents were earnestly attached to the Doctrine of Grace, and to the Secession Church of Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine; yet *for their times*, they were advanced thinkers; which they shewed by losing their tempers in speaking of the bigotry and narrow-mindedness of the Antiburghers. Even the gentle mother had a touch of the hot blood that goes with the colouring of what Oliver Wendell Holmes calls the positive blonde, as distinguished from the negative blonde, or insipidly fair person; and therefore she could speak with passion at times of the Antiburghers—and yet reading her character backwards, from that of her son Robert, although easily moved to anger, hers was a nature of great sweetness, quickly appeased, entirely forgetful of self, and wonderfully full of sympathy and consolation. Such a creature, gentle also and very sensitive, must have suffered cruelly from the bitter enmity, which existed between her husband and her family. The Paip was of course implacable, and always in the right. The warfare may have slumbered at times, it never wholly died away; and occasionally it blazed forth in great fury—as for instance, when James Ogilvy and Christian Donaldson, in 1746, lost one of their children; and after his funeral, in violent anger, removed their father's headstone from the west wall to another part of the kirkyard. In the green graves beside the wall, mingled the dust of many Steuarts and Ogilvys, but this little one it appears, had to find another resting-place, and this in Scotland where the yearning of kindred to sleep together at the end of life's troubles is so intense, indicates a very painful state of things. Did James Steuart,

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we wonder, actually refuse a grave for the young child, or was it that he in a surly way was willing enough, but that the father and mother so hated their enemy, that they resolved not to lay their dead where he and his children should lie? No one now knows—but it was judged an unseemly thing in the hamlet, I feel sure, that the headstone which marked the real burying-place of Archibald Ogilvy and Katherine Chrystiesone should be carried across the kirkyard to a spot, with which their old neighbours had no connection.

Another little incident which tells of Katherine Ogilvy's sorrow in those old days is the naming of her children, in which she had to give way to the inflexible will of the Paip. At that time, we must remember the rules on the subject were absolutely rigid, and any infringement of the usual custom is full of significance. The eldest daughter, James considered to be the namesake of his wife, and not of her mother; the eldest son was, of course, called after his own father. Katherine would fain have had her second boy Archibald, but the Paip would not hear of it, and seems to have gone out of his way in order to annoy the Ogilvys, when he named the child after his cousin Robert of Tulliallan. Then, when the twins appeared, they seem both to have been the name-children of Marion Ronald, in spite no doubt of the natural desire of poor Katherine that one of them should have been Margaret or Christian. The only sign of relenting is that James invited William Ogilvy to be the sponsor of one of the children—William being a delicate, asthmatic man, who with his childless wife lived close to Brigend. It was perhaps the beauty of the Lads, as John and Robert were always called, which attracted the couple without children of their own; for the sons of the Paip were two as handsome boys as any in the whole countryside; very unlike each other, except that both had surprisingly blue eyes.

Up at Dunblane, the Old Jacobite Lady also doted upon the Lads, of whom Robert was her favourite. Poor Mistress Agnes lived on alone—her beloved friend and clergyman, Mr Robert Douglas, was dead, her little Episcopal meeting-house was shut up, by order of the Government after the '45 ; and the life of the old woman was perhaps the most purely idealistic and romantic of any ever led by mortal. "Until 1745," says Robert Chambers, "the spirit of Jacobitism had been the spirit of the young as well as of the old . . . but as the Stuarts then ceased to acquire fresh adherents, and their claims became daily more and more obsolete, it was now left entirely to the generation which had witnessed its glories ; in other words, became dependent upon the existence of a few old enthusiasts, more generally of the female than of the male sex. After this period, indeed, Jacobitism became identified with the weakness of old age, and was supposed to be incapable of moving any heart, except one which might have throbbed with love for Prince Charlie."

Poor Old Jacobite Lady, everything spoke to her of Charlie. The briar bush in the kail-yard, suddenly bursting out into whiteness under the summer sun, brought tears to the eyes which had looked upon the yellow-haired Prince, whose badge the white rose was. Any little bird alighting by the ha' door, and whistling there, in her ears, "warbled sweet and clearly ; and aye the o'ercome o' its sang was—wae's me for Prince Charlie."

Into this life, pensive and unreal, there burst at times, I am glad to know, with much noise and laughter—two little Seceder Lads ; two little Whigs, whom Mistress Agnes ought to have hated, but whom fortunately for herself she adored. They filled the dull rooms with young life and merriment, they feasted in the shady parlour, they climbed the trees in the garden, they chased the cat, and tormented the servant lass. Robert, as I have said, was the favourite of his grand-aunt

for in his childish beauty, her fond fancy traced a strong resemblance to the Prince of her dreams, which she accounted for, no doubt, by the fact of their common descent. Prince Charlie was tall and handsome, so was little Robert (for his age). "The Prince's complexion was ruddy, and from its extreme delicacy, slightly marked with freckles." This was exactly Robert's colouring. The Prince's nose was high—Robert's in later life, was the same; and the partial eye of his grand-aunt already perceived that it was identical with that of her hero. In the opinion of the Old Jacobite Lady, the likeness was complete, and in her delight, she used to fondle the pretty little fellow, kissing him and calling him "Charlie." At length a day came on which the child went alone to Dunblane; and poor old Mistress Agnes between jest and earnest, prevailed on him finally to change his name, but not without a considerable amount of bribery. In the evening, the young Seceder appeared in Brigend, laden with toys and gifts, which he triumphantly displayed to his father and mother. . . . "And noo," said little Robert, "I am to be ca'ed Chairlie." The parents, seeing what the Old Jacobite Lady would be at, went into fits of laughter, and teased their pretty little son so unmercifully, that the fiery-tempered child, flying into one of his great passions, hastily gathered up his toys, and set off immediately for Dunblane. It was Mistress Agnes herself, who with a twinkle of humour in her sad old eyes, communicated the sequel of the tale, relating how little Robert had burst suddenly into her presence, and with a noble gesture (which certainly recalled His Royal Highness) threw the toys on the floor, exclaiming with great heat—"Tak' back your gear, for I'll no be ca'ed Chairlie." Remonstrance was in vain, for before Mistress Agnes could utter a word, the impetuous boy was on his way back to Bridge of Allan.

The little Lads were brought up in great comfort in Brigend ;

for their father was a very prosperous man, and in these years more than ever, money flowed into the pocket of the millwright. More constantly than in his younger days, millers and waulk-millers, with beaming faces tapped at the door, and "the waste piece of ground" beside Brigend was piled high with wood, with masses of iron, and with fine hewn stones from foreign parts. More workmen were engaged; and the Lads rejoicing in the glowing furnace, and the panting bellows, would linger by the hour in the workshop, which resounded with the clanking of metal and the sawing of wood. Even in winter, when school was over, and the Lads were tired of sliding on the Paip's Linn, they would steal into the gloom of the workshop, mindful not to disturb their father, who, intent of brow, and uncertain of temper, moved hither and thither, rule in hand, measuring, moving, lifting, changing and changing yet again, the many fragments of hewn stone, which together formed a perfect millstone. It was his younger son, as the observant father noticed, who best knew how to handle a hammer; whilst John was the first to wander out into the open air, and if he ever went amissing would certainly be found on the back of some neighbour's horse, or listening to a group of old-world farmers discussing with derisive laughter the New Husbandry.

There was one piece of work, however, undertaken when the Lads were young, which was to them of such surpassing interest, that they never left their father's side the whole time it was in progress. That work was, of course, the building of the new byre. The worst of it was, the Paip would meditatively remark, the worst of it was, that there really was no place about Brigend on which to build a byre at all—and yet, the millwright being a man of resource and invention, the byre was built, and remains to this day. He considered the matter in silence for a time, and one day

announced that he had discovered a suitable site—a portion of rock immediately below the gable window of the corner parlour—at which we may be sure that Katherine laughed, and inquired if the cow, when she went to her field was to leap from the rock, and to a wade or swim down the Allan. The millwright smiled indulgently, and for the next week or two his men were very busy hewing large, flat slabs of stone, and casting iron railings. The result of all this industry was an engineering work, of which the hamlet was justly proud—masons built the byre, and henceforward many generations of cows placidly walked in and out of their house, over a stately stone balcony with strong iron railings; all wet at times with the spray of the Allan; and indeed completely carried away by one great spate, and thereafter renewed without loss of time.

It is pleasant at the present day to stand on the hanging path and listen to the delicious sounding of the Allan. There the old story of the new byre was told me; and I was bidden to observe the kindly manner in which the angle of the house had been rounded, for fear of grazing the cow's side.

Upstairs, opposite the corner parlour, there is in Brigend a spacious, low-roofed apartment, to which even yet, is sometimes given its old name—the Lads' room. The southern window (the one to the north has been built up since the Lads slept there) has a fair outlook over flat green fields to Stirling Castle—but the charm of the room is that when the sun shines on the pool all manner of mysterious silvery lights dart and dance very softly on the ceiling; and that, like all the rest of Brigend, it is always full of the murmur or the roar of the Allan. I sometimes find myself wondering if the love of the sound of running water may become hereditary, and may be transmitted by men and women who have lived their lives to its accompaniment, even to generations, whose

ears are daily filled with the rumble of wheels on stony streets.

Before leaving the pretty old room, I should like the Gentle Reader to stand with me beside the sleeping Lads, on a bright spring morning, for that is the time of year when winter clothing must perforce be replaced by something of lighter material. It is a Monday morning too; and suddenly down in the garden below there is a pleasant sound—someone is playing very sweetly on the flute; the boys awake, rub their eyes, and hasten to spring out of bed. The Black Laird has arrived; the travelling tailor, a whimsical character, whose fancy it is thus to announce his approach. His charge is fivepence a day and his food, but his presence would be cheaply bought at double the money. Whilst the Steuarts were still asleep, he has been cheerily trudging down by the banks of the Allan, from his home in Dunblane; his flute in his pocket, and over his shoulder his goose and his tapbrand. Now, the Black Laird is awakening the family in his accustomed manner; and they are all glad to hear the flute of the travelling tailor, for the week he is to tarry in Brigend will be one of the merriest of the whole year. For the swarthy little tailor, perched on the kitchen table, and stitching away as for a wager, will give all the news of the countryside, in a manner so comic, that the house will resound with laughter many a time during his stay.

To tell the truth, the Steuarts sometimes laughed *at* as well as *with* the Black Laird; and the millwright to draw him on, would purposely allude to the peculations of certain unworthy members of the tailors' craft; whereupon the little man, waxing eloquent, would discourse at great length on his own extreme honesty (he *was* as honest as the day) finishing up with the emphatic declaration—"I wadna keep a pairin' nor a clippin' o' ither folks' claith, no not for naethin'." Then, the tailor would declaim indignantly

against "the new-fangled perquisite system, which became fashionable as honesty died away." "I canna thole," he would exclaim, "to see thae lousie thieves" (modern tailors) "at the Communion table on the Sabbath day—no I canna thole it." Here we may suppose that Katherine, with a twinkle in her eye, suggested that perhaps the individuals in question were tired of evil-doing, and meant to reform; whereupon the Black Laird would shake his head impatiently and say—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Or one of the Lads would pretend that he was sick of the time-honoured homespun, and hoped soon to have a suit of English cloth. Such a remark had the effect of the proverbial red rag, waved before the eyes of a bull; and it was long before the tailor had finished his abuse of "English thin trash."

Like every one else in the country, the Black Laird was highly superstitious, and owing perhaps to his many long walks in the uncertain light of early morning and late evening, he had been specially fortunate, or unfortunate, in seeing immense numbers of ghosts, bogles, wraiths and water kelpies. Of these, the travelling tailor would discourse volubly—he was silent as much as possible however, regarding his celebrated interview with Satan—except that, if closely questioned, he would briefly answer that the meeting took place at Mill Seive Bank, in the parish of Lecropt, as he was returning home late from Stirling.

The Black Laird, who must have been slightly daft, had, it appears, discovered a certain witch in the parish of Logie; known to no one else, and named, strange to say, Piece-morning, and of her he would freely speak. The interview with the Evil One had something to do with Piece-morning, against whose spells the tailor was in the habit of using certain herbs; in a somewhat stormy scene, Satan had commanded the Laird to abstain in future from the gathering

of such plants, but who came off victorious, the deil or the man, I know not. Another story, not so dreadful, was the account, very willingly given by the loquacious tailor, of a vast number of little fairy women whom he had seen gathering windle-straes in a stubble field as he walked between Alloa and Dunblane.

A new order of things however, was already advancing—an order of things destined to sweep away the travelling tailor with his flute, and all the ghosts and fairies in Logie. John and Robert in their short lives, when still schoolboys, had already seen more changes than their great-great-grandfather, the Auld Paip, in all his hundred years. The Lads walked to school on excellent roads, and hardly turned their heads to look at the most elegant coach. About Edinburgh, they had heard their father say, there were many public conveyances to be seen on the highways—some going to Corstorphine, others to Musselburgh and Queensferry; whilst every Monday and Thursday, they ran as far as Glasgow. Edinburgh was indeed a centre of improvement, and at last ashamed of the filth, which had made her for ages the laughing-stock of southern visitors, had begun to clean her closes, and to set about getting a better water supply. A bill had been passed for the enlargement of the city; and numerous associations had sprung up, such as the Select Society for the promotion of the Reading and Speaking of the English Language in Scotland. Such a movement, appealing as it did, to a very limited circle, even in the Capital, exercised no influence whatever on country people, even of high degree, who still clung to their native doric—not so the other Edinburgh Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures, which offered money prizes for the best model of a plough, or for the finest specimen of dyeing, paper-making, weaving of cloth, carpets, or blankets. The same Society also rewarded farmers, who should plant the

greatest number of timber trees, oak, ash, or elm; to the farmer who should gather in the largest quantity of well-ripened red clover, or to the farmer's wife producing the best salt butter.

All this is very new and very modern, but how strange it is to read of the little Capital, now so energetically bestirring herself, such news as this—"At two o'clock on the morning of Monday, 17th January 1757, a hot press for landsmen in the town and suburbs of Edinburgh. One hundred and sixteen men caught before six o'clock, and delivered to the commanding officer of the Castle." Such an event as this, however, caused no excitement in the Carse; whilst they were never done talking of the prizes of the Society, and were lost in wonder over a rumour which reached them of a new bridge to be built across the Nor' Loch, "so as to render the communication easy between the High Street and the fields which lie to the north of Edinburgh, and are so happily fitted for the purpose of building."

Many men and women of an older generation shook their heads over such strange new doings; and in truth, with a rapidly increasing activity and prosperity, a great wave of infidelity and revolt was sweeping over Scotland—the beginning of that same spirit of unrest and discontent, which in France, culminated in the storm of the Revolution. The writings of Hume and Paine were everywhere read and discussed, and men were no longer afraid to avow themselves unbelievers. We, who fondly imagine that this was the very time in which faithful servants grew like berries on a bush, to use a homely phrase, are astonished to find the masters and mistresses of the Carse taking the very words out of our mouths, and grumbling loudly that ploughmen and house servants were no longer humble and dutiful, but were "demanding higher wages than they could afford to give, and were deserting their service." Many a goodwife shook

her head over the modern up-settingness of the hinds, who must needs have their woollen sarks changed and washed like the gentles, instead of wearing one straight on for six months, as in the good old days; and then having it cleansed at Whitsunday and Martinmas, by leaving it to soak for four-and-twenty hours in a tub of manure; then rinsing it out in cold water and hanging it up to dry.

In the midst of all this unrest, the bold spirit of James Steuart, who above all things delighted in theological discussion, was constantly at work, and was daily grappling with difficulties, of which his fathers had never dreamt. The millwright was now about fifty years of age; a time of life, at which indolent men begin to slip into the habit of taking things for granted. But James Steuart was not indolent, and by this time, he had entered on a period of thinking and wrestling, which led him far enough away from many old traditions.

We of our generation imagine that we utter an almost absurd truism when we say, as this man was in the habit of saying—"God alone is Lord of the conscience, and not man"; but we forget that this was not always acknowledged, and that in James Steuart's time, each sect claimed alone to have discovered the only and absolute truth, and claimed as well the power to compel any man, who differed from his Minister and the Kirk Session, to amend his belief, or to suffer punishment. The Paip, whilst as ardently attached as any of his forefathers to the Doctrine of Grace, was one of the first men in Scotland to perceive that this system of compulsion was radically wrong, and to claim for himself the right of private judgment.

It will be seen that the Secession Church could be no longer a resting-place for so fearless a thinker—and indeed sometime before the year 1764, James Steuart had left that fold, and joined one in which he considered that he found

greater freedom. Not however, in the lifetime of the Erskines, I am glad to think, but after the death of both those good men. Whether it was owing to the Antiburgher curse or not, I know not; but the two brothers did not long survive its utterance. The younger went first, dying in November 1752; whilst Mr Ebenezer passed away on the 2nd of June 1754, at the age of seventy-five. The manner of their going was unlike, and yet the same. In a quiet interval of a violent fever, Ralph Erskine whispered the single word "victory," and left earth and its troubles behind. His brother, on the other hand, had talked of death, saying—"I know that when my soul forsakes this tabernacle, it will fly as naturally to my Saviour's bosom, as a bird to its beloved nest." His actual going-away was very calm and beautiful—"He requested his daughter to bring the table and candle near the bed, and having shut his eyes, and laid his hand under his cheek, he quietly breathed out his soul into the hands of his Redeemer."

And what said the Antiburghers to those blessed deaths? They rejoiced solemnly no doubt; and returned thanks to the Almighty, Who had thus graciously endorsed their malediction—and the gentler spirits amongst them trusted that as the bodies of these two enemies of the truth had indeed been delivered to Satan, yet by the destruction of the flesh, they might after all be saved in the day of the Lord.

The very awfulness of this shocking spirit was, however, beginning to drive thoughtful men to revolt; and as a matter of fact, the continual and disgraceful contentions within the Secession Church, united to the hatred which raged between the Burghers and the Antiburghers, were driving some of their members back to the Church of Scotland, and a larger number into the fold of the Synod of Relief.

The Relief movement, surely the very gentlest form of dissent ever known among men, had from the first engaged the earnest attention of James Steuart. For one thing, it originated, as did the Secession Church, in the near neighbourhood of Tulliallan. The excellent Mr Gillespie of Carnock, a good quiet man of "plain and unaffected simplicity of character, and one who made little account of public appearances in behalf of religious principles," had been deposed by the Moderates in their usual tyrannical and arbitrary manner, to the great distress of the Evangelicals, "who were deeply grieved by the injustice done." Mr Gillespie's only offence was the expression of his conscientious objection to the violent intrusion of a Minister in 1752, upon the unwilling parish of Inverkeithing. Seven years later, in consequence of another violent intrusion, Mr Thomas Boston, son of the revered author of the "Fourfold State," had joined Mr Gillespie; whilst not long after, a third Minister having in the same manner been expelled from the Church of Scotland, the three worthy men resolved to form the Synod of Relief. "These excellent men," says the Antiburgher historian Struthers, with wonderful fairness, "were in the main unquestionably friends to what was really the Secession cause, but they had imbibed many prejudices against the men who had espoused it, and the modes by which they had managed it—for which recent events had given but too much occasion."

Far from being voluntary dissenters, the Relief Ministers were ardently attached to the Church of their fathers, and earnestly hoped that their separation might be only for a season. These hopes were not likely to be realised; for the Moderates, who had now perhaps sunk to their lowest level, by a majority threatened to depose any of the Evangelicals who might co-operate with the followers of Gillespie. This treatment did not, however, change the sentiments of the

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Relief Church. As one of her Ministers touchingly said—
“I beg my reverend brethren to think that this change of my condition . . . makes no change in my former creed, none in my principles of Christian and ministerial communion, nay, none in my cordial regard to the constitution and interest of the Church of Scotland, which I solemnly engaged to support more than thirty years ago, and hope to do so while I live. At the same time, I abhor persecution in every form, and that abuse of Church power which seems to me inconsistent with humanity and with the civil interests of the nation. . . . It is my heart's desire to God that the ministers and flocks of the Church of Scotland may prosper.”

This strange new note, so beautiful, so entirely in harmony with the Doctrine of Grace, came home with power to the heart of James Steuart. As of a Sunday, he searched his Bible by the banks of the Allan, it was more and more borne in upon his spirit that so long as any portion of the Christian Church claimed a monopoly of the truth, so long would tyranny reign, and the Church herself be destroyed, and split into innumerable factions. There could be unity only in toleration—Grace be with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Those were wonderful days in the life of the perfervid Paip; how wonderful, it is difficult for us now to understand—for almost every cherished conviction of a lifetime, and every conception of the most vital truths had to be razed to the ground, and built up anew—and that by one of the most tenacious of mankind.

Good Mr Duchel having died in 1758, a certain Mr Frame was presented to the parish of Logie. The Elders having protested, a long struggle took place—and finally, a Mr Wright, also obnoxious, was thrust upon the people in 1760. As a result of this state of things, a number of the parishioners resolved to withdraw themselves from the Church of Scotland, and to build themselves a place of worship in

connection with the Relief Synod, in the lovely little village of Blairlogie. This little white-washed "Meeting Howse," as it funnily enough called itself on a carved stone above its west door, James Steuart joined—probably as soon as it was built, for Mr Ebenezer's church in Stirling was now in a deplorable state. Mr James Erskine, his uncle's successor, had just died at the early age of thirty-one, whereupon some of the congregation called Mr Robert Campbell, whilst the others, as a matter of course, opposed their choice. For six long years, the quarrel raged ; two other Ministers being chosen and rejected, with unutterable heart-burning—and then finally, Mr Campbell was called for a second time. The opponents of the new Minister, worn out by the squabbles which had arisen, or disgusted at not getting their own way, in a body went over to the Cameronians, the old Society People, who ever since Covenanting days had maintained a separate position.

When the twin daughters of James and Katherine were baptised on Wednesday, 5th September 1764, in the Meeting Howse at Blairlogie, they had only one sponsor, James Clason, a portioner of Corntoune, and one of the new Elders of the little church, the others being Robert, James and John Galloway, the latter being at the same time treasurer, whilst John Kidston, who wrote a very good hand, had been elected Session Clerk. The infants, Mary and May, were on the day of their baptism carried three good miles, past the Abbey Craig to the pretty, red-roofed hamlet, of which about one half was built on the flatness of the Carse, whilst the other half, mingled with sombre pine-trees, had begun the ascent of the Ochil Hills. I like to imagine that in this early dawn of better things, Mistress Agnes Ogilvy of Dunblane, on that September day, found herself in the Howse. If her principles permitted, as I hope they did, of so much liberality, she would get a very hearty welcome,

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for some years later, we find the Synod of Relief deciding by a majority, to "hold communion with those of the Episcopal and Independent persuasions, upon supposition always that they are by profession visible saints." I shall suppose then, that the Old Jacobite Lady bestowed her blessing on Mary and May Steuart, as proudly escorted by the Lads, they were, after the ceremony, carried round for inspection by their sister Katherine, now a young woman of nineteen. The old lady, with aged hands uplifted, and lips moving in prayer vanishes forthwith from our story, as indeed she must shortly after have passed away from earth. The portion of wealth which she left behind her, although it had been withheld from her brother Archibald, if I am not mistaken, found its way into the pockets of his grandsons, the Lads; with instructions, I suspect, as to how it was to be laid out. Be that as it may, we find the elder Lad, at an age when a young man cannot, unless he has private fortune, be in a position to buy land, becoming the possessor of that very identical portion of Corntoune, on which his ancestor, the Earl's son, had settled so long before—that portion which early in the eighteenth century was "possessed by William Ogilvy and James and Harry Ogilvys his sons." The younger Lad, a few years later, while he also was yet young, became the owner of the beloved old home by the Allan, so fiercely contended for in the past by the Steuarts and the Ogilvys.

I should be glad to think that the Paip's conversion to a softer creed led to a relenting towards the other members of his wife's family, if not in the year of the christening of the twins, at all events in the next year. William, to a certain extent, had already been forgiven, and lingering over the sad list of burials in Logie parish, I find it impossible to believe that the tender-hearted Katherine lived within a mile of her

afflicted brother Patrick, without frequently making her way up the brae to Blawlowan.

27th September, 1747, we read, Patrick Ogilvy's child.

16th April, 1749, Patrick Ogilvy's child.

17th March, 1751, Patrick Ogilvy's child.

30th July, 1761, Marion, daughter to Patrick Ogilvy.

17th May, 1765, Patrick, son to Patrick Ogilvy.

17th May, 1765, Agnes Morrison, spouse to Patrick Ogilvy.

Part Tenth

John Steuart and Jean Davidson

IT was the complaint of Katherine Ogilvy, as it has been the complaint of mothers in all generations, that her children grew up too quickly ; although in her case, to be sure, the extremely spasmodic nature of her family must have afforded certain compensations. It was a trial to her loving heart that by the year 1773, her elder son had already left the old home, and was enthusiastically learning what the Carse folk called the New Husbandry, under that rising young farmer John Robertson of Spittal. No occupation could possibly offer a clever and industrious young man (and John was both) a finer field for enterprise, and the elder Lad threw himself, with all the Steuart impetuosity and ardour, into the fascinating pursuit of modern farming.

It was now about twenty years since some of the neighbouring gentry had begun to introduce English agriculture into the Carse, and although at first the country people had laughed such innovations to scorn, and " marvelled," Mr Ramsay tells us, " to find some of the portioners following the Gentles in their maggots, they began to think more favourably when they saw their crops." In 1751, Mr Drummond of Blair had sent his ploughman James Row to Ayrshire, " to learn drill husbandry and the culture of turnips from Lord Eglinton's English servants ; and he was so apt a scholar that the very next year he raised a large field of turnips, which were the first in the country. . . . A single horse ploughing the drills astonished the people,

who had never seen fewer than four yoked. . . . One of Mr Drummond's advisers was Mr Charles Dundas, long a dragoon officer, who whilst in England had studied the husbandry of the counties in which he had been quartered. Mr Seton of Touch became a keen improver much about the same time as Blair. Ere long he made a wonderful improvement upon the place . . . so that the Carse of Touch which had been proverbially bad, produced plentiful crops, by means of liming and high culture. . . . Mr Graham of Meikleham was the first in this corner who summer-fallowed for wheat, and had a proper rotation of crops, in which artificial grasses had a place. . . . The first tenant farmers who adopted the New Husbandry were Alexander Galloway at St Ninians and Henry Stirling at Park of Keir . . . a relation of Keir. . . . Another circumstance, the course of an *over* successful war, caused enormous sums of money to flow into Scotland. . . . The prosperity of so many individuals, joined to our smiling prospects at home and abroad, made a deep impression on the most sober minds, whilst the sanguine and inexperienced were in a state little short of intoxication. . . . The tenants gradually departed from the saving maxims of their forefathers, and laid out liberally on their farms. . . . Meantime the rise upon horses kept pace with that on black cattle. . . . But the circumstance which of all others contributed to the improvement of this part of the country was the practicability of procuring lime to any extent, in consequence of the good roads and carts. . . . The limestones were landed about Causewayhead, and carted in dry weather through the lands of Cornthouse."

This bright picture of a farmer's life in those old days in the Carse of Stirling makes a smiling background into which, in imagination, we can place the stalwart, well-knit frame and eager self-reliant face of young John Steuart, whose good parents rejoiced in his gay enthusiasm and early success as

a very clever farmer, and yet at the same time, felt anxious about their elder Lad, as they considered "the great prevalence of infidelity and immorality, and the great Decline of serious godliness," which marked the age. Although, to be sure, they consoled themselves by saying the one to the other, most happily there was nothing amiss in the Lad's life; and far from being tainted by the unbelief of the times, no young man could possibly take a deeper or more intelligent interest in the affairs of the Relief Church, or discuss with more ability any knotty point in the Minister's sermon.

In the spring of 1773 a peculiar change was observable in young John, which for some time puzzled his mother. At times he would fall silent, and look out musingly upon the Allan. He was hardly so interested in horses and black cattle, in prices and in lime as formerly, and would at times touch upon themes of a more sentimental cast. He was more attentive to his dress, shewed a new love of solitude, and although at times inclined to melancholy, on the whole, seemed happy, not with the feverish joy of money-getting, but with the quieter joy of a heart at rest.

By great good fortune, I am able to tell the Gentle Reader, who, of course, has no idea of what had so changed the Lad, what really was the cause of the sudden softening in John Steuart. The story of a fine spring morning which had faded from the memory of Brigend, has been preserved in the family of John Robertson, whose daughter, when very old, told it to one who told it to me.

Very early on a fine spring morning, so the story runs, in the year 1773 (Friday was the day of the week), two horses stood ready saddled and bridled before the door of Spittal, a white-washed house, standing on a green knoll, and commanding a wide out-look over the Carse. The horses were not kept long waiting, for it was a long ride to Perth, and

the market must not be missed. The two young farmers, John Robertson and John Steuart, speedily mounted, and trotting round by the village of Pathfoot, which has now vanished as completely as themselves from the face of the earth, began the long, toilsome ascent by the old road past Drumbrae, up above Bridge of Allan. John Steuart by this time had just come of age; whilst his friend and instructor was about eight years older. Both were dressed in the exceedingly becoming costume affected by farmers of that day, with which the portraits of Robert Burns have made us all familiar. Their necks were swathed in multitudinous folds of white cambric, whose snowy whiteness contrasted well with the high collars of their long, dark green swallow-tail coats; buff waistcoats, breeches, and high riding boots to the knee, completed their attire; whilst their hats were of black felt with up-turned brims. If this particular morning were cold, as cold it was bound to be on the high Sheriffmuir, the two young men were muffled up in tartan riding cloaks, for although by this time, unfortunately, fine ladies and country lasses had alike discarded its use, farmers still wore tartan as an outside wrap. To the end of his life John Steuart, when he rode abroad, clothed himself in this picturesque attire; and I have been told by one who knew him, how tall and stately and *buirldly* he looked as he came striding into Brigend enveloped in his long tartan cloak; and also how piercingly keen was the quick glance of his "blue, blue eyes."

At the top of the steep road, just where it turned sharply round towards the north, the farmers stopped for a few minutes to rest their horses. The prospect was one of indescribable beauty. All the way up the hill John Steuart had dwelt with something of rapture on the green Carse lying like a map below, in which, broader and yet broader still, as the horses mounted higher and higher, twisted and

gleamed the silver links of Forth. In every direction this lovely plain was bounded by endless hills, smiling and glooming with all the bewitching lights and shadows of early morning. To the young farmer, who was by nature as deeply romantic as any Steuart of them all, this fair scene was dearer than it could possibly be to any other; for the landscape, with its memories of Bruce and Wallace, and Stirling Castle, with its old stories of the Kings of Scotland, spoke to the very heart of the Lad, in whose veins ran the blood of Robert the Bruce and of the Royal Stuarts. Perhaps even then, in those early days of prosperity and hope, he never toiled up that long, weary brae without singling out one special group of green fields which he determined one day to make his own, and which were indeed to be his (but long after his first purchase of land), that "one sixteenth part of Corntoune"—the scene of Wallace's great victory of the Battle of Stirling.

All to the south was fair indeed, but perhaps the most perfect beauty came in sight at that turn of the road, to which I have already alluded—for there a whole tumbled sea of Highland hills burst suddenly upon the riders, snow-capped still on that fine spring morning—there to the west they reared themselves in majesty against the pearly morning sky—Uamvar, Ben Vorlich, Stuc a Chroin, Ben Ledi (the mountain of God), Ben Lomond, and many and many another. To the north, like an endless, red-tinted ribbon, rose and fell the old drove road to the Sheriffmuir, over undulating hills of shaded green and russet brown. And now there was many a mile of alternate trotting and walking in the keen, exhilarating air, which, mounting to the head like wine, filled the heart with an intensity of gladness. The eye delighted itself in the colouring of the little hills of the wide table-land, lying under a sky of purest blue—hills yellow with the faded grass of last year, vivid green where

the new pasture had already sprung up—dull green and sombre where the whin bushes grew thick. Here and there were patches of blue-grey, as the whinstone pierced through the soil; here and there were whole acres of red, withered ferns, in the midst of which the new fronds, bursting their silken wrappings, almost visibly unrolled themselves in the sunshine. For music, to please the ear, there was the gurgle of frequent streamlets and the constant singing of larks fluttering upwards. Along this charming road, which had they but known it, led not to Perth but to Paradise, mile after mile trotted the young farmers, blithe and gay. At times they talked, but not of the beauty which filled the heart of one of them at least with rapture—not of ancestral lands and romantic dreams, such things John Steuart, like a true Scot, kept to himself—not assuredly of any particular young lass, for both were fancy free. No, the talk was for the most part of that market, which they were never to reach, of the price of black cattle, and the probable demand for them at the Falkirk Tryst, of the advantages offered by the new canal for the carriage of farm produce, with now and then a short flight into their nation's favourite field of theology and the Church courts. The celebrated intrusion case of St Ninians, it may please the Exact Reader to know, was just then convulsing the whole neighbourhood.

Meanwhile, as John Steuart and John Robertson were so pleasantly trotting over the Sheriffmuir, expressing as they went, their opinions anent the intrusion of old Mr Thomson on the parish of St Ninians, two young girls on whom they had never set eyes were exceedingly busy over at the Waulk-mill of Ogilvie, about quarter of a mile on this side of the village of Blackford, at which place, the short cut across the Sheriffmuir joined the ordinary highway to Perth. These were Mary and Jean Davidson, the daughters of a certain very prosperous waulk-miller, John Davidson by

name, who in the year 1739, had taken to wife "Jean Whyte in the paroch of Dunblane." From the register of wills recorded in the town of Dunblane, it appears that the Davidsons had been established in the Mill of Ogilvie for at least a hundred years; in all probability much longer, so that they were a thoroughly respectable family, proud of their traditions, and of some little importance in the countryside. For those days, John Davidson's waulk-mill, to which the handloom weavers of Blackford carried their webs of loose-woven cloth, to be hammered into serviceable closeness of fabric, was quite a large manufactory. Every week, a hundred workers passed through the front garden from the mill, with its fifteen windows in a row, and were paid at the open window of the counting-house, a large room on the ground floor. Upstairs, an apartment of corresponding size served as the parlour of the family. On both flats were a number of other good rooms; whilst to the south, was a low wing containing kitchen accommodation. Externally, John Davidson's dwelling was a substantial house, grey in colour, but brightened by a red roof; to the back, at a right angle, stretched the waulk-mill towards the long line of the Ochils, together with a detached building used by the dyer. In front of the house was a small plot with two or three fir-trees and birches, and at the side, running the whole length of the mill was a large garden, surrounded by an elder and hawthorn hedge. This garden, which sloped to the north, was bounded by the clear and singularly rapid Danny burn, and was no doubt dreary enough in dull weather, but on this particular fine Friday morning, it was perfectly delightful. The hedge was a mass of living green, the rowan flowers were just bursting into bloom; whilst there was heard in every corner, the measured beat of the great wooden mill-wheel, turned by a tributary of the Danny, which thereafter raced through the middle of the garden to join the parent

stream in the lower part of the little grounds. In front of the house and mill, rolled westward an undulating stretch of cold-looking country framed in by a distant circle of hills. On the whole, under grey skies—rather a dreary home, but on such a day of settled fineness as would be selected out of the whole spring-time by a careful housewife for the great and solemn festival of blanket-scouring—free and exhilarating enough.

Now this eventful Friday had been so chosen by Mary Davidson, the waulk-miller's eldest unmarried daughter—for I judge that Christian Davidson, being by this time thirty-two years of age, had already given her hand and heart to the individual commemorated on the family sampler as "I. T."—indeed now I think of it, the old lady's story was of "*two* young lassies." These then, were Mary aged twenty-five and Jean aged twenty, and if any Housewifely Reader should object to Friday as being too late in the week for a work so important, I have only to remark that the choice had been made with thought, as it will plainly appear that John Davidson was away for the day to the Perth market.

The girls and their servant-lass had been up betimes, for the miller's daughters were not above household work—indeed, why should they have been so, seeing that in those homely days even ladies of quality took their full share of domestic drudgery? Did not the great Laird of Cockpen, when he went a-wooing, find Mistress Jean busy in the kitchen? They had been up betimes, and now as the morning wore on, and the sun mounted higher and higher, the breezy, sloping garden was full of yellow, flapping blankets, marked with the initials "I. W." and adorned in the old style, with elaborate Catherine-wheels of worsted-work at each corner.

Mary and Jean Davidson, wearied but triumphant, regarded the flapping blankets with pride and pleasure. Their

heads and hearts indeed were full that beautiful morning of soap-suds, just as the heads and hearts of John Robertson and John Steuart, even then clattering round the corner of the kitchen-wing, were full of black cattle and the Perth market. The eager desire of both men and maidens was that nothing should occur to hinder the business of the day, on which their minds were wholly set. Such being the case, what followed was indeed a masterpiece of mischievous Cupid.

All of a sudden, the two busy maidens heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the rough road, and as the track past the mill was little frequented, they naturally looked over the hedge. So unexpected was this pleasing apparition to the two young farmers that they mechanically reined in their horses—and in order to account for their sudden stoppage, there fell from the lips of one of them—of John Robertson, we shall suppose, some mendacious inquiry regarding the shortest way to Perth.

Now, Mary and Jean Davidson, whatever their pretensions to good looks may have been (and they cannot, I think, have been unattractive) were certainly uncommonly frank and lively girls. They entered, indeed, with such cordiality into the matter of the journey to Perth, that somehow or other, the farmers felt that they had unaccountably exaggerated the distance to the Fair City. The maidens went on to speak of the abominable nature of the Sheriffmuir road, and all at once, the young men were seized by a remorseful humanity, as they considered how needlessly they had urged on their poor beasts over the past ten miles. Black cattle and their prices became less important than they had been a quarter of an hour before; whilst as for Mary and Jean, they suddenly felt how foolish it was to work straight on all day, without a little season of repose. Curious to say, clean blankets had become in the minds of the sisters, a matter of very minor consideration.

There was, I doubt not, in some corner of John Davidson's garden, an old moss-grown seat of doubtful comfort, commanding a wide view of endless little hills, and rejoicing in bright sunshine. I am truly sorry to pain the Conscientious and Business-like Reader, but the truth I must tell—and the truth is that before long, the two farmers and the waulk-miller's lively daughters were happily seated together, talking eagerly on all subjects grave and gay, as freely as if they had been old friends. John Steuart carried with him to his dying day the memory of that hour. Many a time, in sad musings, he heard again the joyous splash of the big wheel and the muffled thumping of the huge wooden hammers inside the mill, mingling with the singing of birds and the pleasant little music of the two burns, tearing along in such a hurry to join the Allan. Many a time, Jean's bright young face and laughing eyes rose suddenly up before him, just as they did on that wonderful first day, on which he saw and loved her. John Steuart and Jean Davidson have long been dust in Logie Churchyard, and the mill and house of Ogilvie are now dismantled and forsaken. Some of the rooms are occupied by farm servants, and the interior of the waulk-mill has long since been emptied of machinery, although the roof is quite entire, and the openings by which the rapid running stream darted in and out are still to be seen.

How long the four young people laughed and chatted together, I do not know—perhaps they themselves never inquired too closely into that matter. Securely screened from the observation of the mill-workers by the quickly drying blankets, neither young men nor lasses gave any thought to the flight of time. Indeed, strange as it may appear, for a brief season, Mary and Jean actually cared not twopence whether the remainder of the household blankets were dried that night or not; whilst as for John Robertson

and John Steuart, the news that all the black cattle in the country had perished by the visitation of some new and malignant disease would hardly have caused them any concern.

Such an ecstatic state of things could not of course continue indefinitely, and by-and-by there was some hurried consultation of watches, which resulted in a brief farewell and a very abrupt departure.

The maidens had the best of it; for after watching their late companions tearing down to the highway, and then through the one street of Blackford, they could, although somewhat excited by so unusual an adventure, return to the plain prose of life. Very different was it with the two young farmers, for after galloping some miles at a break-neck pace, they were obliged to admit to each other that the thing was useless—Perth market had already begun, and they were still only half way from the Carse. We can see them all at once stopping short, looking sheepishly at each other, muttering unreasonable abuse of the two girls, whom each in his heart thought truly delightful, and finally bursting into a roar of laughter, as the exquisite absurdity of the situation overwhelmed every other feeling. At last, mightily crest-fallen, the two friends, who had set out so briskly at early morning, turned their horses to the south, riding slowly so that their return might appear natural to the neighbours, and avoiding the Mill of Ogilvie (and the laughter of the Davidson girls) as they would some haunt of fever. It was by the highway, and not by the Sheriffmuir short cut, most certainly, that they went home that day; and how John Robertson and John Steuart answered the questions of curious friends as to their doings at the Perth market, I do not like to think.

This then, was what had happened to John Steuart. He had fallen passionately in love at first sight with blithe Jean

Davidson. This indeed, was almost a habit with the Steuarts; and it was a very beautiful thing about their love, that it was as constant and faithful as it was sudden and tempestuous.

Friday was now the only day of the week on which life was at all endurable for John; all the others he passed in a fever of recollection or of anticipation. As he tilled John Robertson's fields, he was raised to the heavens with hope, or sunk below the earth with fear or jealousy; every evening he moped solitary by the Allan, in these days become strangely precious in his eyes, for it bore in its bosom the clear waters of the little Danny burn, on which Jean that very day might have deigned to glance.

I doubt not that in those days of intense and troubled feeling, John kept a diary, in which he recorded his wild extremes of bliss and woe. I am acquainted with a certain old MS. of the early "thirties," the journal of one of John Steuart's grandsons, who fully inherited the family intellect and romance; who also fell in love at first sight, he always affirmed, although he was a boy at the time, and who served, not seven years, but more than twice seven years for his love. The old yellow pages give a key to the forgotten agonies and raptures of 1773. "Several days have elapsed since I met *****," John's grandson complains, "methought when I last saw her she looked cold." . . . "I have not met ***** for several days. I almost tremble to see her. I know she will be as cold as ice. She probably attributes my continued absence to indifference." . . . "Saw *****. Contrary to my fears was well received, and was happy, returned home in good spirits."

Such jottings as these once existed in the clear handwriting of John Steuart, a record of tortures and delights, oddly mingled with calculations as to coming crops and the prices of horses and cows. I sometimes wonder, seeing that

young John had received a very fair education, and that the family was so proud of its Stuart descent, I sometimes wonder if in those feverish days, he ever by the side of the Allan or the Forth, looked into the pages of the King's Quhair, in which his great ancestor the Poet-King tells how he also saw his Jane one fine morning in a garden, and loved at first sight and for ever. If so, then the words of the King went with him as he wandered by the stream. His Jean too, was

"The fairest and the freshest young flower
That ever I saw methocht before that hour."

He also could say with royal James—

"And though I stood abaisit though a-light,
No wonder was, for why, my wittis all
Were so ourcome with pleasaunce and delight,
Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
For ever of free will; for of manace
There was no token in her sweet face."

"Ah! sweet, are ye a warldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likenesse of Nature?"

"So lang till even for lak of micht and mind,
I for-weepit and por-pleynit piteously,
Ourset so sorrow had baith heart and mind,
That on the cold stone, my head on wrye
I laid and leanit, amasit verily."

The Experienced Reader may not be surprised to learn that all for-weeping and for-pleyning were in this case quite uncalled for. The course of true love for once ran smooth; as smooth John Steuart may sometimes have thought in after years, as the river running towards the rocks, which are to dash its waters in pieces.

Before long, John Robertson and Mary Davidson were

engaged, and their marriage took place on the 18th of April 1774—the anniversary perhaps, of the memorable blanket-washing. John however, had seven years to serve for his Jean; seven happy years, which “seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her.” Katherine Ogilvy took her new daughters into her motherly arms, and like her Lad, loved at first sight. She must have been a woman singularly attractive who so quickly won a true heart, which she held securely through seven years of waiting, and over whose new-made grave her husband, still a young man, breathed a solemn vow of everlasting love and fidelity.

James and Katherine were well pleased with their son's choice, and yet this early love had in it an element of sadness. It set the old lovers a-thinking and a-talking of the past, as they strolled up the Allan Water of a summer's evening. He was now a man of sixty-three, she was over fifty—lovely as ever, I can well believe from what I know of the blooming and beautiful age of her people. It seemed but yesterday, he said, with rather a sad smile, since he had watched from the brig for Katherine's appearance at the parlour window—it seemed but yesterday, she said, since she walked down the glen alone on her wedding-day a new-made wife. So they talked, as they wandered homeward by the water-side, James erect and self-reliant as ever, Katherine as sweet and beloved as when she was to her lover—“that Bonnie, Bonnie Lass.” They passed round by the back of Brigend, and turned down the loaning, lingering a little, unwilling to enter the darkening house—when lo! a young man who had just crossed the Carse from Stirling appeared in sight, smiling nervously as he saw the Steuart couple standing by their garden gate. “John Macgibbon again!” says Katherine, with a sly glance at her James.

On the 15th of April 1775, the millwright's eldest daughter, Katherine Steuart, became the wife of John Macgibbon, who,

I fancy, was kindly received into the family by the sympathetic and warm-hearted Katherine Ogilvy, from the fact that she bestowed on her son-in-law that precious relic, her father's snuff-box with the silver lid, on which were thereafter inscribed the initials "J. M'G.," under the original "A. O." This heir-loom, however, returned again to the House of Steuart, in default of male noses in the line of the Macgibbons.

John's seven years of waiting were not of course entirely devoted to love-making. He was a hard-working and successful farmer, and besides taking an intense interest in his daily work, the young man threw himself heart and soul, in company with his father, into the grand new mission of the Synod of Relief; and in particular, did he follow with the most fervid eagerness, the career of Mr Alexander Pirie, a young man, whose advanced views led to his being constantly in hot water.

It was amongst the Antiburghers, strange to say, that this ardent spirit had arisen. On entering this strait-laced sect, the young man, not content with signing the Covenants with one hand lifted to heaven, as the custom was, must needs hold both upraised, as a sign of his exceeding zeal. In course of time, and while he was still very young, Mr Alexander Pirie was promoted to be Professor of Philosophy at the Antiburgher college at Abernethy. Here in those days of unrest and growing infidelity, the young man, who was a really great genius—a man who might, like Luther, have set half a continent on fire, although he is perhaps almost unknown to the present generation, studied and thought profoundly; and more and more as he did so, he gave way to an impatient revolt. No Jesuit priest, he considered, was more entirely the slave of his superiors than he—the right of free thought was denied him in the smallest particulars. Nothing, indeed, was too small to escape the notice of those excellent Antiburgher Fathers, and about the year 1763 they thought proper to pass an Act, condemning "those who may be

pointing towards public work in the Church, and who study an affected pedantry of style and pronunciation and politeness of expression."

Mr Alexander Pirie of Abernethy paid not the smallest attention to this Act, but continued to deliver his wonderful lectures to a handful of students, in such a style, that by the month of April 1763—"It began to be generally talked that Mr Alexander had recommended erroneous books to the students, and had encouraged his pupils in a certain modish affectation in phrase and accentuation, and in a humour of censuring the language and address of some ministers of the Synod." An essay of a certain Mr Witherspoon, condemned by the Antiburgher Synod, the young Professor had pronounced to be—"Only an innocent and philosophical amusement, containing neither good nor bad sentiments." When his attention was drawn to a refutation of Mr Witherspoon's essay, pronounced by the Synod to be conclusive, this modern young man pertly declared the said refutation to be—"No answer at all, but a mean, insignificant work, in which the author had injured the essay by unfair quotations."

Mr Pirie was called before the Antiburgher Synod to answer for his erroneous sentiments, which were subversive of Christianity, it seems, although it is difficult to see how they could be so, the subject of the essay being—"Reflexions on the Advantages of a Liberal and Polite Education." A long conference took place at the Synod, during which great efforts were made to convince Mr Alexander of his errors, but in vain. The Professor, to the indignation of the Synod, insisted on speaking of the essay in an indifferent, careless manner, whereas in the opinion of the Antiburgher ministers, the work teemed with the most dangerous errors. Finally the young philosopher was deprived of his license, whereupon the old story runs—"Mr Pirie appealed to Heaven for

justice, and went out uttering several offensive expressions in a low voice."

Mr Pirie joined the Burghers, but found them not more to his mind than the Antiburghers, and especially did the philosopher detest the opinion which they, as well as their opponents held, concerning the duty of maintaining the binding obligation of the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, and their refusal to admit to the Communion any who hesitated to take this step. Before long, we are not surprised to learn, Mr Pirie was cast out of the Burgher fold.

The millwright was entirely in sympathy with Mr Alexander Pirie, for having thrown in his lot with the Relief Church, he not only did not approve of the continuance of the Covenants, but approved of the custom of his new church, "who made welcome to their Communion every real and unblemished Christian, no matter of what denomination." The essence of the Relief teaching was that the Church of Christ should trust more to the power of the Spirit, and less to Acts of Parliament and National Covenants; and it is difficult for us at this time of day to understand the violent abuse hurled against the Synod of Relief, not only by the two rival sections of the Associate Presbytery, but by the Church of Scotland, which found such moderation most dangerous and sinful.

In 1768, Mr Warden, the first Minister of the Relief congregation at Blairlogie died, and the brave little band of farmers and advanced thinkers resolved to call the heretic—Mr Alexander Pirie.

The Synod of Relief was, as we have seen, in the very fore-front of the new movement in favour of toleration and catholicity, and yet even the Synod was nearly rent in twain by this action of James Steuart and his neighbours. The new denomination had no desire to welcome Mr Pirie as one

of their pastors, less on account of his alleged heresies as from a wholesome dread of his irritable temper, waspish tongue and extraordinary powers of argument. The Relief Fathers therefore frowned severely when the little congregation of Blairlogie insisted on calling the former Antiburgher professor. They also had studied his Essays on the Principles and Conduct of the Seceders, which the portioners of Logie so greatly admired, and whilst it no doubt displayed wonderful talent, it also gave evidence of "the workings of a temper sour and fretted." In short, they declared that "Mr Pirie's talents made him known, his temper made him feared, and his twice having been cast out, made him notorious." The Synod therefore intimated to the congregation at Blairlogie that they were free to choose any Minister *except* Mr Pirie, whose name they inserted in their minutes as "a marked person." In this matter, the Synod of Relief forgot that it had to deal with one of the Paips of Rome—for who can doubt that in this tremendous crisis, the resolute little band fighting for religious freedom was led on by the indomitable millwright? It is the strangest possible thing indeed, that this great battle was fought, not in some centre of intellectual thought amongst men trained and sharpened by a university education, but by a few Carse farmers, the descendants it is true, of the great of the earth, in the white-washed little meeting-house of a remote hamlet of ideal loveliness and innocence at the foot of the Ochils. I do not think it can be altogether imagination when I suggest that the presence of James Steuart in the Blairlogie congregation had something to do with the wonderful struggle—for he came of a race of Lawgivers, and had the quick eye, and the genius which can discern the times. In any case, he and his neighbours were a hundred years in advance of their day—for it has taken Scotland a very long time to reach their stand-point of 1769.

When the decision of the Synod of Relief was announced to a meeting of the congregation held in the Howse, all the men there assembled at once sprang to their feet in great indignation, and in a body left the building. Outside the church door, Robert Gillespie, the brother of the founder of the Relief, in vain harangued the portioners—imploping them to return, and to vote for some other person. It was like speaking to the wind. The commotion which followed was very great—Mr Gillespie, the honoured Father of the Church threatened to resign, but nothing could shake the determination of the congregation of Blairlogie to have the heretical professor for their Minister. They finally took the matter into their own hands, and having been denied justice, as they declared, called Mr Pirie, who not being in connection with any religious denomination, came to his new charge without any formal induction, and commenced his labours on the 19th of August 1770. "This affair," says Dr Struthers, and we can well believe him, "made no little noise at the time."

And now, the millwright found in his new Minister that being in whom above all things the Steuarts delighted—a man with a message. According to the Burghers and the Antiburghers, Mr Pirie was a dangerous heretic; according to the liberal-minded Synod of Relief he was "a marked person;" according to James Steuart and his son John, the late professor of Abernethy was perfectly sound on the Doctrine of Grace and a very great genius, better able than any other man in Scotland to suggest the real remedy for the distractions of Christ's Church . . . "there lived in these times," says Dr Frew, "a remarkable man called Pirie. His works are his monument. He was successively expelled from the Burgher and the Antiburgher Synods on account of so-called heretical opinions. The discipline which he inflicted on his opponents by his pen, was more severe than all their sentences of excommunication against him. . . . He

was in advance of his age. . . . His discourses flowed on, in a vein of clear and cogent argument, proving as they proceeded that men had no right to become innovators in Christ's house, and to make terms of communion, which He never made, to the exclusion of those whom He excluded not. . . . He was a giant in reasoning, and a master of the Scriptures. . . . The arguments of Pirie arrested, confounded, and convinced."

Those were wonderful Sundays in the little kirk of Blair-logie ; and James Steuart and his elder Lad sat spell-bound as their Minister poured forth such burning words as these—"It is equally presumptuous to the truth and contrary to the truth when our opponents assert that when we desire to hold communion with Episcopalians and all true Christians, our scheme stands upon the ruins of the grand distinguishing principles of the Reformation. I argue that the one grand distinguishing principle of the Reformation is the right of private judgment in matters of religion. . . . I assert that the Covenant which the Seceders call the grand distinguishing principle of the Reformation stands upon the right of private judgment. . . . As far as any body of men pretend to dictate to others in matters of religion, in matters of faith, and to punish them for non-compliance, and to force them to profess their own sentiments, so far they are Papists and not Protestants, whatever they pretend and by whatever names they call themselves. Names are of small importance. It is the spirit and principles of Popery that *are* Popery."

This to the Carse portioners was a new and magnificent truth ; and "they gloried in it as the dawning of a better day for the torn and bleeding Church of Christ, but by the Church of Scotland and by the Burghers and the Antiburghers it was considered as subversive of all Church order, and as impiously relieving men from those sacred national covenants which were binding upon them. Hold communion with

Episcopals and Independents! These were the very parties against whom the Solemn League and Covenant was framed. . . . The Confession of Faith also was formed, not with the view of receiving Episcopalians and Independents into occasional communion, but with the view of *extirpating* them." Let the Church of Scotland, the Burghers and the Antiburghers now say whose opinions have best stood the test of time!

James Steuart was in the habit, it would appear, of inducing his friends and neighbours to attend the ministrations of Mr Pirie occasionally; and amongst these was a certain young married man named John Gibson, who thereby got into trouble with the Antiburgher Minister from whose fold he had wandered. So much displeased indeed was this worthy man that he absolutely refused to baptize the infant of the wrong-doer—and the controversy which ensued so greatly interested the Paip that the writings of John Gibson on the subject have been carefully preserved to the present day. The rough sheets of foolscap, yellow, and worn at the edges in the course of a hundred and twenty-four years, still loudly express the grief and irritation of a well-meaning young man—whilst as for John Gibson's orthography, all classes in those days sinned a good deal in that respect, although not quite so much as Mr Pirie's latest convert. The Gentle Reader will, however, perhaps agree with me that the young man in question is to be admired as one possessing a positive genius for mis-spelling, rather than condemned as a transgressor against commonplace rules. Here then, is the letter which young John Gibson so proudly, yet bashfully, read aloud in Brigend to an eminently sympathetic circle.

April 1777.

SIR,—Upon Leving you las night, you was to send me word if you was to sie any of your Elders. I am shour you must

have had the opirtunity of sing them, and as I have Got no word from you, I expect an anser with the Berer.

Sir,—I have consulted my Bibbell and the Confession of faith, which I tak to be your rowll and mine. I still find no Ground for Exclouiding me or may Child from the Sacrement of Baptism, as I can not sie anything Scandlis in my practis, only that of Acdentill hearing of other ministers of the Gospell. This I never made any practis of, and if this be all the Scandell for which me or may Child shall be exclouided from the Congregation of which I have so long been a member, for my part I think it contrary to the word of God and the Confession of faith. I find in the Shorter Catekism, question 95, that the infants of members of the visabill Church are to be Baptized, again I find, Confession, chapter 20, article 2, that God alon is Lord of the Consince and not man, and for my part for me to acknoladg may conduct sinfull will be nothing but blind obedince or giving an outward Satisfaction to you or your Session. I hop you will love a man betr to tell the truth than to act the hypercit.

You will write me if I shall bring forward may Child or not, So I may know that I may aplay to another Socity of Christians for that ordnance. As you are Moderator and Clerk to your Session, you will oblig me in Sending an answer, and put in the Crimes you are to lay to may charg, so that I may sho it to others to whom in Providence I may aplay.

Sir, I am yours—

JOHN GIBSON.

This is the document read aloud to the Paip and his family, and although no doubt the spelling excites the mirth of the Educated Reader, he will find that the sentiments therein expressed are just and manly, and the whole tone of "the Latr" (it is docketed "Dowbl of a Latr sent to may

Minister") at once self-respecting and respectful. We can see the listening group in Brigend—the Paip, spectacles on nose, his hand upon the open Bible and Confession of Faith, his keen countenance wearing an expression of combative opposition. We see John Gibson, glancing from time to time at James Steuart for approval, slowly reading aloud the Dowbll, which trembles in his hand. The Lads listen on the whole with sympathetic good-will, but yet unnoticed, exchange a humorous wink, as they glance from the red, agitated face of young Gibson to the countenance of their father, on which their practised eyes can discern a high degree of stern enjoyment. The twins are also of the family party, two girls of thirteen, already as unlike as it is possible for sisters to be, for Mary is shooting up into a sweet-looking lass, tall, elegant and refined, whilst May the younger is short, dumpy and plain.

What space of time elapsed between the writing of John Gibson's first and second Latr to his Minister, I cannot tell. It was probably after many weeks of fruitless negotiation that the poor young man—baffled and angry, yet resolved that his injured babe should not share the fate of another Antiburgher infant in the Carse, who, owing to a dispute of its father with his Minister, was at two years old unbaptized and imagined to be nameless, being known in the family circle and elsewhere simply as "The Body"—sat down and wrote as follows:—

Saturday aftr noune.

SIR,—You will favour me with a Lin acknowleging what you have to Lay to may Charg. When I came under your Charg I gave you a testimoniall, and who can I ask it from but you. If you refuse to send me one, it Shall be the Last tim I shall ask it of you. In so dowing you will oblig your friend,—

JOHN GIBSON.

In vain poor John thus renewed his threat of leaving the congregation of "may Minister," in vain did he seek to conciliate the cast-iron Antiburgher by signing himself "your friend." His offended pastor, taking him at his word, simply wrote on the back of the above note—

Saturday afternoon.

JOHN,—I never gave (he had written, but quickly formulating a new law to meet the present case upon recollecting that such was not the truth, the Antiburgher Minister hastily dotted the a) I never *give* a Testimoniall to any but such as are going out of the bounds of the congregation. The Session lately delayed granting one to a member of the Congregation who was to make no bad improvement of it as to his witnessing profession : I cannot therefore give you one without acknowledging them.

On the following day, as the Antiburgher Minister evidently anticipated, "may Child" was carried over to Blair-logie and baptized by that arch-heretic Mr Pirie.

The Minister of the Meeting Howse, excellent and irascible man of genius that he was, at this time was more beloved than ever before by his devoted people—and yet the days of his pastorate were numbered. Twice Mr Pirie had applied to the Relief Church, craving to be recognized as a Minister of their denomination, and twice he had failed—and if a third petition, which he meditated met with a like refusal, he intended to resign, being unable longer to endure a position so isolated and peculiar.

It was on the 15th of April 1778 that young John Steuart, then twenty-six years of age, bought two different parts of Corntoune—one portion from William Robertson, and another (the old home of his mother's people, the Ogilvys, for five generations) "consisting of fourteen acres, eleven acres of which some time belonged to John Chrystiesone of Sheriff-

muirlands, and were disposed by him to the deceased John Dow of Sealbegs, and were purchased by the said Alexander Wingate's father from William Dow, merchant in Stirling."

Then came the day—the thrice blessed day, on which John brought Jean Davidson over the hills to see her future home. Strange that even the memory of such days of gladness, of which the smiling earth and sky seemed only the humble attendants, should long since have been blotted out, as if all that young love, and joy, and triumph had never existed.

The walls of the homestead over which the proud young proprietor smilingly led his Jean still stand; now used as a sort of barn or store-house; all divisions between the rooms gone, sunbeams darting here and there, through the tiles, upon broken plaster and great heaps of chaff and lumber.

The back and front doors of the red-tiled, white-washed house were opposite each other, the latter opening down the middle in two parts, whilst above, instead of panes of glass were two little wooden shutters, which could be opened wide when more light and air were wanted. I should imagine that on the occasion of Jean's first visit, she was purposely led in by the back of the house, and that the front door was kept carefully closed until all at once, John flung the two leaves wide open with the inquiry—"What think ye o' that?" It was just about the time of blossom that John's purchase of the land was made, and in those spring days, the farm-house seemed to open into fairyland, or into some beautiful chamber all full of living green, and white, and pink. Hardly any sky was seen, the perfectly level Carse and Stirling Castle were alike hidden from view by an orchard of apple and pear trees, and a luxuriant hedge of mingled beech and hawthorn, with here and there a sprig of privet. To the east of the dense orchard lay the garden

separated by a hedge, and entered, as you left the dwelling-house by an archway, on one side formed of ivy-mantled stone, on the other side, by an over-hanging pear-tree, now in extreme old age. House, orchard and garden were alike shut in and sheltered; and nothing could possibly be more unlike the wild and breezy situation of the Mill of Ogilvie. Happily it did not then occur to Jean Davidson that the day would come in that over-sheltered spot, when she would pine for the cry of the curlew, and for the sharp north-west wind of her father's upland garden. Ah! no, when she and John went so gaily together over the newly purchased home, all was beautiful and desirable, and before them stretched long years all full of joy and love—theirs for a lasting inheritance. So they thought!

Meantime, for the lovers there were two more years of waiting and working, during which Jean attended to her old father at the waulk-mill; whilst John rising early, planning, toiling and striving, advanced each week nearer to the happy day when Jean should share all. Shadows at times fell across this full and satisfying life, as on that Sunday two months after the purchase of Corntoune, when, with a feeling of deep sadness, the young man sat listening to the farewell sermon of Mr Pirie. There was sorrow also in the Minister's heart, as opening the pulpit Bible he read these words—"Grace be with you all. Amen." Such feelings, however, passed away; the congregation resumed its connection with the Relief Church in 1778, and in 1780 the Reverend William Billerwell was settled in Blairlogie manse.

During the year and a half that their church was without a Minister, and even afterwards, a most momentous struggle was going on in the spirits of the millwright and his eldest son. "The public mind," says a writer in the *Scots Magazine* of those days, "The public mind is like the crater of a burning mountain."

In the year 1778, "the fact began to transpire that in order that soldiers might be recruited in the Highlands, the Government intended to modify the penal laws against the Romanists. Of these there were not twenty thousand in all Scotland, who were for the most part poor people in the Highlands. Not twenty Roman Catholics possessed one hundred a year in land. Hearing Mass was still nominally a capital offence; no Papist could purchase land; nor could any one professing that religion, if above fifteen years of age, succeed to any property bequeathed by another person."

The proposal to repeal these laws seemed to the Protestants a horrible and impious thing. The General Assembly of 1778 discussed the matter with the profoundest alarm; and in February of the following year a day of fasting and humiliation was generally observed over Scotland. The next Sunday, an anti-Popery riot took place in Glasgow, a priest was insulted, several poor old Highland women were pelted with dirt and stones, and the house of a Roman Catholic was burnt down. In Edinburgh a church was destroyed, and the Roman Catholics were so much alarmed that they begged the Government to withdraw the Bill, which so far as Scotland was concerned was done.

Even the liberal-minded members of the Relief Church at first received a shock, and found themselves unable to accept a measure so opposed to all their traditions of the past. Patrick Hutchison, the disciple of Mr Pirie, now the leader of the advanced party in the Relief, reeled under a blow so staggering, and argued that "Popery ought not to be tolerated in any Protestant country, not so much on account of its errors and superstitions, but because of its persecuting genius and because Papists are bound to keep no faith with heretics." Before long, however, the young Minister over at St Ninians, having deeply pondered the whole matter, came

to a different conclusion, and from his pulpit there sounded forth a doctrine esteemed by almost all religious people to be most execrable and revolutionary. It appeared so, I fancy, to Robert Steuart the second son of James and Katherine, for in these years he made his way back to the Erskine Church over in Stirling—naturally not without some passionate explosions on his part, and considerable *dourness* on the side of his father and elder brother. Robert, however, was an excellent young man, and of a temper which although quick and irascible was most placable, so the strong family bond remained unbroken, and Robert continued a Seceder and a man of a singularly fine and sympathetic Christian spirit to the end of his days.

And now the millwright, a man verging on three score and ten, was very ill at ease. All through the June of 1779, he meditated deeply in Brigend over the vexed subject, and over the disquieting news from London town, where crack-brained Lord George Gordon had carried to the House of Commons, accompanied by a great multitude, a huge petition for the repeal of the Popish Toleration Bill—news of London given up for three days and three nights to the Protestant mob, of skies red with burning houses, of prisons broken into and criminals let loose, of wholesale robbery and of attacks upon the Bank of England.

This was stern teaching and the lesson was hard to learn. The old man in Brigend and his elder son now tilling his own fields, the staunchest of Protestants both of them, found much difficulty in carrying their political and religious principles to their logical conclusion; but the Steuart love of justice and fair-play triumphed, and amongst the very first in Scotland, those two men, father and son, accepted the great truth which Patrick Hutchison was now preaching over in St Ninians—"Good and peaceable subjects should be allowed the free exercise of their religion, according to that

information of truth and duty, which they may have received from the word of God."

Jean Davidson, in those stirring days just before her marriage heard perhaps rather too much of Popish Toleration and Patrick Hutchison; but she listened, I have no doubt, with a growing pride and delight to John's out-pourings, and felt there could be no one more clever and more truly religious than he. For in Brigend, the memory of Jean Davidson still lingers as of one who was "a good and gracious woman" (gracious to be taken in its pretty, old-fashioned, spiritual sense)—and in those days, she would sometimes wonder if she were not unworthy to be the wife of so good a man as John. However, she resolved to try hard after the lofty ideal which she felt sure animated her love, and such little shadows soon passed away—for now the wedding day drew near, and Jean was busy indeed. Her plenishing was all ready, and in the spacious low-roofed parlour at the Mill of Ogilvie those delicately-fluted, blue and white china cups and saucers, whose few survivors are now treasured in a south of England home, made a brave show when the Blackford neighbours looked in to inspect.

It was on the 18th of December 1779 that "John Steuart in the parish of Logie and Jean Davidson in the parish of Blackford listed their names for proclamation in order to marriage and gave five shillings to the poor." On the thirteenth day of the new year, the wedding took place; and how the guests found their way to the bride's upland home is a matter of wonder. By Wednesday the 12th, all was ready; Jean's plenishing and gowns were packed, and everything laid in for the great feast of the morrow—but as far as the eye could reach, there stretched a dazzling confusion of white, rounded hills, rising towards the west into snow-covered mountains; whilst even the rapid burns in the garden were fringed with ice. When Jean looked out late

that night to see what was the promise for her wedding day, "the atmosphere was still and serene, and the stars shone with a full and steady light."

That bitter cold night was not more still and serene than the warm hearts of John Steuart and Jean Davidson. After seven years of happy waiting, they knew each other thoroughly. They had long shared every hope, every thought, every interest. Since early manhood and womanhood, there had never been a time that their lives had lain apart, nor a time in which any other image could for a moment have occupied the heart of either. Even after the Minister of Blackford on the following day had pronounced the marriage benediction, the lovers would hardly feel more truly united than they had done ever since that blessed spring morning, on which they had first met and loved.

The cold of that night before the marriage was long remembered. "A Fahrenheit thermometer laid on the surface of the snow in the Observatory park in Edinburgh fell to forty-five degrees below the freezing of water"; and on the exposed northern slope of the Ochils, the frost was still more intense.

On Thursday, the 13th, the cold gradually increased; notwithstanding which, John Steuart, in his beautiful and becoming farmer's dress of the finest and best, came riding through the snow "To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa', awa'."

Part Eleventh

The Red-tiled House

THE first day of the life of Katherine Steuart was full of eventful interest, as the Surprised Reader will admit on peeping into the pages of the parish register of Logie, wherein he will find inscribed—"Born and baptized, 23rd November 1780, Katherine, lawful daughter to John Steuart and Jean Davidson in Corntoun." This seems curious; but our wonder grows on learning that the infant, many years later, contributed the sum of twenty pounds towards Blair-logie Relief Church, "because she was baptized there."

It may be that the mother's life was in danger, it certainly can have been no delicacy of the child which rendered such haste necessary, for on the contrary she must have been uncommonly vigorous to be able to undertake so long a journey on the first day of her existence, in the chill November air. The name bestowed on the child in entire disregard of time-honoured custom shows that in Katherine Ogilvy, Jean had found a true mother, she perhaps never having known her own—poor "Jean Whyte of the paroch of Dunblane."

Whatever fears may have been felt for the young mother happily proved groundless, and now no man could be happier than John Steuart. All went well in those years with the young and prosperous farmer, even to the unexpected arrival in Stirling, just at the time of the child's birth, of two troops of dragoons, for whom it was almost impossible to obtain forage at any price.

In course of time, little Katherine became a frequent visitor at Brigend; and I like to think of the fine spring day on which John drove his wife and daughter over the Sherffmuir, and introduced the little one to the splashing wheel; and, sitting with her on his knee on the moss-grown seat, laughingly went over every incident of the celebrated blanket-washing with Jean, whose memory was quite as good as his own.

But the spot in which by-and-by the child's happiest hours were spent was, I fancy, the orchard, where under her mother's watchful eye, she could toddle about free from harm and danger. Here there was nothing to be seen of the outer world, only gnarled branches and green leaves, peeps of sky, blue or grey as the case might be, and the snow-white walls and bright red roof of the farm-house. It was no doubt an infant memory, which caused little Katherine, as long as she lived, to have a peculiar love of a red-tiled roof.

The baby's world was a small one—beyond the hedge there lay a larger—her father's magnificent wheat-fields, mingled with scarlet poppies, his stretches of red clover for the dragoons' horses over at Stirling; and beyond, the slow-winding Forth, with its fringe of willows, the haunt of legions of gulls, continually circling and swooping overhead. Beyond on the stormy sea, to which the Forth, loath to leave the lovely Carse, so slowly twisted its unwilling way, there was a larger world still; where circling and swooping like the gulls, the innumerable vessels of Britain, America, France, Spain, and Holland waged constant warfare the one against the other. Now, it was the *Nonsuch* man of war that carried into Plymouth the *Hussar*, a French privateer with eighteen nine-pounders and a hundred and twenty men; again it was the *Enterprise*, another British war-ship bringing into Falmouth a Dutch galliot from Cadiz to Ostend, laden with

Spanish wool and wine. Or it might be the *Betsy* bound from London to New York, carried into Salem; or the *Eagle* packet for the West Indies seized, and the mails destroyed. Every month there were columns of the *Scots Magazine* filled with such news—of the disasters or the successes of the *Lively Polly*, the *Nancy* and *Peggie*, the *Happy Return*, the *Speedwell* or the *Tease*.

In those days, so deeply happy, Jean Davidson found to her surprise, that devotedly as she and John loved each other, all was not unclouded bliss. At times, John's *dour* and determined disposition brought him, along with his worthy father, now the Auld Paip, into collision with their neighbours, and even when those stirring spirits had no particular quarrel of their own on hand, they must needs espouse the cause of the oppressed and injured. Especially had the millwright a mania on the subject of priestly pretensions—and before me there lies an ancient yellow document, in which James Steuart in his faultless handwriting, accuses the Minister and Managers of the Relief Congregation of "imitating the Church of Rome in their Arbitrary and Unsound principles." Those old papers are indeed curious reading, full as they are of stern denunciations of the "Lyes, Backbitings and Boastings" of Liars, Backbiters and Boasters long since dust in Logie kirkyard, and they call up a vivid picture of the mental unrest of a tempestuous people, entirely unable to take life quietly. This sense of injury, this expectation of injury, burnt into their very souls by cruel wrongs done many generations before, was common in all branches of the Steuart family. In Tulliallan, I was interested to find there is a saying current in the parish—"Keep fast the right," which continues and embitters to this day many a strife. This motto is borrowed from the epitaph of a certain John Steuart of Roanhead, who, on an attempt being made by the authorities

to shut up the old burying-place within the Castle grounds, in which Walter Steuart and his generation lie, entered the lists with all the ardour of the Paips, came off victorious after a terrible struggle, and in his life-time, to make sure of no injustice being done to his bones, erected his own tombstone, for inscription on which he composed the following lines—

“ For ages past, my friends lye here,
Although no charter doth appear
Until this stone erected is.
To prove the right is still in us,
Prescription here will not be pled,
When I am numbered with the dead,
Keep fast the right.”

Such was the family spirit, and yet with all this quarrel-someness, so instinctive was their integrity and sense of justice, and so remarkable their common-sense, that the Paips were generally in the right ; as the Court of Session afterwards very emphatically declared on more than one occasion. And yet the homes of such men were not always reposeful ; and Jean Davidson, far from strong, and craving peace and quiet, must at times have found the tempestuousness of her John rather trying, although he, like all the rest of them, showed his best side to his nearest and dearest—“ with goodwill he lived at peace with his awne.”

The year 1782 was long remembered for its frightful weather, than which anything worse could hardly be imagined. “ In January there had been great hurricanes of wind,” Mr Ramsay tells us, “ and three great floods on the Allan in the space of ten days. From 1st February continued frost and snow for two months. In many parts it lay for a fortnight from two to three feet deep. . . . As the season wore on things grew worse and worse, and in the Carse, as in other parts of Scotland, 1782 was long remem-

bered for its dreary and judgment-like weather. It was one of those seasons which baffle the skill and labour of the husbandman, and which happily for mankind do not occur more than once or twice in a century. . . . In the end of April and all May there were most piercing cold winds, and of course no vegetation. Exceedingly heavy rains came on in the end of May and beginning of June, which chilled the young corn."

This was a trying time for poor Jean. Day after day torrents of rain descended on the red-tiled roof, and dripped from the branches of the thick-leaved fruit-trees upon the very windows. The lobby being a step lower than the orchard, long streams of water were constantly finding their way into the house. John, compelled to be idle, and lamenting his young corn, was in the worst of humours, whilst little Katherine, who already gave signs of great determination and self-will, was no doubt as cross as all children are, who are accustomed to live in the open air, when kept in-doors all day.

To add to the wretchedness of the time, "the human species, from one end of Europe to the other, was seized in summer with an epidemical disorder, which, although not mortal, was attended with severe sickness while it lasted." It was, I suppose, an attack of the prevailing influenza which laid the seeds of consumption in poor Jean, already depressed in mind and body by the untoward weather and long continued confinement to the house. Everything in that dreary year was against recovery, for although about the middle of July ten days of fine warm weather set in, immediately afterwards there began again "torrents of rain, attended with cold winds, which lasted for six weeks without interruption. It looked liker February than summer. On the 24th of August there was a great hurricane, which blew down a number of trees, and did much mischief to the wheat." In

September, however, there was another fine fortnight, and once more Jean could breathe the fresh air; and yet there was something sad in the sight of the fields of green corn, and the dazzling line of the West Hills all covered with new-fallen snow. By the 17th of the month, frosty mornings had set in, followed by wet, boisterous weather. "On the mornings of the 4th and 13th of October the frost was like midwinter, the ground being hard under foot till far on in the day, with ice on the pools as thick as a crown-piece. Tempests of wind and hail followed for a week after the 20th."

And yet, even in this wretched season, John Steuart's usual good luck did not forsake him, and his spirits were high, for in the warm Carse, "where from the ebbness of the snow people could sow early, the harvest was much better than could have been expected. Although the barley was poor, there was a great crop of beans, the wheat was excellent, and the oats more than middling and tolerably ripe." About midnight between the 24th and 25th of October, John began to lead in his corn in clear moonlight, and by the 28th his fields were bare. It was very different in less favoured districts. Elsewhere, "it was melancholy to see at that season stooks and sheaves white with snow and stiffened with frost. It froze hard for ten days, with piercing north wind . . . in the high countries the corn covered with snow was not cut down till far on in November."

By the end of October the stackyards of the Corntoune Carse were filled to overflowing, and the portioners of that favoured locality reflected with satisfaction that the less food there was in the country the higher would be the prices fetched by their own produce at Perth or Stirling. So far good, but still there was great alarm felt for the safety of the potatoes, unripe in November, and in some parts destroyed by frost. "About the middle of that month the country

was again white with snow, and the frost so intense that it threatened to set the mills, which would have heightened the general distress. About the middle of December, however, mild weather set in, when the farmers were agreeably surprised to find a goodly number of potatoes fit either for food or for seed."

Poor Jean Davidson, in those days of declining health, when her wearied body and spirit alike called out for rest, there was no rest to be had. The friends who came about John were eager men like himself, engaged in a fierce struggle with the elements—too fierce, it seemed to one whose hold on life was slackening, and whose thoughts dwelt more than ever before on the abiding country beyond the grave. At times, I can fancy the young wife trying gently to draw her husband's thoughts in the same direction, and then the man whose heart was really so full of love and tenderness, would speak angrily and declare that there was little amiss, and that when summer came, Jean would be strong again. Then neighbours would drop in on those perishing winter nights, and the talk was all of the price of grain, and voices grew loud and indignant, as the action of the Government was discussed, who because home corn was so dear, had opened Scottish ports to the foreigners, so that the price of meal was already reduced. And yet the country, Jean reflected, was on the verge of famine; barley had risen to twenty shillings, and all other provisions in proportion. Was it necessary, she thought within herself, that she and John should be so rich; and was the making of money then so all-important?

In this extremity however, John Steuart, as we learn from his private papers, was not unmindful of the poor, on whose behalf he energetically collected money throughout the parish; whilst at the same time he united with the other portioners of the Carse, and in his own bitter and determined

fashion, waged war against the magistrates of Stirling, "who began with seizing all the meal passing through the town, which was sent to market and sold at their own price." In resisting this tyranny, the farmers no doubt acted on sound principles, and yet one can keenly feel how much was suffered by the delicate wife of the Paip of Rome before the victory was won, and conduct put an end to, which if persisted in a little longer, "would have starved the town and occasioned mobs." By the time that the anniversary of the marriage of John and Jean came round for the third and last time, this warfare was over ; "the magistrates having revoked the order and having given a premium for every boll of meal brought into the market," thereby appeasing the farmers, who were "no longer afraid of being seized like criminals by the town officers ; and very shortly afterwards came peace which saved the country from famine and bankruptcy."

Part Twelfth

The End of all Stories

ON the first of May 1783, a son was born to John Steuart and Jean Davidson. The mother recovered, and being of a lively disposition, and the disease from which she suffered being of its very nature hopeful, there were days in that early summer, in which it seemed as if she would yet be strong, and John went smiling to his work, persuaded that it was life and not death he saw in Jean's dear face. If there was any languor, any want of vigour, it was easy to blame the nature of the season, which although "it was the warmest, most growing weather ever known," must have been exceedingly trying to a delicate person. "There was little sunshine, the ground being covered till far on in the day with a thick mist or haar, which moistened the earth and promoted vegetation as effectually as copious rains. July was made memorable by two of the most terrific thunderstorms within the remembrance of man. Cattle were killed in a byre close to Stirling, and on the Ochils, a man was struck dead ; and to add to the general alarm, at nine o'clock on the night of the 18th of August, a great meteor suddenly crossed the heaven, accompanied by a certain whizzing sound, and by a gentle breeze."

In that "wonderful growing weather," the luxuriant corn of the Carse was soon as tall as the hedge, which entirely surrounded the garden and orchard ; whilst the overloaded branches of the fruit-trees still farther shut out the air from Corntoune. After a restless night, when the haar had lifted

from the flat fields, Jean would sit listlessly before the door, breathing with difficulty, and longing for the keen breezes of the old garden at home. For an hour at a time she would gaze at little Kate at her play; and every now and then, as his work would permit, John came to sit beside her, always with a bright and tender look, and some new plan for the future to chase away dark forebodings. But although Jean might try to cheer up and smile when her husband was beside her, when he went away she always sank into a deeper dejection—this indeed was sorrow, that she must die, and that the man she loved refused to see the truth—would not help her—could not help her, at last she said to herself.

The evenings of those stifling days were pleasanter, and towards the setting of the sun, Jean feeling revived used to saunter along to some hedge and gateway now forgotten, which formed the march between John's land and that of old James Clason, the Blairlogie Elder, the godfather of Mary and May Steuart. The conversations she then had, Jean now remembers in Heaven. As the young wife and mother who was about to die listened to the good old man, a light not of earth lit up her wasted features, for he spoke to her, not of the Doctrine of Grace, but of One Who had taken away the sting of death, and the victory of that grave in the old churchyard, the thought of which weighed so heavily upon her heart, good and gracious woman though she was. Her confession was the confession of old Walter Steuart—"I went to God and begged that I might see Christ by a spiritual illumination. . . . The Lord was with me in prayer, and my soul went out in love to Christ, and followed hard after Him. . . . I found in myself a great desire to love Christ. . . . In the evening while I sat musing, I proposed the question to myself—Art thou content of Christ alone? Wouldst thou be satisfied with Christ as thy portion,

though there were no hell to be saved from? And my soul answered *yes*."

It was in the last week of November that Jean Davidson departed in humble faith. She left, not unwillingly, all those whom she loved, and the familiar green fields and the gleaming waters of the Carse, sure of a welcome which would make up for all, and of the rest for which she had sighed in vain—

"Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace."

As for John Steuart, what comfort had he? At first none. His heart, as he gazed upon his dead wife's face, was broken. There she lay, a handful of dust—she who had been the joy of his life ever since that bright spring morning—eleven years ago, come April, he said to himself. Looking long upon those pinched and solemn features, and upon those thin waxen hands, he bitterly asked himself could that be Jean—blithe Jean Davidson of the Mill of Ogilvie? There was no room for anything but misery in his heart as he thought of the many lonely years which stretched before him—for lonely the young widower had already determined they were to be. Jean was dead—Jean was in her coffin; henceforth his heart should be empty; there was no more love for him in all the wide world.

On the 2nd of December, John Steuart stood, a living statue, in the wintry churchyard over at the foot of the hills; and Jean was buried out of his sight. Then he quickly turned away and walking over other graves to the little Session House, stood silent till the clerk registered the burial—"Jean Davidson, spouse to John Steuart, portioner of Corntoune—consumption," he wrote, and adding the word "age," he glanced inquiringly at the stony face above him. "Thirty—or thereby," was the brief answer,

and then the clerk, pen in hand, with a sympathy in his heart which he dared not express, sat watching before he wrote—the tall figure in deep mourning quickly walking down the middle path.

What took place immediately after the funeral made so deep an impression on John Steuart's little circle, that the brief story has been handed down to the present day. The door of the parlour was thrown open, and the master of the house strode in, and seated himself by the fire in silence, apparently unaware of the presence of the friends who were gathered together. For a little time he sat thus, and then suddenly noticing that Katherine was in the room, without any softening of expression, he beckoned her to approach. The child in her little black frock obeyed, and her father taking her between his knees, looked at her intently. The child of three years old, who was to be as clever, and as true a Paip as any of her race, gazed fixedly at her father with her blue, blue eyes. . . . "Kate," at last he said suddenly, "Nae fremd woman's hand sall e'er be owre thee." Then without another word he left the room.

John Steuart lived many lonely years without Jean, but he was not altogether comfortless, for he made his fortune.

And now, Gentle and Patient Reader, my story of the past comes to a conclusion. It may be objected that it ends but sadly—but in this, I only follow Nature's way ; for do not all our lives end, not with marriage, but with death ?

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